

TORCHES FOR TEACHERS

Stories, Anecdotes, and Facts
illustrating the Church's
Teaching

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
MAUD M. HIGHAM

"He spake to them many things in parables"

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PREFACE

WE all know what a help in time of need is an electric torch—the dull corner is lit up, and a spot of light shows clearly the object for which we are looking. Or, after the play is over, memory dwells upon the vivid picture which the spotlight brought into clear relief against the darker and less important background. In the same kind of way, long after the sermon and its reasoned theme are forgotten, the anecdote that illustrated its central aim may be remembered, and perhaps still inspire to action.

“That is all very true,” remarked an eminent Doctor of Divinity, the other day, “but how can one find a story to fit every lesson or subject? I can never remember any!”

It is for such needs that the present collection has been undertaken. It tries to illustrate the chief points of Church teaching by anecdotes, stories and facts. Very varied is the selection: some material is suited to the quite young, and told in the simplest manner; history, biography, science and legend supply other matter, which in some cases is worked up into stories, and in others the bare facts are recorded, to be elaborated by such teachers as prefer not to be spoon-fed.

There is necessarily some overlapping in trying to arrange the subjects round the Church Catechism and the Church Seasons. The detailed index at the end should serve to show where the same subject is treated in different places.

The sources of these stories are as varied as themselves. Many of the illustrations are the garnering of over thirty years, and it is not easy to trace their origins, but to the best of my knowledge, with the exception of those that are obviously imaginary, all are authentic. To avoid overloading the book with references, the source of each paragraph, even when known, is not generally given.

Most gratefully I acknowledge the courtesy of the following

societies, publishers and editors in allowing me to use material found in their publications :

The British and Foreign Bible Society.

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The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for extracts from *Great Hearts*, and *In Difficult Places* (a book now out of print).

The old Church of England Sunday School Institute, for illustrations found in many of their lesson-books and other publications.

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Messrs. Kiek, Doran & Co., Ltd., for permission to make quotations, and use material, from *Tools for Teachers*, by William Moodie, a book at present out of print.

Thanks are also due to Mrs. Percy Dearmer for most kindly allowing me to make extracts from the late Canon Dearmer's valuable book, *Body and Soul*, now out of print. And to the Hon. Cordelia Leigh, who generously put her own collection of illustrations at my disposal. Also to Mrs. Willis of Uganda, Miss A. M. Milner Barry, and Miss Lilian Dalton for some biographical material, and to Miss Monica Davis and Miss Joan Soper for much patient help in reading and copying.

But, above all, I am indebted to a manuscript book of anecdotes and stories gathered by that pioneer of Sunday religious education, the late William Hume Campbell. All those who were privileged to know him, will remember how richly his mind was stored, and his lectures and lessons illuminated, with the apt story or illustration that kept the teaching alive in one's memory.

To those who use this book, I would say, choose your illustrations carefully, and tell them sparingly. A single, or at most two, stories or anecdotes will leave a more lasting impression than several.

One hopes that observant readers and teachers will add to this collection many personal experiences and gleanings of their own. To be able to say "*I saw, or read, this the other day,*" is to enhance the value of any illustration.

The hall-mark of a good teacher is to be "ever-ready" (to use a famous torch title) with an anecdote or story when it will impress, or enlighten, what he wants to teach. And in doing this, we teachers shall be following in the footsteps—though it may be a long, long way after—of the greatest Story-Teller and Teacher the world has ever known.

MAUD M. HIGHAM.

Wadhurst,
May, 1937.



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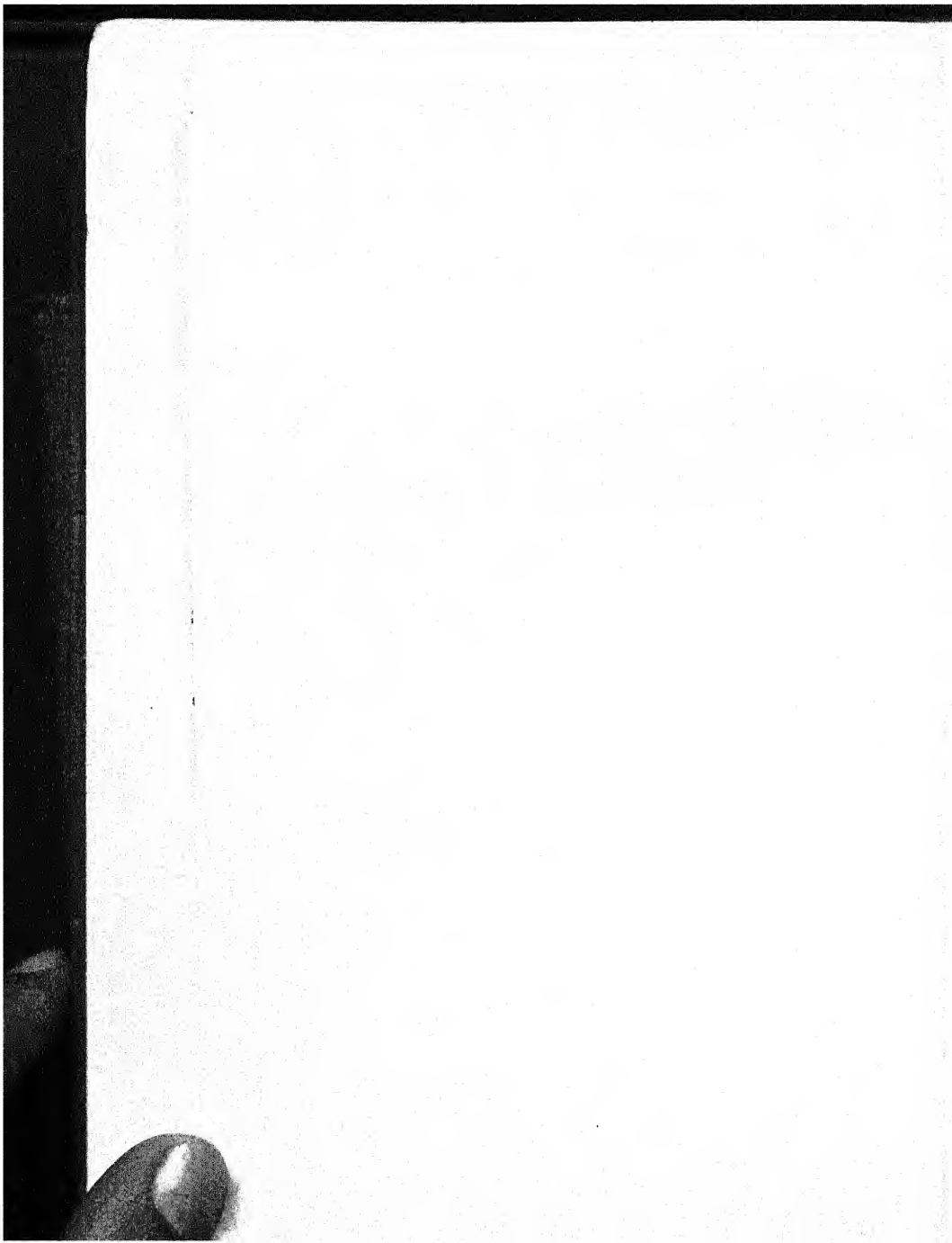
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PART I
THE CHURCH CATECHISM



I

HOLY BAPTISM

1. IN THE OLD TIMES AND TO-DAY

(a) Old Baptismal Customs

MANY interesting ceremonies have in course of time come into use in order to make visible certain aspects of the Sacrament. As far back perhaps as 100, the newly baptised received milk and honey after his first Communion to teach him that he had passed into a promised land of spiritual plenty. Oil was very generally used to anoint the candidate in token of the grace of the Holy Spirit which was now his. At a later time lighted tapers were dropped into the water at the time of its consecration as a symbol of the coming of the Holy Ghost into it. Salt was given to each individual to betoken the wisdom that accompanied the coming of the Holy Spirit, while the officiant would touch the lips and ears of each candidate with saliva in imitation of our Lord's method of opening the deaf ears and unsealing the dumb lips. The chrisom, or white robe, was also given to the newly baptised—a beautiful symbol of the new life that was the Baptismal gift.

In many of our old fourteenth- and fifteenth-century churches the porches are very large. They were used in pre-Reformation times for the first part of the Baptismal service. The priest would then lead the child (or catechumen) into the church to the font, where the service would be continued with some of the above instructive symbolism.

(b) Two Irish Princesses and their Baptism

(For little children)

This is the story of two Irish princesses, who, long, long ago, were daughters of King Laery of Ireland. Their names were Ethne the Fair and Fedelm the Ruddy, and they

were so called because of the colour of their cheeks. Now, princesses have to learn what princesses ought to know, and to behave in the way princesses ought to behave, so Ethne and Fedelm were sent away to live with two wise men (called Druids) and their wives, where they were taught all the things they should know. They learnt to bake and churn and cook; to make medicines and cooling drinks, and to sing and do fine needlework. They were told stories, also, of old kings and queens, and of gods and fairies who lived in the seas and the hills; but the Druids could not tell them of the true God and prayer, for Ireland did not know about Christianity in that time of long ago.

One day, after some years had passed, Ethne and Fedelm were going down to a well near by when they saw some strangers whom they had never seen before. These strangers were dressed in white robes, and some of them were reading and some were praying. "Who do you think they can be?" the girls asked each other. "Are they fairies from the fairy hills?" But these men were not fairies, though they came with stories far more wonderful than any fairy stories. They had been sent from the Lord Jesus to the people of Ireland, to tell them all the beautiful things about Him, and also to teach them to talk to Him and to listen to Him. At the head of them was Bishop Patrick, and he looked so kind that at last one of the girls spoke to him.

"Who are you?" she said. "Are you fairies, or gods of the earth?"

"You had better ask us about the God Whom we worship," said the Bishop.

So the princesses asked, "Who is God, and where is He? Is He in Heaven, on earth, or in the sea? How can He be seen and loved?"

The Holy Spirit helped S. Patrick to answer. "Our God is the God of men and women and children," he said. "The God of Heaven and earth and sea. Also of the sun, the moon and the stars. Everywhere is His dwelling-place, and He gives all things their life."

So the princesses heard of God the Father. "Has He any sons and daughters?" they asked.

Then Patrick told them of God's only Son, our Lord : he told them of His life, and words, and deeds, and then of how men killed Him on the cross.

As Ethne and Fedelm looked very sad at this, Patrick added quickly, " But He rose from the dead, ascended into Heaven to be with the Father, and sent us the Holy Ghost to help us to be good."

And so the daughters of King Laery heard of God, the King of Heaven, and of the Lord Jesus, and of the Holy Spirit.

Then the Princesses said, " We are daughters of Laery, King of Ireland ; how can we be daughters of this King of Heaven ? "

And Patrick answered, " Come again to me, for you must learn to believe what the children of the High King of Heaven must believe, and to do what His sons and daughters should do, and then I will show you how you can become children of the Heavenly King."

After this the two Princesses went daily to the well and learned of Patrick how they should live if they were to become daughters of the King of Heaven, just as before they had learned how they should behave as daughters of the King of Ireland. They learnt God's rules for His children, the commandments ; and about prayer ; and how to sing praises to the Heavenly King, and they tried to behave as His children should.

Then came the great day when they were to become by baptism children of the Royal Family of Heaven. S. Patrick wore his bishop's robes, and the other clergy their special dresses ; as there was no church, the service was held in the open air, and the well was used for a font. The Bishop asked God to bless Ethne and Fedelm, and make them His children : he poured water on their heads three times, and signed the cross on their foreheads, each in turn, praying that the Holy Spirit might always be with them.

So it was that the daughters of King Laery became children of the Heavenly King, and for a whole week afterwards they wore white dresses and veils to remind them how wonderful that was.

[From *The Joyful Way*, A. M. Milner-Barry.]

(c) How Jimmy was Adopted

Nobody seemed to want poor little Jimmy much: he was only a tiny baby when, with his twin sister Janey, he was brought to the Adoption Society's house in London, there to be cared for among a large family of unwanted, or fatherless and motherless children. At least, they all appeared to be unwanted, till some happy day arrived when one or other of them was carried off by a stranger to be adopted as her own little boy or girl.

But Jimmy and Janey were sickly babies, not very attractive, or rosy, or smiling, like many of the others, and no one seemed to want *them*.

Then a day came that changed their lives. A tall, kind-faced lady arrived in search of a little boy whom she would adopt and mother in her own beautiful home in the country, who should grow up to take the place of the only son and heir who had been killed. The lady looked round at the babies, and seeing little Jimmy in a cot in the corner, looking rather tearful and woe-begone, went to him, saying to the matron in charge, "He looks to need mothering the most; I'll take him, if I may!" The matron gladly agreed, but pointed out that Jimmy had a twin sister; should they be parted? The upshot was that the lady carried the two of them home with her, deciding to adopt them both.

Then the wonderful new life began. First, Jimmy and Janey were baptised in the old church that stood at the edge of the lady's grounds. They were given her surname, Ladd, and as the dead son's name was Jack, the children's initials were the same as his, and later on, when they could read, they saw J.L. on the old silver and in the books in the library.

When the twins were able to run about, it was grand to explore the old house, with its long passages, broad staircase, and long, low rooms, where lovely games were played, and "Mother" told them stories in the evenings, till bed-time came, and up they went to cosy beds and a good-night prayer and kiss.

Outside it was more exciting still. In the grounds there were ponds, and a swing, and presently a pony to ride and

little gardens of their very own to tend, so that the long summer days were all too short.

But Jimmy was not strong; his eyes had always been weak, and "Mother" took him to the best doctors. Three times a week he had to be motored to a near-by town for treatment, so that he should grow into a healthy man. Presently little Janey went to school, and so did Jimmy when spectacles and the clever doctors and "Mother's" constant care had made him ready for it.

And so we leave them, growing up in that happy home, with a mother's love; sharing all the joys and books and sports of English family life; and being prepared to inherit the broad lands and noble possessions of the mother who had adopted them, which even now they were enjoying.

* * * * *

Something like this really happened to a baby boy: and something like this happens, spiritually, to everyone who is baptised. For then God takes us into His family, the Church, where everything is waiting, ready to make us fit and happy inheritors of His Kingdom of Heaven, even while we live here on earth.

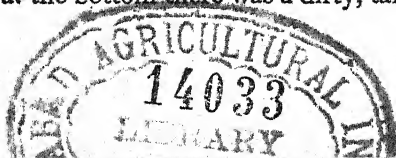
(d) Taking Care of the Baptismal Gift

Lizzie Smith and Betty Brown were each given a silver spoon by their godmother, the beloved "Squiness" of the village, at their christening. Betty's spoon was her most treasured possession. Her mother taught her to take great care of it, and always to keep it bright and polished; but Lizzie did not even know that she possessed such a thing. The two children lived side by side, but their homes, though poor, were very different.

One day, when Lizzie had been playing with Betty, who had spoken about her spoon, she asked her mother, "Why didn't my godmother give me a silver spoon?"

"She did," was the answer, "but I don't rightly know what's happened to it."

When Lizzie persisted in wanting to know what had become of it, her mother opened an untidy box full of what looked like old rubbish. "Maybe it's in there," said she. And sure enough at the bottom there was a dirty, tarnished spoon



which no one would have believed to be silver. At the sight of it Lizzie burst into tears. Just then Father Matthews, the parish priest, came in, and wanted to know what was the matter. He comforted Lizzie and cleaned up her spoon for her, until at last—yes, it really was a beautiful silver spoon, the very twin of Betty's!

"But remember," he said, "you've got to keep it bright in the future. It won't stay like that if you neglect it again." Then he told the children (for Betty, seeing Father Matthews, had come running in) how at their christening they had both been given another gift, as real as the silver spoon, though none could see it with bodily eyes; and it too had to be treasured and kept bright.

Next Sunday Lizzie went with Betty to Catechism, and Father Mathews told the story of the Silver Spoons, and some more about that other Gift of the Holy Spirit given to every baptised child. "Perhaps," said he, "you have never used this Gift, or remembered it. Then begin now. Thank God for that Good Gift, and come to church Sunday by Sunday to learn how to keep it bright."

[From *Two Silver Spoons*, Lilian Dalton.]

2. IN THE MISSION FIELD

(a) *In India*, where many people do not learn to believe in God till they are quite big boys and girls, or even grown-up men and women, there are many adult baptisms. It is a hot country and often the baptism is by immersion.

At a mission church at Barisal (East Bengal) there is a large font with steps down into it east and west, in the narthex of the church (the west end set apart for catechumens and non-Christians). The candidates for baptism stand here, men one side, women on the other, and the priest asks them individually if they renounce the devil, believe the Creed, and promise to keep God's commandments. Then, after prayer, he goes down from the east steps into the water, and blesses it, and then the catechumens, one by one, in their coloured native garments, go down the west steps and are dipped three times in the water; the boys and men first, then the girls and women. Coming out of the font by the

east steps, they are taken and given a clean white robe. Then at the entrance of the nave the priest receives them, makes on each forehead the sign of the cross; and gives to each a lighted taper: they then follow him up the nave to the chancel steps, where the service is concluded.

(b) *Near Poonha* as a result of the teaching in Pandita Ramabai's homes, and her school for girl- and other widows, at one time over one hundred people were baptised in the river there. Going down in bullock-carts, the candidates stood on the bank while the priest took his place in mid-stream. The catechumen women were handed on to him, immersed, and returned to the bank, where clean dry garments were put on.

(c) *In Guiana*, three or four days "up-river" from Georgetown, the Bishop administered the sacraments to the people in a church in the densest forest; one family had walked two and a half days for the baptism of a little brown baby; and a Red Indian had canoed down the Corentyn river for 100 miles in the rain to be confirmed.

(d) *From New Guinea* comes the following account of a river baptism. A very notable event of a certain Sunday in May was the baptism of 112 persons, which began at about 11 a.m. We made our way to the Kamaban Creek, which enters the sea a quarter of a mile from the mission-house. The catechumens, the heathen, two priests and their attendants, crossed over by a bridge to the farther side. The Bishop, the native Christians—about 250 of them—and the rest of us remained on the near side. Behind the catechumens there was a background of jungle: mangroves, pandanus, ferns and a tangle of vines, with their long depending ropes and graceful catenaries and more distant palms beyond. The two priests stood nearly waist-deep in the stream with their attendants.

When the service began, the deepest hush fell upon the assembly. When the moment for the baptism arrived, the catechumens were called by their native names by one of the readers assisting, and, when called, waded into the stream up to one of the two priests. A few at the beginning were baptised by affusion—water being poured on the forehead from a shell—but the majority by immersion. These latter

knelt in the water, and were plunged once beneath it while the formula was recited.

After being signed with the Cross, they passed on and slowly made the passage of the stream—fifty yards wide at its mouth, and flowing fast from recent heavy rains, its broad bosom marked with swirls and eddies. It was not quite strong enough to carry them off their feet, though some preferred to walk out towards the bar, where its force slackened. The adults were breast-deep, and the smaller candidates were in up to the shoulders, and all came over slowly through the sweeping volume of water to our landing. Four, five, and even six were sometimes strung out between our shore and the place where the baptisms were proceeding. There was something very impressive about this little procession, continuing, as it did, with its personnel always renewed, for about an hour.

We watched them passing over, those strong, lithe, virile figures freed from the dark inheritance of a past out of which loom melancholy shapes of evil, entering now upon their new and blest condition; issuing as it were out of their native jungle with its wild and terrible memories, crossing the mystic flood, and presently standing among their Christian brethren.

(e) *In the Universities Mission to Central Africa* the first stage for a would-be convert is to become a "hearer." He is then taught by a native teacher regularly under a tree, or in some convenient place, but is not allowed inside the church until, by his regularity and apparent earnestness, he is ready to be made a catechumen.

A small cross is then hung round his dusky neck, and he is allowed to come into the church, but not to go beyond the catechumen barrier which African churches have, dividing them into two parts. There, in the part nearest the door, the catechumen joins in the first part of the Eucharist, till, at a certain point, he is dismissed.

He does not hear the Creed until just before his baptism. After this he joins the main body of worshippers. Baptism thus in a very real sense opens for him the door into a new and fuller fellowship.

(f) A Long Preparation for a Great Event

It was evening in Zongoro (a village in Southern Rhodesia) and the waxing moon hung in the heavens as if looking to see what all the stir was about, for every few minutes groups of people were arriving from many a neighbouring village. Some had walked as many as twenty miles, and all had come for the same purpose: to take their part in the great baptism service for which they had been preparing for three whole years. Huts of pole, mud and thatch were lent the visitors—a hundred altogether from eighteen different villages—and presently all slept peacefully, ready for the fortnight's camp and teaching which was to complete their preparation for the great Sacrament.

Each morning firewood was collected, and over camp-fires the porridge was boiled; each afternoon and evening the people gathered in the little mud church for more teaching; and each night there was the camp-fire, evening meal and merry gossip.

At last the great day dawned. A place had been chosen on the river bank. The western part of the church was filled with the hundred catechumens in their dark blue garments, while in the eastern part the Christian congregation were gathered.

The priest, standing at the west door, began the service, and a hundred voices answered the questions, promising to give up wrong, to believe truth, and to do right; then from the silence a prayer rose, asking the great God to give them strength to keep these tremendous promises, and then the priest led the procession from the church to the river, about a quarter of a mile away. Arrived there, the priest blessed and censed the water, and then immersed the candidates one by one, in the name of the Holy Trinity. As they came out of the river they went to the booths that had been erected close by in order to change their dark blue garments for the white baptismal chrisom. This done, the procession returned to church, singing hymns.

At the west door the candidates halted and stood in two lines, while the two priests signed and received every one into the Church with the words: "We receive this person

into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him with the Sign of the Cross." On entering the church each candidate received from one of the elders a light, which was held until the end of the service, and after the blessing each was given a small cross in remembrance of his baptism. Solemn Evensong was sung that night, and then the camp-fires twinkled, and there was the customary stirring of the porridge for supper.

And over all the moon, now at the full, looked down as if to give Nature's blessing to the new members of the great Christian family.

But that was not all: on the following morning a hundred names were struck off the catechumens' register, and entered on the baptismal roll of each one's village; and after a few more days' teaching about the other sacramental gifts in store for the newly made Christians—Penance, Confirmation, and Holy Communion—on Easter Eve they were confirmed, and on Easter Day had the crowning joy of making their first Communion.

Then the hundred new-born Christians went back each to his own heathen village, to live their new lives. It would not be easy, but they would not be afraid, for were they not inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, whose King had overcome the world?

[Bishop Mounsey, C.R., held the Confirmation at S. Augustine's Central Mission, Penhalonga, about ten miles distant from the native village of Zongoro, at Eastertide, 1929.]

3. INFANT BAPTISM

(a) *In the handiwork class* a boy of twelve was making a design for the decoration of a spool rack he had made in the work-shop. When he began to apply the design, he found the sides of the rack were uneven. He looked troubled for awhile before he spoke, but at last he said, "I suppose I'll have to make another. If you make *too* bad a beginning, you can't make a very good end without an awful lot of bother, can you?"

(b) *Good seed.* Hundreds and hundreds of years ago a boy who lived on the South Downs (of Sussex) thought how good it would be to plant trees on the bare heights. He

carried tree seeds up and planted them on the top of one; then he tended them, going up constantly with his watering-can. They grew and flourished, and to-day Chanctonbury Ring stands, a landmark to all around, and even far off at sea: a monument also to the great results that come from small beginnings.

(c) *The Start may decide the Destiny.* The comb of the roof of the court-house at Ravenna (U.S.A.) divides the drops of rain, sending those that fall on the south side to the Gulf of Mexico, and those that fall on the opposite side to the Gulf of S. Lawrence; so that a mere breath of air, a flutter of a bird's wing, may determine their destiny.

In Holy Baptism we pray, and believe, that the breath of the Holy Spirit will start the baby's life in the right direction.

4. NAMES

What is your Name?

(a) *No name.* When a man goes to prison, his name is taken from him, and till he is a free man again he is known only by a number, and, as it were, suffers the last indignity by losing his personality and individuality.

(b) *Baptismal Names.* At baptism we receive a new name, a new personality, as it were. But besides marking each one as a member of the Christian family, most names have their own special meaning, something to live up to. Here are examples of names with inspiring meanings.

(c) *Some Boy's Names.*

Alan (Celtic). Meaning harmony.
 Albert (Saxon). All bright.
 Alfred (Saxon). All peace.
 Andrew (Greek). Courageous.
 Arnold (Teutonic). A man of honour.
 Arthur (Celtic). A strong man.
 Benedict (Latin). Blessed.
 Charles (Teutonic). Noble-spirited.
 Christopher (Greek). Bearing Christ.
 David (Hebrew). Well-beloved.
 Edgar (Saxon). Happy honour.

Edmund (Saxon). Happy peace.
 Edward (Saxon). Happy guardian.
 Ernest (Greek). Serious.
 Eugene (Greek). Of noble birth.
 Evan (British). Grace of God.
 Francis (German). Free. [S. Francis ("Francisco") in Italian meant "little Frenchman."
 Geoffrey (German). Joyful.
 Godfrey (German). God's peace.
 Godwin (Saxon). Victorious through God.
 Guy (French). A leader.

Harold (Saxon). A champion.
 Horace (Latin). Watchman.
 Humphrey (German). Domestic peace.
 Ivan (Russian). Grace of God.
 Jocelin (Latin). Sport, or gladness.
 John (Hebrew). The grace of the Lord.
 Jonathan (Hebrew). The Gift of the Lord.
 Leonard (German). Like a lion.
 Leopold (German). Defending the people.
 Luke (Greek). Shining light.
 Michael (Hebrew). Who is like God?
 Nathanael (Hebrew). The Gift of God.
 Osmund (Saxon). House peace.
 Patrick (Latin). A nobleman.
 Peter (Greek). A rock, or stone.

Ralph (Saxon, a contraction). Pure help.
 Raymond (German). Quiet peace.
 Richard (Saxon). Powerful.
 Robert (German). Famous in counsel.
 Roger (German). Strong counsel.
 Rupert (Latin). Firm as a rock.
 Samuel (Hebrew). Heard by God.
 Simon (Hebrew). Obedient.
 Theodore (Greek). The gift of God.
 Timothy (Greek). A fearer of God.
 Toby (Hebrew). Goodness of the Lord.
 Vivian (Latin). Living.
 Walter (German). A conqueror.
 Wilfred (Saxon). Bold and peaceful.
 William (German). Defending many.

Some Girls' Names

Ada (Hebrew). Happiness.
 Agatha (Greek). Good.
 Agnes (Latin). A lamb—the symbol of innocence and purity.
 Amy, Amabel (Latin). Lovable.
 Ann, Nancy, Hannah (Hebrew). Gracious.
 Anthea (Greek). "A lady of Flowers."
 Beatrice (Latin). Happy, or making happy.
 Bertha (Teutonic). Shining; from the same source as Epiphany.
 Bridget (Irish). Strength; from a word meaning bridge.
 Catherine (Greek). Pure.
 Charlotte (French). All noble.
 Christine. From the Greek verb, to touch or anoint, hence the Christ, or Anointed One.
 Clara (Latin). Bright, shining.
 Constance (Latin). Constancy.
 Dorothy, Theodora (Greek). Gift of God.
 Edith, Ada, or Ida (Saxon). Blessing or happiness.
 Elizabeth, Isabella (Hebrew). One who worships God.

Esther (Assyrian). Star.
 Ethel (Saxon). Noble.
 Frances (German). Free woman.
 Grace (Latin). Thanksgiving.
 Hannah (Hebrew). Gracious.
 Helen, Ellen, Eileen, Aileen (Greek). The shiner, or giver of light.
 Hilda, Matilda, Maud (German). Battle-maid.
 Irene (Greek). Peace.
 Jane, Janet, Jessie, Joan (Hebrew). Grace of the Lord.
 Joyce, Jocelyn (Latin). Sport, or Gladness.
 Katharine (Greek). Purity.
 Letitia (Latin). Joy.
 Lilian, Celia, Rosalie (Latin). Purity, innocence, chastity. (The flower of our Lady.)
 Lucy (Latin). Light.
 Mabel (Irish). Merry.
 Margaret (Greek). Pearl, or Child of Light.
 Mary (Hebrew). Lady.
 Norah, Honor (Latin). Honour.
 Olive (Latin). Emblem of Peace.
 Patricia (Latin). Noble.
 Phyllis (Greek). A flower-shoot.

Ruth (Hebrew). Friend.	= true, and the Greek
Sarah (Hebrew). Princess.	"eikon" = image). Ideal
Sophia (Greek). Wisdom.	saint, and true image of
Susan (Hebrew). Lily.	Christ.
Vera (Latin). A true woman.	Winifred (Saxon). Friend of
Veronica (from the Latin "Verus")	Peace.

5. RENUNCIATION

(a) *Why the World must be Renounced*

When Cortés and his followers were about to evacuate the capital city of Mexico, in 1520, some of the men burdened themselves with treasure and gold. Cortés said, "Be careful not to overload yourselves, he travels safest who travels lightest." But those who paid no attention to his warning were weighed down and unable to escape in a terrible slaughter which followed, when they were crossing the causeway out of the city, and they were buried with their gold in the salt floods of the lake.

(b) *Pomp and Riches do not Spell Happiness*

Abdulahman, of the Moslem califfs of Spain, built for his pleasure the city, palace and gardens of Zehra: costliest marbles, and sculptures, gold and pearls beautified it. 6300 persons, wives, concubines and eunuchs were at his service; his guard had belts and scimitars studded with gold. On Abdulrahman's decease the following authentic memorial was found:

"I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace . . . riches, honours, power, pleasure have waited on my call. . . . I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen."

[Gibbon.]

(c) *"No Hurry"—the Devil's Device*

The Devil summoned his angels to consider how best to win the world of men to his side, to sin.

Said one, "Send me. I will tell them there is no God."

"They will never believe you—most of them know there is," came the answer.

Another said, "Send me. I will tell them there is no Hell."

"That is no use—many of them have made a hell for themselves already, and know it exists."

Then a third spoke: "Send me—I will tell them there is no hurry."

And this officer's advice satisfied the Devil. He was sent out into the world, and is still there doing his master's work.

(d) *Bad Temper—the Devil in Ourselves, not in Circumstances*

Once there was a man who had a bad temper, and, seeing he was often angered by the people he lived among, he retired to a monastery. Here, too, however, he gave way to it, and found the monks and circumstances irritated him just as much as the world, so, taking with him only an earthen pitcher with which to draw water, he retired to a solitary cell as a hermit. One day he slipped and spilled the water; he returned, and tripped again, and again spilled it; then when he filled it the third time his hand trembled so that it was again spilled. Angrily he dashed the pitcher against the rock; then as it lay there broken, he saw what a fool he was. "It is I that am wrong," he cried; "my temper is in me. It is no use trying to change my circumstances, I must change myself."

(e) *The Evil Spirit Exorcised at Baptism*

Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands, told a remarkable story about one of the pagan natives. It seems that belief in spirits among these primitive people is limited to *evil* spirits, whose power is apparently very real in those islands to-day, as it was in Palestine long ago.

"I was told on one of my visitations north in a mountain fastness that there was a man possessed with a demon. He came to me to get relief—a pitiable object—and he told me how the demon took him out at night on the hillside, and ill-treated him; how it came into his soul, and filled it with the same sort of cloud as came upon the soul of great King Saul. I asked him why he came to me. He said because he thought the Christian Church had power to drive out such demons, and he wanted to be free.

" Now, I did not give him a long preparation for admission into the Christian Church, because, when I read the story of how Jesus Christ dealt with those similarly afflicted, I found that all Christ expected was faith that the thing would happen which he declared would happen.

" So I told the man that the devil could be cast out by me in the Name of Christ, and asked him if he believed this was so, and he said, ' Yes.' I did not try to appeal to his intellect ; this man had no reasoning powers, so that would have done no good. I told him that in a sacrament of worship the great living Spirit of Christ the Saviour would come to him, would drive out the evil spirit, and would always abide in him.

" On the appointed day he came. I went through the service of Holy Baptism, and he did not understand it one single bit, and I do not think it made one single bit of difference. But before the act of sacrament I stopped and said : ' Christ is going to put His arms round you, and protect you, and drive away the evil spirit for ever.' And in the baptismal washing and regeneration and the in-breathing of the Spirit of God the demon went out, and the man became a living soul.

" Afterwards I told him all that had happened, and he believed and went away happy—just a naked savage with no clothing but a loincloth, and an ornament of pearl at his hip, carrying his spear in his hand. He went away, freed from the weight of the demon, and filled with the indwelling Spirit of God."

This happened nearly three years before the Bishop's story was told, and since that moment of his baptism, the man had been sane, and wholesome in appearance, his depression had gone, he was physically sound, had been confirmed, and was a regular communicant.

II

THE CREED

FAITH AND ITS RESULTS

"A man lives by believing something: not by debating and arguing about many things."—(Carlyle.)

(a) *The Compass for Life's Voyage*

IN very early days men who fished on the sea or went for voyages never dared lose sight of land. It was only by seeing the familiar capes and bays and headlands that they could tell where they were and in what direction to go. Their boats were very small and their voyages very short. For safety's sake they would usually put ashore every day.

About the year A.D. 100 the Chinese seem to have made a great discovery that a certain stone, if rubbed on iron, would make the iron point in the direction of the Pole. Soon they saw what an immense help this would be to them both by land and sea. With it they could tell in what direction they were going at any time, and when they had travelled enough to make maps they could tell others in what direction they ought to be going in order to reach their destination. Men were able then to go much farther from home, and they built their ships bigger and bigger in order to make the long voyages which became possible when they had compasses and maps.

In 1839 a new difficulty arose. Men began to build ships with iron instead of wooden walls, and it was found that the iron in the ship drew the compass aside, so that it did not always point to the Pole. Seafaring men at once became alarmed, because they knew there would be no safety at sea if the compass did not point true. The difficulty was brought to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, which was built to make star maps and to test ship's clocks, so as to help all the people who lived and worked in ships. Sir

George Airy was then Astronomer Royal of England and in charge of the Observatory. He chartered a vessel with iron walls and sailed about the mouth of the Thames in it, watching the compass. By making very clever calculations, he found out exactly how far the iron walls made the compass wrong, and he was able to suggest plans by which the compass might be made to tell the truth to sailors whether they go to sea in wooden walls or iron.

The Creed of the Church is like a compass, always pointing to the great truth that Jesus Christ is God; and by that truth Christians can guide their lives aright. The first Creed—the “Apostles’”—grew out of the need for a simple statement of the Faith to be believed before baptism. When, in spite of that, people began to get wrong ideas about Jesus Christ being God, a longer Creed, called the “Nicene” (because agreed upon at Nicæa) explained the short sentences of the Apostles’ Creed more fully; and later again, the still longer Creed, or Hymn, called the “Athanasian,” went into detail about *how* Jesus Christ *was* God, so that, like the Mass, our Christian Creed has been adapted to new times, to be a very sure guide to all people, in all places, and in all ages.

Bulstrode Whitelock was about to embark as Charles II.’s envoy to Sweden, in 1655, he was much distressed. As he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distressed state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said: “Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?”

“Certainly.”

“Pray, sir, don’t you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“And pray, sir, don’t you think He can take care of it while you are in it?”

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but, turning about, soon fell asleep.

(c) "*Father is on deck*"

Some years ago a certain Captain D. was in charge of a fine ship which sailed between Liverpool and New York. During one of his voyages he had all his family, besides a large crew, on board.

One night while all were quietly sleeping a sudden squall of wind arose. It struck the ship with great force and threw her over on her beam-ends. There was a great tumbling and crashing of things on board. The people awoke in a great fright. They were in great danger. Some jumped out of their berths and began to dress in a hurry, not knowing but that the vessel would soon sink.

The Captain had a little girl on board about eight years old. She woke with the rest of the people.

"What's the matter?" asked the frightened child.

They told her a sudden squall had struck the ship and thrown her on her side.

"Is father on deck?" asked she.

"Yes, father's on deck."

"Then it'll be all right," she said, and quietly sank back on her pillow and went to sleep again.

(d) *The Japanese Earthquake*

The terrible earthquake that visited Japan in 1923 did immense damage in the mission buildings and the lives and belongings of the Christian community, especially round about Tokyo.

The minimum losses of the self-supporting part of a Japanese Church, and of such of its work as is assisted by English and American mission funds, were said to total a quarter of a million, besides dwellings, schools, and one mission hospital and dispensary.

In all, seventeen churches were lost: over fifty workers, some of them our missionaries, were homeless, and four hundred and fifty Christian families were also homeless and lost all. The killed and wounded Christians (Church people) numbered over one hundred. Many were missing: it was impossible to calculate the losses. Mission work was

considered to be put back by fifteen years, and a winter of intense physical suffering was to be faced.

But the Christians gathered courage and lived and worshipped in shanties of broken timbers; Bishop McKim, the American Bishop of Tokyo, cabled to the Presiding Bishop in New York, "All gone but faith in God."

The two first Japanese Bishops were to have been consecrated on December 8th. Their consecrations were not postponed, although most of the stipend of one of them, Dr. Motoda, was to have been provided by self-supporting Tokyo churches, which were almost entirely wiped out by the earthquake.

Here, indeed, was a marvellous exhibition of faith in action. It is interesting to record that the S. Luke's Medical Centre (one of the church buildings that were utterly destroyed) was rebuilt within five years at a cost of £200,000.

(e) Courageous Faith

In Central China, the daughter of a Moslem was sent to a Christian school because of the good instruction given there, but was told on no account to listen to the Christian teaching.

After her first day she returned home, and on being asked what she had learnt, said, "Jesus protects my life."

Her father, very angry, said she must never say such a thing again, and when she declared, "But it is true," to frighten (but not to injure) her, he lit a hot charcoal fire, saying that if she did not promise never to say that again he would put her on the fire.

"Wait a minute while I think," said the child, and shutting her eyes prayed to Jesus—and then jumped on to the fire.

Her father, alarmed, pulled her off, but her foot was slightly burnt. The father was, however, so impressed that he became an inquirer and afterwards a Christian.

(f) A Child's Faith during the Quetta Earthquake

In May 1935, at Quetta (N.W. India), occurred one of the worst earthquakes known. In three seconds thousands lost their lives and many were injured. Buildings fell, and the place had to be evacuated and then "sealed" for fear of epidemic.

A girls' high school was in the path of the seizure. At 3 a.m. the sound of creaking timbers was followed by that of falling masonry. With difficulty the awakened Principal forced the hall door into the compound, to which previously practised "earthquake drill," summoned the inmates on any threatening sound. Only a handful of the children were there! Throughout the night rescue work went on recovering bodies and wounded sleepers from the debris. Then there was the roll call in the dark: three dead, many injured, Dawn disclosed the school a ruin.

The next day some of the children told their experiences. One little girl of eight said, "I ran out quickly, I wasn't a bit afraid. I didn't scream once, but I said to all the others—'Everything is quite all right, because God our Father is with us.'"

[From account of an eye-witness, quoted in the *Church Times*, 21st June, 1935.]

(g) *Protection through Prayer*

A mason told the following story: "One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found a little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked, frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and, before I had time to answer, he said, 'Oh, I know why you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

(h) *A Negro's Insight*

Here is part of a negro preacher's sermon: "Dere are two sides to de Gospel. Dere is de believin' side, and dere is de behavin' side."

GOD THE FATHER: MAKER

I. A MAN'S WORK ILLUSTRATES HIS CHARACTER

OVER London shines the golden cross of S. Paul's great cathedral. It crowns the vast dome, like which there is nothing in England. Inside, high arches and noble pro-

portions, fine columns and carvings, all help to create a background of dignity and spaciousness and silent wonder for the worship that has made the place sacred as well as inspiring.

This magnificent building, as well as fifty other fine parish churches, each with a beauty of its own, was designed by one man, Sir Christopher Wren, who lived to be ninety-one, and through that long life offered his great gifts to the service of God.

The noble cathedral is crowded with monuments to many famous people, recording their names and achievements. Over the north door is a marble portico, which was part of the old organ-screen, and this bears the epitaph of Wren himself. It concludes with these words :

“ Si monumentum requiris circumpice.”

(“ If you would see his monument look around.”)

From S. Paul's, and the other noble city “ Wren ” churches, we can learn something of the industry, patience, originality, harmony, and beauty of Wren's mind. In some such way, from the world of nature, we can learn something of the mind of God, “ Maker of Heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.”

2. GOD'S PLAN ILLUSTRATED IN CREATION

(a) *Design behind Creation*

Professor Taylor and Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, were having a stroll together one day when the eyes of the latter were attracted by the slow, laborious movement of an enormously corpulent cat. Presently, as if exhausted by her efforts, Pussy stopped, and leaned languidly against the wall that skirted the path. “ Now,” exclaimed the poet, “ if that cat can reason surely she must conclude that that wall was built for the express purpose of enabling her to lean against it ! What better evidence of design ? ”

The professor laughed, and remarked that he had read serious arguments that were not one whit less absurd. Nevertheless, neither he nor the poet was inclined to believe that the wall was built for no purpose at all ; and still less that it had built itself.

(b) The Use of Swallows

Some time ago the people of the Riviera, in their passion for gain, thought the swallows useless, and when the weary birds arrived from their long flight over the sea, they were met with an electric discharge in the wires on which they alighted, and were slain by thousands for the service of feminine fashion in Paris. But the wise swallows soon discovered the trick, and ceased to come, and then the people of the Riviera would gladly have given thousands of pounds to bring them back again, for they discovered too late that their vineyards were devastated by myriads of insects which it was the mission of the swallow to destroy.

(c) The Miracle of the Seed-life

An old professor of biology used to hold a little brown seed in his hand and it seemed almost as if he bowed before it. He had given his years to studying the origin of life, but it still remained a mystery. He used to say, "I know exactly the composition of this seed: its exact proportions of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen. And I can make a seed which will look exactly like this seed from a plant. But if I plant my seed it will come to naught, its elements will simply be absorbed by the soil. But if I plant the seed God made, it will become a plant, because it contains the mysterious principle which we call the life-principle."

3. SOME WONDERS OF NATURE

(a) The Vastness of Creation

Professor Jeans, in his fascinating book, *The Universe Around Us*, writes:—

"Take a postage-stamp, and stick it on a penny. Now climb Cleopatra's Needle and lay the penny flat, postage-stamp uppermost, on the top of the obelisk. The height of the whole structure may be taken to represent the time that has elapsed since the world was born. On this scale the thickness of the penny and the postage-stamp together represents the time that man has lived on earth. The thickness of the postage-stamp represents the time he has

been civilised, the thickness of the penny represents the time he lived in an uncivilised state. Now stick another postage-stamp on top of the first to represent the next five thousand years of civilisation, and keep sticking on postage-stamps until you have a pile as high as Mont Blanc! Even now the pile forms an inadequate representation of the length of the future, which, so far as astronomy can see, probably stretches before civilised humanity."

(b) "*All Things . . . Great and Small*"

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns, He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones. Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then He made the comical ones, in case the minds of men

Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum.

[F. W. Harvey.]

(c) *Mungo Park*, the great African traveller, was once deserted by his native servants, set upon by treacherous tribesmen, and robbed of all he had—provisions, clothes, instruments. He cast himself down on a bank, 500 miles from civilisation, with no means of communication, beset by enemies. He was tempted to give up and die. Then he noticed some moss on the bank. The God who nourished this could not desert him. He rose, recommenced his endeavours and was preserved.

(d) *The Traveller's Tree*. This tree, resembling a palm, grows in hot and waterless regions. It has a very handsome and regular appearance, large leaves starting out like wings from opposite sides of the trunk, resembling an extended fan. The stalk of each leaf rises immediately above the one below, and forms at its base a large cavity or cup, where a considerable amount of moisture is collected and preserved. The thirsty native has but to raise his spear and pierce the thick firm end of the leaf-stalk, and a welcome supply of cool, fresh, pure water pours forth, even in the hottest and driest season of the year.

(e) *Poison and Antidote*. The Manchineel tree of the West Indies is very attractive: its fruit is like a golden

pippin, and its wood is beautiful, but the fruit is a deadly poison, and the sap will blister the human skin violently. Indians poison their arrows with the juice. But Providence has so ordered that wherever the manchineel tree is found, a white-wood fig-tree may always be seen near by. The juice of this, promptly applied, neutralises at once the poison of the other.

Here, in England, we have a similar instance, for docks that heal the sting of nettles, are nearly always to be found growing close at hand.

4. NATURE THROUGH THE EYES OF CHILDREN

(a) Peter, aged seven, was a matter-of-fact boy. Meccano and engines were his great delight, and he paid little attention to the beauties of Nature. His father, however, was a naturalist, and one day showed the boy his collection of beetles. Peter pondered, and after a while made this remark: "You know, Mummie, what beats me, is the works inside the tiniest beetle!"

(b) A child, out for a walk one summer's day, stood quietly looking about him. At last he said, "Mustn't God have a good time, making such a lot of lovely things?"

(c) Trying to draw the underside of a leaf a little fellow cried out, "The wrong side of God's things is just as perfect as the right side!" The result of this discovery was to make him want to "throw away this drawing, and make a new one."

GOD THE SON: REDEEMER

"God may have other words for other worlds, but for this world, the Word of God is Christ."

I. LOVE IN ACTION

(a) *Christ the Proof of God's Love*

A BOY of about eleven was in the padre's study, having a talk about the deep things of life. He was a thoughtful little fellow, and before his confirmation wanted to get a grip of what he was undertaking.

"Well," said the padre, "do you think God loves you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy.

"Why?" asked the priest.

After a minute's thought came an answer, "Because I have a happy home."

"But everybody has not got a happy home. Do you think God does not love them?"

Again a praise, then, "Well, because my mother loves me."

"But some boys' mothers are unkind to their sons. How would they know God loves them?"

This required some thought: presently the boy saw clearly that although there is so much joy and happiness in home and friends and nature, there is so much sadness and suffering too—in poverty and hatred and war,—that we cannot *prove* God's love from such things.

"Think of your mother again," resumed the priest. "How do you *know* that she loves you?"

The answer came quickly, "Because of what she does for me!"

On the study wall hung a crucifix. The padre turned his eyes towards it, and the boy's followed. There was a long silence, then the question came again: "How do you know God loves you?"

Very softly and reverently came the answer, "Because of what He has done for me."

(b) "*Wounded for our Transgressions*"

If we knew how much our sins *hurt* our Lord; if, looking at the crucifix, and the patient, suffering Figure hanging there, we realised it was partly *our* fault, we should be sorry that we are not *more* sorry when we have done wrong.

A girl had gone away from home and come badly to grief; disgraced, but defiant, she returned to her mother—a good woman who had done her best to bring up her daughter well. Deeply as the mother felt the disgrace, she said no word of reproach, but in spite of the love that was ready to receive the girl back, she remained impenitent and hard.

In a night the mother's hair turned white; it was the sight of this, and the silent suffering that must have caused it, that broke down the girl's heart. She saw it all then and was sorry: what would she not do to undo what she had done? Her mother's hair would always be white now, but

the sorrow it had aroused made a new life possible for the girl.

(c) *Christ Compared with Confucius and Buddha*

The following is a Chinaman's statement of his conversion :

"I was in a deep pit," he said, "sinking in the mire, and helpless to deliver myself. Looking up I saw a shadow at the top, and soon a venerable face looked over the brink and said : 'My son, I am Confucius, the father of your country. If you had obeyed my teachings you would never have been here.' And then he passed on with a significant movement of his finger and a cheerless farewell, adding : 'If you ever get out of this, remember to obey my teaching.' But, alas ! that did not save me.

"Then Buddha came along, and, looking over the edge of the pit, he cried : 'My son, just count it all as nothing. Enter into rest. Fold your arms and retire within yourself, and you will find Nirvana, the peace to which we all are tending.' I cried : 'Father Buddha, if you will only help me to get out, I will be glad to do so. I could follow your instructions easily if I were where you are, but how can I rest in this awful place ?' Buddha passed on and left me to my despair.

"Then another face appeared. It was the face of a man beaming with kindness, and bearing marks of sorrow. He did not linger a moment, but leaped down to my side, threw his arms around me, lifted me out of the mire, brought me to the solid ground above ; then did not even bid me farewell, but took off my filthy garments, put new robes upon me, and bade me follow him, saying : 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

"That is why I became a Christian."

(d) *Chinese Bandits become Christian Soldiers*

The Rev. T. Darlington, who worked under the auspices of the China Inland Mission for twenty-three years, told the following story :

One night two hundred brigands visited our city. They made their presence felt by shooting down a number of

children playing in the streets—an indication that they were not going to have any nonsense. They pillaged one of the temples next door to our house and proclaimed martial law. This meant that my wife and I could not do our evening evangelistic work: we could not go out, and no one could come to us. So we opened our chapel and invited the brigands in! We started by playing one or two hymn-tunes on a small harmonium and a cornet. In came the ruffians and filled the place; and I then opened one of the Gospels and read the story of the Passion and Death of our Lord. I just took the Word as it is and read it, and then said, "If you come back to-morrow night, I will read this again."

The following night the same thing happened, and it went on through the week. Every night the place was full of blood-thirsty brigands. Towards the end of the week I felt that a work of grace was going on in somebody's heart, and I ventured to make an appeal. I said, "If any of you want to accept this Christ as your personal Saviour, I ask you to make an open confession by kneeling down right out here." And thirteen came, with their eyes streaming with tears! These were men who used to murder their enemies, cut out their hearts, and eat them. Before they left, I announced that I would start a Bible class the following morning.

Next day at 4.30 a.m. I was awakened by someone outside the house. Going out, I found my Bible class waiting for me, each man holding out his money for his Bible! Not only were the lives of those thirteen changed, but many of the other brigands were also brought to Christ.

They renounced their lawless ways and joined the army of a Christian General. I received a letter from the General recently, mentioning those men by name, and saying that they were all keen Christians. He wrote to me, "We now have over four hundred baptised Christians in this army."

2. THE UNIVERSAL SAVIOUR

(a) *In Art*

The human Christ was a Jew of Palestine, yet our pictures and statues rarely show Him as such. In the Italian

pictures, He and His Mother are Italians. Rubens and the Dutch and Flemish artists give Him their own type of countenance. On the English crucifix we see an Englishman.

The Africans have made a Madonna with the Bantu type of face, and their Christ on the cross is an African. The Red Indians have carved a crucifix from a block of wood, like a totem pole, and its Christ has the high, broad cheekbones of the Indian. In China a crucifix has been found, and the Figure on it has the slanting eyes of a Chinaman.

So, every nation claims the Saviour of the world as its own Countryman.

(b) How the World can be Re-united

The story is told of a small boy who, becoming rather tired of playing with his own toys, decided to go and ask his father for something to do. On knocking at the study door and gaining admission, he explained what he wanted. His father, being particularly busy just then, said he didn't think he had anything for his small son to play with, but on glancing at his desk he noticed a piece of paper on which was printed a map of the world.

He quickly had an idea, and tearing up the map into many pieces, he threw them down on the floor, saying, "Now, my son, here is a job you can do; piece together again this map of the world."

In an incredibly short time the small boy said, "Look, daddy, I have fixed it up."

His father, much surprised at his son's quickness, said, "How quick you have been! How did you manage it?"

"Well, you see, daddy, on the other side is a face of a man, and I knew if I put him together all right, I should find the world right too."

When Christendom is re-united, surely the world will be saved.

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT: SANCTIFIER

I. LIVES CHANGED THROUGH THE HOLY SPIRIT

(a) Bomb Inventor becomes Peace Maker

A DUTCH manufacturer had invented an incendiary bomb which military authorities, after prolonged tests, had

declared to be the most destructive of its kind in the world. One Government had offered £36,000 for the patent.

The inventor had hoped by the sale of this bomb to retrieve his fortunes, which were at a low ebb following a time of slump in his regular business.

In the autumn of 1935 the Oxford Group Movement for the revival of Christianity held a Swiss National House-party, and at it the inventor stated that he had received guidance from God to drop the whole transaction. He destroyed the formula of his invention, and told the Government concerned that he had done so because he now found that God was the only security for his own welfare and for that of nations.

[From a report in *The Courier*, Nov. 1935.]

(b) *Transforming Thieves*

In India, in the presidency of Bombay, there is a tribe who live by crime. Just as other tribesmen may be warriors, or agriculturists, or herdsman, so these are criminals. And they take a pride in it—sometimes stealing for fun, or to show their craftiness; as well as, of course, for profit. Once, when an Englishman had refused to employ one of them as watchman, although they had promised to insure him against robbery, he was astonished the next morning to find all his personal possessions hung around his compound! Clothes were spread on the bushes; pictures, and hunting trophies hung from the trees; and his papers and the contents of his desk were piled round the grass plot. The tribesmen had shown their cunning, and that they were a force to reckon with.

Thieving is a tribal and religious vocation—its traditions are passed down from father to son, and would seem to be ingrained in these people. The test for a young man who wishes to marry is to steal the nose-ring from a sleeping woman so dexterously that she does not wake. And stealing your neighbour's wife is something to be proud about.

The Bishop of Bombay saw among these people an adventure for Christ, and in 1919 the Criminal Tribe Settlement at Hubli was started.

"It will be a miracle to cure them," said some of the authorities.

"Let us work the miracle by faith," said S.P.G., and missionaries who were "ready for anything" volunteered.

Over 3000 of the criminal tribesmen came to Hubli: some were brought by the police, but many came of their own accord. They arrived with their belongings tied in filthy bundles, and began to build huts for themselves from bamboos, sacks, or flattened-out kerosene tins.

The first thing the missionaries worked for was cleanliness, for the dirt and disease were awful. Tousled, matted hair; bleared, diseased eyes; childrens' skins "rusted with dirt"; festering wounds; crooked limbs; filthy rags for clothing—all these had to be attacked with infinite patience and perseverance.

"Why should we wash?" said the women; "we shall be dirty again to-morrow!"

It took ten years of steady slogging to produce cleanliness.

And then, industry. Within the camp trades are learnt, and practised for a wage; embroidery, cooking, road-making, building, mason's and blacksmith's work. Then, some are trusted, and go to work outside the settlement boundaries, thus building up self-respect and a new tradition. And all the time, religion is the background. The church of the Holy Name, built by Indian labour and loved by Indian Christians, stands there in the centre, witnessing to the "why" and the "how" of this different kind of life; winning its converts, and transforming faces and characters.

When some women at the Rescue Home at Hubli were shown a picture of the Crucifixion, they went down on their faces in adoration. "Give us a picture like that to take away with us; then we can never go back to our old way of life," they said.

(c) *The Murderer becomes a Missionary*

This remarkable story of a Japanese, called "San," is related by one who lunched with him in December 1912. Years before, when only nineteen, San had committed murder and been condemned to death: the sentence was, however, commuted to penal servitude for twenty-five years. During this time an early impression made on him by a Christian gaoler seems to have deepened, and after seven years spent

behind the walls of the great convict prison of the Hokkaido, he had a dream. An angel appeared to him with a Bible, saying, "Take and read," and San again began to study the Word of God and yielded to its claims. During the remaining eighteen years of his imprisonment he committed the whole of the New Testament to memory, and was used of God to preach the Gospel, with success, to his fellow-prisoners.

All the time he was fighting with his own evil nature, fasting and praying and repenting again, and he himself has told how he at last found peace and victory. One day, after some hours of fasting in the intense heat, mercilessly tormented by mosquitoes, like a flash of lightning God revealed Himself in all His power to cleanse from sin, and to give him that love which he felt he so lacked.

His term of imprisonment ended, he devoted himself to the life of a travelling missionary, trusting God only for his supplies, and winning his way into places hitherto closed to the Gospel message. Amid all manner of persecutions and trials and dangers, he remained calm and confident in his faith, which he appears to have been able to impart to others in no ordinary degree.

[From Paget Wilkes' *Journal*.]

(d) *The Holy Spirit Changing Africa*

When Dr. Livingstone challenged the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to keep open the path he had made into Central Africa, the conditions of life there were desperately sad. We will take some instances.

(1) *The Slave Trade*. The Arabs captured natives in their cruel slave raids, and drove them to the coast, herded like animals, and beaten with the long slave-lash, many (unable to keep up the pace) being left behind to die on the trail. When they reached the coast, as many as 300 slaves would be put into one small slave *dhow* to cross the twenty-mile channel to Zanzibar, where they were sold to Arabs to work on the clove plantations on the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. The slaves were literally packed like sardines in the *dhow*s, being made to lie in rows, side by side, with others on top of them, so that when the voyage, which often took more

than one day, was over, many were suffocating or dead. These were thrown to the sharks which abound there. The survivors were sold in the slave market, where an old, withered tree served as a whipping-post for those who proved difficult.

Christianity has changed all that : the Sultan of Zanzibar was persuaded to sign a treaty making the slave trade illegal, and to-day a beautiful cathedral is built upon the site of the old slave-market, and the altar is on the very spot where the old whipping-post tree stood.

One of the first five boys to be baptized (in 1865) was a freed slave ; he is still (in 1936) alive, an old man, but during his lifetime the Holy Spirit has brought about this transformation, and there are now over 80,000 baptised Christians in the four dioceses of the U.M.C.A.

(2) *Witch-craft*. In the primitive villages of the Bantu people of Central East Africa, until the coming of Christianity the witch-craft doctor reigned supreme. If sickness, death or disaster occurred, it was believed to be caused by evil spirits working through some person or persons, and the witch doctor alone could discover who those persons were. He "smelt them out," and at his decree they were put to death in most cruel ways, such as by being burnt, or crucified. The people lived in continual dread of this witch-craft, and the heathen African still believes that disaster, sickness or death itself may be caused by it.

Deep-rooted as this terrible fear of evil spirits is, it is being undermined by Christian influences, and to-day another of Africa's great cathedrals, capable of holding 2,000 people, stands in Likoma, on the spot where previously men condemned by the witch-doctors were burnt.

3. *Moslems*. The Arabs, who are Moslems, have "converted" a great many of the natives to their easy religion, and are everywhere very opposed to Christianity. Christians have been stoned or poisoned by them. But even this is slowly changing, as the following shows :

The fine cathedral at Masasi was thronged on Christmas Day in 1934 with worshipping natives, but on a seat outside a number of Moslems gathered. They had almost to a man shut their shops in honour of the day, and walked two and a

half miles to the cathedral, where now they were waiting till the service should be over. Then, when the vast congregation had dispersed, the Moslems begged to see the crib. Quietly and reverently they entered the cathedral, and stood in a group before it, gazing at this representation of the Christians' faith. The joy that Christmas brings to the converted Africans is so obvious to their neighbours that even Moslems are becoming interested to discover its source.

[*History of the U.M.C.A., Canon Wilson.*]

(e) *A Murderess becomes a School Matron*

Musubika, a heathen Muganda woman, was in prison for murder. She had to serve a very long sentence, and at the special meetings held for the women said that she had never heard of God, and simply drank in with joy the glad tidings of the Christian Gospel. While in prison she learned to read, and to write on a slate, and on account of her behaviour being so good, she was made the head woman prisoner under the wardresses.

After a long time of probation there was a beautiful little service in the prison, when, with the other women prisoners sitting round, Musubika was baptised, taking the name of Elizaberi.

At length the long sentence was completed, and Elizaberi, free, went back to her people. She carried with her a letter to the mission in those parts, where she was taken into a school as helper, and after proving herself trustworthy was given the position of matron.

This is but one of many instances that show how the Holy Spirit is changing lives in Africa.

(f) *The Changed Faces of Christians*

1. The Eskimo, once a very degraded and primitive pagan people, are rapidly responding to the teaching of the Christian Gospel. Dr. Fleming, the first Bishop of the Arctic, says that the very expression of their faces is changed, and visible proof is given of the inward light of Divine grace.

2. A visitor to a mission station in Southern Rhodesia was struck by the strength and steadfastness of the faces of its members, especially the young girls.

3. A worker in the diocese of Mombasa, Central Africa, describes the change that takes place in the faces of natives as they pass through their long preparation for baptism. Young fellows in borrowed clothes, schoolgirls in *shukas* (cloths), some older men and women, little goatherds—all with heavy, expressionless faces, sit on the benches at the service when they are to be admitted as “seekers.” They stand as the native priest asks the question :

“Do you understand that if you want to be seekers after Christ, you must give up certain sins, and sacrifices to spirits, and witch-doctor’s medicines and charms, and immoral dances, and praying to the snakes?”

The answer comes, “I will, if God will help me.”

After this there is a year’s learning in school and class before the “seekers,” are promoted and become “readers”; and then at least another year before baptism.

“What a change is seen in their faces then,” says the teachers. “Gradually the dull countenances brighten, and joy in Christ begins to dawn.”

4. A headman of some caste people in Southern India had been present at a Confirmation held by Bishop Domakal. He was impressed by the confirmees, and spoke to the Bishop about the remarkable change he saw in them.

“Their parents,” said he, “have been working (as farm labourers) for my parents for years and years. They are not superior to us in caste, they are not superior to us in education, they are not superior to us in looks; but as I was standing there and looking at them, I felt that the light of the great God came to rest on their faces. There is a glory, there is a joy, that we have not got. Now, I want you to come and tell my people what Christianity can do for them.”

2. THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE CHURCH

(a) *Divers Gifts : One Spirit*

John Tanler (1290-1361) was one of the old mystics who helped to keep Christianity alive in Europe during the dark times of the fourteenth century. He was a very saintly priest of great influence among the “Friends of God”—groups of people who met together for prayer and encourage-

ment, when the Pope had placed a great part of Europe under an interdict, and the churches were therefore closed.

Tanler's sermons at Strasburg and other places are still famous, and his writings are still read. He was quite sure that what a man *did* mattered little, as long as it was done for God. Here is what he said: "One can spin, another can make shoes, and all these are gifts of the Holy Ghost. I tell you, if I were not a priest, I should esteem it a great gift, that I was able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all."

(b) An Illustration of the Church

Some years ago a large exhibition was held at Buffalo, U.S.A. In the electricity building was to be seen a series of strange-looking pieces of apparatus, massive and strong and complicated: very mysterious to any uninformed passer-by, but the authorities knew that success of the whole exhibition depended upon this engine-room.

The great Niagara Falls were to supply the power needed for every machine and electric light in all the varied buildings of that great exhibition and those mysterious powerful motors were transmitting that unfailing force, and converting it to serve each useful purpose.

Is not this a kind of picture of the Church? behind it is the stupendous and unfailing power of the Holy Spirit, but the church is to be the means of applying this power to supply all the varied needs of the world.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

I. THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH

(a) Unity Revealed

MUCH of the fighting and marching of the Civil War in America were in the bush. Sometimes in an advance the commander of a regiment could see no more than half of his own line, while the supports to his right and left were wholly hidden. To him it seemed as if his battalion were making an unsupported assault. The extended line, the reserves,

were matters of faith. But one day the advancing army broke suddenly from the bush into a savannah—a long, narrow natural meadow—and the army was revealed. From the centre far to the right and left the distinctive corps, division, brigade, and regimental colours appeared, and associated with each of these was the flag that made the army one. A mighty spontaneous cheer burst from the whole line, and every soldier tightened his grip upon his rifle and quickened his step. What the savannah did for that army should be in our minds when we repeat the Creed of the Universal Catholic Church.

(b) Upwards towards Unity

The great mountain range of the Alps separates Italy from Switzerland, dividing two peoples of very different race, language and outlook. Yet, from the earliest times men from the one side have sought to reach those on the other, and ways have been found upwards and over the great dividing barrier. From Geneva the road runs over the great S. Bernard into Italy, and so on to Rome. Men from either city must climb, and the higher they get, the nearer they are to each other. On the mountain top, some 11,000 feet high, a traveller from either side might meet.

Rome and Geneva stand for two schools of Christian thought, separated from one another by very different traditions and teaching. For those on either side who wish to meet, the way is upward. As the spiritual life rises until it is very near to God, so the saints (whether bred in Geneva or Rome) will meet on the mountain top.

(c) The Churches Unite in Times of Crisis

A most moving and impressive service was held in S. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem, on the signing of the Armistice in 1918. Christians, Jews and Moslems met to give thanks to God for victory, and to pray for wisdom in the face of the pressing problems of peace. The Cathedral normally holds 400, but on this occasion it was estimated that about 1,000 people filled every conceivable space, and hundreds who could not obtain admittance crowded the courtyard and the garden, where, although little could be seen or

heard of the service, they were able to join in the singing of the hymns.

(d) "*The Holy Church throughout all the World*"

It is half-past three on a Sunday afternoon, and in nearly every town and village in England, Sunday School or Children's service is being held. Songs of praise "Holy, holy, holy," rise from thousands of boys' and girls' lips.

Away in the South Pacific is perhaps the loneliest island in the world Tristan da Cunha, visited, at the most, once a year by a steamer; and often without a priest; but its Sunday School is held, and starts about the same time as ours in England, and likely enough sings the same hymn of praise, for the people are the descendants of shipwrecked Englishmen.

In Greenland at this time they are having their Sunday dinner, but will go to Sunday School presently.

In New York, Montreal, the West Indies and all the eastern parts of North and South America they are singing the same song either in the "Te Deum" at Mattins, or in the "Sanctus" at the Holy Eucharist.

In Western Canada they are driving miles over the prairie to little lonely churches that they may sing the same song in their early Communion.

In India they are singing their last evening song of praise before they go to bed: perhaps "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended," and thanking God that "The voice of prayer is never silent, nor dies the strain of praise away." And so from many nations and in many languages there rises up to God the worship of human hearts.

(e) "*The Beauty of Co-operation*"

Ruskin in *Ethics of the Dust* gives a striking illustration of the contrast between the confusion and ugliness caused by competition, and the order and beauty caused by co-operation. He takes an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten footpath on a rainy day near a manufacturing town. That slime is probably composed of clay or brick dust (which is burnt clay), soot, sand and water. All these elements are at hopeless war with each other, competing and fighting

for place at every tread of your foot; sand squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere, and defiling the whole.

Now, suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest so that its elements gather like to like, and so that the atoms of which each is composed may get into the closest relations possible. The clay, ridding itself of all foreign substance, gradually becomes a white earth which, with the help of fire, can be made into finest porcelain. But even this is not its best. Left still quiet to follow its own instinct of unity, it becomes not only white, but clear and hard, so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, reflecting only the loveliest blue rays. We call it then a sapphire.

Next take the sand. Left in a similar condition of quiet, it also becomes a white earth, then grows clear and hard and at last arranges itself in mysterious fine lines which have the power of reflecting blue, green, purple and red rays in the great beauty which we call an opal.

Next take the soot. It sets to work, its elements gather together, and after long efforts it becomes harder and harder, and clear, changing its blackness for the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once with the vivid blaze which we call a diamond.

Last of all the water purifies and unites itself; it can become a dew drop, or proceed to crystallise into the shape of a star.

So, from the ounce of slime caused by competition, we have by co-operation a sapphire, an opal, a diamond, and a star of snow.

[From Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*.]

(f) *How Onlookers can Help*

Years ago a terrible fire had broken out in a tenement district of New York city. The four lower storeys were aflame; the fire was mounting upwards; it was supposed that the inmates had all been rescued. Suddenly, at an open window in the fifth storey, the form of a child was seen, screaming for help. Instantly the longest extension ladder was shot up to that window. An intrepid fireman clambered up two storeys,—three,—through smoke and heat,

when flames belched forth from the forth storey, and enveloped the ladder. Pausing, he was questioning whether it were possible for him to proceed. The eyes of the multitude in the street were upon him in an agony of suspense. One man, grasping the situation, shouted, "Cheer him! cheer him!" A cheer that shook the walls rang out. Up through the flames the fireman shot, wrapped the child in an asbestos blanket, and, though with hair and beard mowed off by the flames, descended safely and placed her in her mother's arms. The impetus of enthusiasm wrought by that cheer had conquered fire.

Is this not a picture of how enthusiastic interest and prayer at home can help the Church's workers at the front?

(g) The Value of Fellowship

Here are illustrations of the truth that one and one may stand for more than two.

A child with one bit of paint (yellow) can produce one colour; with two bits (yellow and blue) he can produce three colours, and with three (yellow, blue and red) all the colours of the rainbow. So with a musical pitchpipe (say C) one sound can be produced; with two (C and E) three sounds; and with three (C, E, G) seven sounds. So one alone has a certain value, but two minds are worth more than twice as much as either one. One form of knowledge is valuable; two more than double the value to any one person.

So, the Church in any phase or parish stands for much more than so many individual Christians.

2. THE REFORMATION

There are certain people who say that the Church of England began at the Reformation; here is an illustration of its continuity:—

The Reclaimed Garden

There had always been a spring in the corner of the meadow, which made a little pond of fresh water, but no one paid much attention to it until the new Gardener decided that here was the beginning of a lovely garden. He banked

up the sides to keep the water deep and pure, and made rocky pockets around, filled with good earth where alpine plants could grow. He made a straight, strong, stone path along the waterside to a little seat under an overhanging tree, and fenced the whole round with strong stakes, and a hedge of lavender. He planted water-iris, and kingcups, primroses and rare cyclamen, and many another flower in the pleasant place, and tended it so that no weed grew there; and the pond garden was a joy to all who came to visit it.

But time passed: the Gardener went away, and the garden was neglected. Brambles thrust through the hedge, and weeds strangled the little plants. The rocks and stones fell out of place, and the path became lost amid the undergrowth, till presently the place did not look like a garden at all. And once again, no one paid much attention to the old overgrown pond in the corner of the meadow.

Then, one day, the Gardener came back, and went to visit his water-garden; sad as he was to see how it had become neglected and overgrown, he discovered signs of some of his old treasures, and at once set to work to recover its old beauty.

The brambles were cut away, the path and rock-pockets re-made, the weeds pulled up, and the hedge trimmed, and new plants put into empty spaces. Visitors who had only known the tangled, overcrowded, weedy, water wilderness came to see the place.

"You have made a new garden," said they.

"Oh, no," replied the Gardener. "It is the old garden recovered; look, here are the water-iris, and here the kingcups, the primroses, and the rare little cyclamen I planted years ago, and this is just where the old path went—I have the plan of when it was first made. The garden is not new, but the weeds and the rubbish that spoilt and hid it have all been cut away, or rooted up, so that the flowers may grow and flourish once again."

The Gardener paused, then added rather sadly, "I'm afraid that with the weeds I have perhaps pulled up some of the old flower roots too, but I will try to plant them again, so that the pond garden may recover all its former beauty."

And the older visitors were content.

"Yes," they said. "It is the same old garden : we remember the iris, the kingcups and primroses, and lovely little cyclamens ; they have always flowered in this corner of the meadow, ever since the garden was first made, long ago when we were little children."

And so it is with the Holy Catholic Church. The four flowers of the Bible, the Creed, the Sacraments and Holy Orders have always blossomed in its garden. Zealous reformers may have pulled up plants with weeds, but the things that mark the true Church remain unchanged down the ages.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

See All Saints' Tide.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

See Lent, and The Lord's Prayer.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

I. PAGAN IGNORANCE AND CHRISTIAN TRUTH

(a) The Conversion of Edwin

WHEN Edwin, the pagan King of Northumbria, married Ethelburga, the Christian Princess from the South, a condition was that she should be allowed to worship Christ in her new home.

In agreeing to this, Edwin declared that if he found his wife's religion better than his own, he would accept it himself.

Paulinus, who had been sent from Rome to help Augustine, accompanied Ethelburga, and between them they so influenced Edwin that he assembled the Witan (or Council of wise men) to discuss the merits of Christianity. From the Venerable Bede, who may have met persons who were present, we have a full account of this famous gathering.

The discussion seems to have turned on the future life, and what happens after death.

One of the decisive speeches was made by an old man. "O, King," said he, "sometimes when we sit at supper in the winter-time, with a bright fire burning in the midst of the hall, while outside the rain and snow are beating against the walls, a sparrow flies swiftly in at one door, and swiftly through the hall and out at another. Such is the life of man: he appears for a little while. But what went before? And what will follow after? This we do not know. Therefore if this new teaching brings us anything more sure, it is worth our following."

Paulinus then addressed the meeting with such success that the heathen high priest suggested the immediate pulling down of the pagan temples, which he commenced to do with his own hands.

The King and his Court, also convinced by the new teaching, after instruction were baptised (appropriately) on Easter Eve, A.D. 627, and a church of wood was built, dedicated to S. Peter, on the site where our beautiful York Minster now stands.

(b) Japan and her Dead

The "O Bon" Festival of the Dead is held annually in Japan. Fires are lit before the Ancestral Shelf, on which are placed food and flowers, and with the flames the spirits of the ancestors are believed to float in. When the flames die down, they have all arrived, and each member worships before the shelf in turn. For three days this continues, and on the third, the fires are again lit and the spirits depart.

There is a pathetic story of a fond sister who waited, crouched beneath the shelf, all one night, being told that in the stillness she would hear her dead brother's voice. When morning came, and nothing had happened in the long dark hours, she knew it was all a lie.

It is to such people as these that the Church's teaching of the good news of the Resurrection of the Body, and the Communion of Saints should make a great appeal.

(c) The Spirit of the Lama

The Dalai-Lama (or Great Lama) is honoured by the Tibetans as the representative of God. He is the head of

ecclesiastical and secular affairs in Tibet, is called the "Immaculate," and fatiguing pilgrimages are undertaken in order to pay homage to him and obtain his blessing.

His eternal existence is connected with the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and it is believed that when the Dalai-Lama dies, his spirit passes to the body of a child who is born at the exact moment that the Lama dies.

The thirteenth Dalai-Lama died at Lhasa in December 1933. In August 1936 it was reported by well-informed travellers that after a two years' search the monks, whose duty it is to discover the new Lama, had found the "holy child."

(d) *The glorified Body*

The old Egyptians held that after 3,000 years the soul returned from the unseen world and re-entered its former body, to begin a fresh existence on earth. Hence their great care to preserve and embalm the bodies of their dead.

The Christian's idea is of true evolution, the body going forward to the soul under new conditions, not the soul coming back to the body under the old ones. Hence the Church does not preserve the body, but lets it be dissolved, like the undoing of imperfect knitting, to be made into a higher piece of work, with a finer and more beautiful pattern altogether.

2. SOME PARABLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

(a) *A Chemical Illustration of Resurrection*

On one occasion a pupil of Faraday came to him in much distress, saying that he had dropped a silver cup into a vessel containing *aqua fortis* and it had become dissolved. Then the great chemist put in some salt and, the silver being precipitated to the bottom, he took the grains of silver and had them made into another, but more beautiful cup. Now was that the same cup as before or not? Surely we can reply, "Yes, and No." In one sense it was the same, for the material of which it was formed was identical; and the particles of silver of which it was made would say "Yes, it was the same." But, on the other hand, the form of the cup was different, and so much more beautiful that it might truly be said, it was *not* the same cup.

(b) Nature Illustrating Resurrection

There is an oriental fable which tells of a dewdrop which hung on the petal of a lovely rose and delighted in the sweetness of the perfume and the brightness of the sunshine. And when it fell to earth and was absorbed in the ground, it thought all its life of beauty was ended forever, but as it soaked into the earth it made its way into a stream and so on into the ocean, where it became a gem of exquisite beauty, which afterwards was taken and set in the crown of a mighty monarch, where it glittered with marvellous glory.

(c) Death means Promotion

Little Alice was spending a week or two with a lady who had a beautiful glass-house filled with flowers. There was one white camellia which she loved to watch as the buds burst forth, and the pure white flowers unfolded. One morning, earlier than usual, she ran to see her flower, and found it gone. "Where is the lovely camellia?" She asked the gardener, with tears in her eyes.

"Taken up to the house, that's all," answered the gardener with a smile. "It is in fine, full bloom, and Master ordered it to be placed in the dining-room, where he can enjoy it."

That evening, as the guests sat at dinner, there in the centre of the table was little Alice's beautiful white-robed camellia—lost to the garden, but adorning the Master's house.

(d) Carried Upstairs

A little girl lay dying, and she was afraid. Her friend, the bishop, came to see her, and after a little talk she told him she was frightened.

"Listen, my child," said he. "Supposing I said I wanted to take you in my arms, and carry you upstairs to a beautiful room at the top of the house, where you could see much farther from the windows, and be more comfortable altogether, would you mind?"

"Why, no," answered the child "you could do anything you liked with me, because I know you love me, and I love you."

"Well, what people call dying is rather like that; the Lord Jesus, your best Friend, who loves you more than I

ever could, when your time comes will take you in His arms, and carry you into one of his beautiful many mansions ; so you see you need not be afraid, need you ? ”

And the child lay back on her pillows, content.

(e) “ *Walking with God* ”

A little girl wrote, “ God and Enoch took long walks together, and one day when they had had a longer walk than usual, God said, ‘ Enoch, you must be tired, come to My house and rest with Me. ’ ”

(f) *The Passing Bell*

In the beautiful little Mortuary Chapel at Compton, Surrey, designed by the artist, G. F. Watts, hangs a bell to be tolled for a soul’s passing. This bell bears these words which may well come into our minds whenever we are thus reminded of the angel of death :—

“ Be my voice neither feared nor forgotten.”

III

THE COMMANDMENTS: DUTY TOWARDS GOD

I. OTHER GODS (FIRST COMMANDMENT)

(a) *How Truth can be Distorted*

A HINDU poet who wrote many centuries ago in the Tamil language, surrounded as he was by the votaries of Buddha, and Mohammed, of Zoroaster, and of the three hostile sects of Brahmanism (each holding its own divergent characterisation of God), with one of those flashes of light which God has vouchsafed here and there in all the ages, sang thus :—

Six blind men once described an elephant
That stood before them all. One felt the back;
The second noticed pendent ears; the third
Could only find the tail: the beauteous tusks
Absorbed the admiration of the fourth;
While of the other two, one grasped the trunk,
The last sought for small things, and found
Four thick and clumsy feet. From what each learned
He drew the beast. Six monsters stood revealed.
Just so the six religions learned of God,
And tell their wondrous tales, *Our God is One.*

(b) *China Seeking Help from Idols*

The Bishop of Western China, Dr. Holden, wrote in 1933 about the cholera epidemic which was prevalent in many places in his diocese: "In Chengtu the epidemic was the occasion for the city idols to be taken in procession through the capital on three occasions: it was chiefly a most vivid representation of the tortures of hell. Our neighbours at their shop doors bowed themselves to the idols." In times of trouble man seeks the best God he knows.

(c) *A Zealous Hindu*

Those Christians who appear to leave their religion at home when they go abroad on holiday could learn a lesson from the Maharaja of Mysore.

When he visited London in July 1936 he brought with him a retinue of thirty people, including his priests and his cooks, and engaged a suite at the Dorchester Hotel, in Park Lane. There a special room was stripped of its furniture and prepared as a temple for the Maharaja's family goddess, Chamundeswari. A small golden figure of the goddess was placed in the room where the priests who travelled with the Maharaja could perform daily the Hindu rites.

(d) *Modern Gods*

The old idols are being replaced to-day by a new god, the State. More than one nation, as we read in the *World Quest* of 1936, is being regarded as divine.

"We do not want any other god than Germany itself," says Herr Hitler.

"Nothing human or spiritual exists, much less has any value, outside the State," writes Signor Mussolini about Italy.

"We regard our Emperor" writes a Japanese, "as living god." Shinto, "The way of the Gods," the religion of the State, is, on the one hand, an animism which links up the people with the very spirit of the country: every "gnarled tree, or unexpected spring, or lovely mountain, or quaintly shaped rock, is associated with a spirit, or adorned with a shrine." On the other hand, Shinto is ancestor-worship, in part a veneration for the past; in part a worship of the Emperor. Ceremonial visits to the shrine are made by Japanese patriots, and all the school children, on certain national occasions. Like ancient Rome, Japan is cultivating an intense pride of citizenship; almost, if not quite, exalted to a religion.

In India the same idea is characteristically expressed. A Benares temple enshrining a contour map of India in white marble is dedicated to the worship of "mother India."

Patriotism is good, but as Nurse Cavell put it, "patriotism is not enough," and to-day, in the light of the above facts, the first commandment takes on a fresh significance.

2. LOVE (SECOND COMMANDMENT)

(a) *Our Lady's Tumbler*

Once, long ago, a wandering minstrel, who had gained his living by dancing and tumbling and vaulting, grew tired of his restless life, and coming to the monastery of Clairvaux, begged to be allowed to join the Holy Order. Putting away his money, fine raiment and horses, he wanted nothing but to share the ordered life of the monks. Soon, however, he found that he knew none of the crafts they practised, he could not read, nor take part in the holy offices. The monks, deacons, priests, all had their special share in the worship before the altars, but there seemed to be nothing, either in work or worship, that he could do to deserve the meat he ate.

So the minstrel was sad at heart, and prayed earnestly to God and Our Lady that he might be counselled as to how he too might truly serve in the Holy Order.

Wandering about the abbey, one day, he found himself in the crypt before the altar there, over which was set a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The bell above rang for Mass, and, disconsolate, the minstrel cried, "Each adds his mite to the great offering, save only me." Then came to his mind a thought, "I will do what I can; others offer their chants, I will offer my tumbling."

So, discarding his cowl and garments, save only a tunic, he stood, fair and comely of figure, before the altar, and, with a word of offering, began his merry play, tumbling and leaping and dancing, and turning his best somersaults till he was tired and breathless. He paused, and then, with a prayer that this his service might not be scorned, he began again, dancing daintily, then walking on his two hands with feet upraised, and doing many marvellous vaults and leaps.

At length he could do no more, and sank to the ground, with sweat covering him from head to foot. So, presently, he took again his habit and with a prayer of offering of himself, body and soul, he withdrew, resolved to repeat his service so often as the monks chanted their Hours.

Days and weeks and years passed, and the minstrel

continued his secret visits to the crypt, where with all his might he danced and tumbled before the altar; happy, for he felt his service was accepted, because it was the fruit of a great love; but none knew how he spent the Hours.

There was, however, one monk who, wondering whither the minstrel went so secretly, and why he was absent at the Hours, spied and followed him, and one day discovered the minstrel, dancing, vaulting, and tumbling before the altar, as has been described.

Straightway he went to the Abbot and told what he had seen: together they sought the crypt, and in a place where they could not be seen, but yet see, they watched. The minstrel danced and leaped as was his wont, offering his service with deep bowings before the altar, and presently sank exhausted and almost fainting on the ground. Then a wonder happened.

Surrounded by a train of angels and archangels, the blessed Mary, Queen of Heaven, herself appeared: with white napkin she fanned her minstrel, refreshing his brow and neck and body; then, making the sign of the cross, with her train of angels withdrew.

Then the Abbot commanded the monk, in virtue of obedience, to keep all that he had seen secret, and not until the minstrel's death was his way of worship known to the rest of the brethren.

Then it was told, that all might know how what manner of service a man offers matters little, as long as it flows from self-less love.

[An old twelfth-century tale that has been retold by Anatole France, and others.]

(b) *Martin, the Cobbler*

(A Russian Story)

Martin, the cobbler, lived in a poor little room which had a small window opening on to the village street. Every morning, after he had said his prayers and had his breakfast, he sat by the window and mended shoes. He worked hard, and served well, and used good leather, so that people trusted him, and he had plenty of custom. When evening came and the day's work was done, Martin would light his

lamp, take down his book of the Gospels from its shelf, and read some of the stories of the Christ; then, quietly, thinking of that beautiful life, he would go to bed and to sleep.

As the days passed, so Martin longed more and more to please the Lord whose story was in the Gospels, and one evening when he had read about the poor welcome the rich Pharisee gave Him, Martin thought to himself, "If He came to me, should I behave like that?" and pondering over the story, he rested his head on his arms, and presently fell asleep.

He was awakened by hearing his own name, but, looking, he could see no one; then again the voice called him, and distinctly he heard these words, "Martin, Martin, look out into the street to-morrow, for I shall come."

Martin roused himself, and rose from his chair, rubbed his eyes, not knowing whether he had heard these words in a dream or awake; and so went to bed.

Next morning, betimes, the cobbler was up and about. He lit the fire, prepared his cabbage soup and porridge, set the tea-urn to boil and sat down to his work by the window, and as he sewed, he thought of his dream and watched. Had he really heard the Christ's voice? And would He come?

It was very cold, and the snow lay thick outside. Presently an old man with a shovel came to sweep it away. Martin watched, and saw how tired and old and weak the man appeared; the urn was just on the boil: "What if I called him in, and gave him some tea?" thought Martin; and he beckoned in the old man. Together they sat drinking the hot tea. The old man was grateful and comforted, but all the while Martin watched the window.

"Are you expecting anyone?" asked the visitor.

And Martin told of his vision: then, as the old man listened eagerly, the cobbler talked more of the Christ and His love for everyone, especially the poor and sorrowful, till the old man was moved to tears. Then he thanked Martin and went on his way, fed and comforted in body and soul.

And Martin settled down to his work again, while watching for his expected Guest.

Presently, shivering in the cold, he saw a mother carrying a little baby. The poor woman was thinly clad, with no warm shawl for the baby, who was crying bitterly, and she could not comfort him.

"Come in here," called Martin from the window, and the woman gladly came.

He set her close to the stove, and gave her some of the soup from the oven, minding the baby while she drank. Soon the little one stopped crying, and Martin found an old cloak, which he gave the woman to wrap round herself and the baby before she set out again.

The woman cried for joy.

"The Lord bless you," she said, "it must have been Christ who made you look out of your window, and take pity on me."

"It was," said Martin, and then he told her of his vision, and how the Lord had promised to visit him that day.

"Who knows? all things are possible," said she, and went her way.

And still Martin watched. It was afternoon now, the day was passing, and the Christ had not come. Along the street came an old apple-woman with a basket of apples, and a heavy bundle, which she set down for a moment to rest. Just then a ragged boy ran up, snatched an apple, and tried to slip away, but the woman turned and caught him. Angrily she seized his hair, and scolded, while he screamed and struggled, declaring he hadn't taken the apple. Martin dropped his work, and ran out to separate them.

"Forgive him," he said, "for Christ's sake: I will pay for his apple!"

"He ought to be whipped, so that he should remember it for a week," cried the old woman.

"Oh, Granny," said Martin, "that's our way, but it's not God's way."

And then he told them the story, out of the Gospel of the Lord who forgave his servant's debts. They listened while Martin talked, and presently the old woman softened; she let the boy go, and turned to pick up again her heavy bundle; but the boy was ashamed and sorry, and said:

"Let me carry it; I'm going your way."

And the two went down the street together.

Then night came. Martin put away his work, lit his lamp, and took down his Testament from the shelf, meaning to go on reading from where he had left off yesterday, but the Book opened at another place. Vividly his dream came back to him, and the voice that called, "Martin, Martin, look out into the street to-morrow, for I shall come."

Then from behind he seemed to hear footsteps; in the dark corner people appeared to be standing, and a Voice whispered, "Martin, Martin, don't you know Me?"

"Who is it?" asked Martin.

"It is I," said the Voice, and out of the dark corner stepped the old man with his spade. Then he vanished, and again the Voice said, "It is I," and the woman and her baby appeared for a moment. Then again they vanished, and the Voice said once more, "It is I," and out of the darkness stepped the old apple-woman, and the boy, smiling. Then they, too, vanished.

But Martin's heart was glad. He crossed himself, turned to the place that was open in his Gospel and read, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat . . . a stranger, and ye took me in . . . naked, and ye clothed me . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto Me. . . ." [S. Matthew xxv. 34-40.]

Martin knew that his dream had come true; the Christ had visited him that day, and he had welcomed Him.

[Adapted from Tolstoi's *Where Love is, God is.*]

3. OBEDIENCE (SECOND COMMANDMENT)

(a) *Learning by Doing*

A Hindu catechumen, who had been set the task of learning the Commandments, returned to the mission-station and said he had done so.

"Yes," said the mission priest; "but it is not enough to learn them by heart, you must also live them out in your life."

"Oh, yes," returned the Hindu, "that is what I do—first I learn the words, and then I go and try to do the thing: that is the only way I can really learn."

(b) Keeping Rules

"Cur'us, isn't it," said Uncle Zeph, meditatively, as he watched the boys playing football on the vacant plot, "that when young folks start and play a game, the first thing they do—ceptin one single, solitary case—is to git some one that knows all about it to tell 'em the rules? There's football rules, 'nd baseball regulations, 'nd hull books about golf 'nd tennis 'nd cricket. 'Nd the boys jest love the rules—learn 'em by heart, 'nd git 'em down fine, 'nd play by 'em to the least little p'int. 'Nd the better a fellow sticks to the rules, 'nd carries 'em out, the more the others think of him. Ez fer the chap that breaks rules, he gits kicked out of the game, 'nd every one sez, 'Serve him right,' 'nd nobody wants to play with him.

"But when it comes to the game of life, why, somehow, young folks wants to play that without rules. The Ten Commandments ain't to their mind, nor the wisdom of Proverbs, either. They don't want to learn 'em, or live by 'em. They kinder admire the fellow that breaks all the rules he kin. 'Nd when they find some one followin' the rules, stiddy 'nd true, they laugh at him. Queer, ain't it?—'cause in the end, you know, the rules allers comes out on top; they've jest got to, naterally of course.

"The old people keep tellin' the young folk so, but that makes no diffrunce. It's a pity—fer if you could git them boys over there to take life in the same righteous, loyal, obedient sperrit that they take football—my, my! this town 'ud be a little heaven here below."

4. WORSHIP (FOURTH COMMANDMENT)

(a) Reverence

A significant incident is related in illustration of Washington's religious habits. A visitor to the hall of Congress, it is said, asked how he could distinguish Mr. Washington, of Virginia. The reply was, "You will know him easily when Congress is at prayer. Mr. Washington is the gentleman who kneels down."

(b) Work and Worship

The monastery of Jarrow was the scene of the vast literary labours of the Venerable Bede (672-785), but although he was so industrious a student, he would not allow his work to keep him from attending all the monastic services. "I know," he is reported to have said, "that angels come to the canonical hours, and the meetings of the brethren. What if they did not find me among the brethren? Would they not say 'Where is Bede? Why comes he not with the brethren to the appointed prayers?'"

[From Hunt's *English History*.]

(c) What the Angels Hear

A sick woman longed to go to church, but could not. Listening to the bells she fell asleep. An angel spoke to her, saying, "Come with me, I will show you what the angels hear."

Arrived at the church, which was full of people, they heard a babel of noise: business, pleasure, frocks, money, plans were all being discussed.

"The angels hear the thoughts, not the words," said the Guide; "Now I will show you what God hears."

Silence then reigned, which was broken only a few times. First there was an angel bringing a little child's simple prayer for pardon—she had been naughty, and was really sorry. Then another brought a hearty "thank you" from a mother whose son had just returned safe from France. A third brought words of adoration from the priest at the altar, and that was all—yet the whole congregation were saying words of worship.

Then the woman awoke. When, soon after, she was well again, and able to take her place in the congregation, the words of the first Collect in the Holy Communion service had, in her ears, a new and deep meaning.

(d) The Praise God Hears

The monks of a certain abbey toiled hard on their marshy ground, drained it, till it became fertile, then, as their wealth increased, their labours of love became widely known, and

none were turned away from their doors. Beloved of all, they had, however, one sorrow. None of them had sweet voices, they could not render what they considered worthy worship to their God in their chapel.

One day a stranger, a famous singer with a glorious voice, arrived: he should sing to-day; the monks' harsh voices would be silent.

So at Evensong, with perfect music, the Magnificat ascended.

That night the Abbot had a dream: an angel from God said to him, "Why was there no praise in the chapel to-day? For years I have not missed it, but to-day there was silence."

Then the Abbot knew that what made sweet music and worthy praise in God's ears, was not a finely trained musical voice, but a heart of love.

(e) Why the Orchestra was Stopped

A great conductor was rehearsing an oratorio with a large orchestra. All manner of instruments were there, each contributing its part to the great harmonies—violins and 'cellos; harps and flutes; trumpets and drums; cornets and cymbals. The music rose and fell, as the performers watched the conductor's baton, his ear alert to note every tone that gave its particular value to the interpretation of the great theme.

Suddenly the baton rapped: the music stopped: the conductor's voice was heard in the silence.

"Where," cried he, "is the piccolo?"

Listening, he had noticed something was missing: the music was not perfect because the player of one of the most insignificant of the instruments had forgotten his part.

Even amid the chorus of angels and archangels, the music of heaven is not complete if the least of us human choristers is not in his place.

(f) One's Best for God alone

Late one evening an Englishman strolled round Chartres Cathedral, which was apparently closed for the night. Finding, however, one small door not locked, he entered.

The magnificent church was in darkness except for one light high in the clerestory. Suddenly the organ played, and straightway a most glorious voice began to sing. The man waited spellbound. At the end he tried to slip out unobserved, but a verger caught sight of him.

"The singer you have heard," said he, "is Madame Adelina Patti, who begged that she might once be allowed to sing alone in the Cathedral in the dark."

5. KEEPING SUNDAY (FOURTH COMMANDMENT)

(a) *Sunday a Review Day*

You have seen a march past of troops. You have noticed how regiment after regiment on the great review day come up to the flag where the general stands, and salute. It is a fine sight. They do it to show their duty and respect to their King, whose servants they are, and under whose banner they are ready to fight. Sunday is our Review day. The Church is our saluting point, and the Divine General is there. Every time we go there we do it to show that we are trying to keep our baptismal promise, manfully to fight under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and we go for another reason—namely, to get strength to have victory.

(b) *The Day of Rest*

Jenny Lind, the great singer, was once requested to sing at the King's Palace at Stockholm on a Sunday. She refused, and the King called personally on her to command her attendance, it being a great festival. The reply was, "There is a higher King, sire, to whom I owe my first allegiance," and she refused to be present.

Earl Cairns, in returning one of his first briefs which would have required Sunday study, wrote, "Six days a week I am your man, on the seventh I am God's man only." He rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

Eric Liddall, the great Scottish runner, was challenged by Britain, and won the race. He then went to the Olympic Games, where he had a good chance of winning the world championship. But one of the races was fixed for Sunday, and he refused to run that day, thus risking his opportunity.

However, the day was altered, and he won the world championship. That his religion meant far more to him than his sport was evident when in 1924 he decided to be a missionary.

Harry Lauder, the Scottish singer (afterwards knighted), who sang before King George at Balmoral, and entertained soldiers at the front, went to America. There he was a great success and made as much as £2,000 at one concert. When, however, he was asked to give a Sunday concert at which the takings would be still greater, he refused. Keeping Sunday meant more to him than keeping popular, or gaining wealth.

(c) Rest Necessary for Efficiency

During the Great War of 1914-18 the munition workers played an important and very arduous part in the scheme for national safety. A great deal of prolonged and exacting toil was gladly and laudably undertaken. A Committee was appointed to promote the health of these munition workers, studying industrial conditions favourable to the enthusiasm of the worker.

In its first report this Committee found that too little care had been taken in the matter of periodic rest. It urged that Sunday work should be discontinued, and that where this could not be arranged, the men and women should have another full day's rest as a substitute.

(d) Keeping Sunday at a Cost

Dr. Grenfell tells this story of one of the little fishing villages in the far north of America, where for so long he ministered to the souls and bodies of the fisherfolk. One of them, who had but lately turned a Christian, had a new and precious net: it had cost 500 dollars, and represented that fisherman's little fortune. It was set out in the sea to catch fish.

But on a Sunday morning there came up a great wind, with the promise of a storm, and Dr. Grenfell, ever thoughtful for his people, remembered the net, and how it would be torn to pieces if left in the sea, so went to find the fisherman.

"Aren't you going to take in your net?" said he.

But the fisherman replied, "It is Sunday."

"I think, under the circumstances," said Dr. Grenfell "it is right for you to bring in the net."

But the fisherman answered, "It might be right for you, Doctor, but it wouldn't be right for me. I've been a Christian only a little while, and this is the first chance I've had to do anything for the Lord. If I go under at the first temptation, do you think the rest of the folks will ever believe in my kind of Christianity? I said I was ready to give up everything for Christ, and He took me at my word when He raised this wind on a Sunday."

That afternoon in the little chapel the fisherman passed the collection plate serene and unconcerned, but there was not a man in the congregation who dropped his penny into the plate who did not think of the net going to rack and ruin out in the wind-blown sea. There was not a man but asked himself if he could have done so much.

At midnight the fisherman launched his boat, and in the dawn the Doctor met him coming up the wharf. The ragged fragments of the net hung from his arm, but in his face was peace.

(e) *Church-going under Difficulties in Canada*

Bishop Lofthouse told of the difficulties his people have to face in North-West Canada in order to get to church:

"Though we must labour where the cold is extreme (it may be forty degrees below zero), I have known people come to church from outlying districts twenty-five miles away. I have known Indian mothers bring their babies 150 miles to be baptised. I have known a man walk 200 miles that he might kneel with us at the Lord's Table, afterwards walking 200 miles home again."

(f) *Real Recreation*

The words used for pleasure show what its true position in the scheme of life should be:—

Re-creation = a refreshing of one's being.

Re-laxation = a loosening from extreme tension.

Pastime = to pass idle time.

6. TRUST

(a) Trust is Letting Go and Letting God Guide

An expert cyclist said he would ride someone who had never been on a cycle before on his tandem bicycle through Rotterdam's crowded traffic, if she would only pedal, and leave the steering absolutely to him. She promised, and the ride was safely accomplished. He said afterwards that had she tried to steer herself, and not held the handle-bar absolutely free, as the cyclist threaded his way among the trams and horse and motor traffic of the busy town, there would, almost to a certainty, have been disaster.

(b) Trusting Father

Some botanists were one day hunting for specimens of mountain plants in the Highlands of Scotland, and descried several scarce and beautiful plants growing at some distance down the face of a steep precipice, which was fully 200 feet high.

They saw a boy near, and offered him a handsome present of money if he would allow himself to be lowered down by a rope and fill a small basket, with the flowers. The boy shrank back at first, but he remembered that his parents were poor, and that the money would be of great use to them, and at last bravely said, "I will go if my father holds the rope." And then, with unshrinking nerves and his heart strong and bold, he suffered his father, when he came, to put the rope round his waist, to lower him down the side of the precipice, and hold him there while he filled his basket with the flowers.

It was a daring deed, and it was only the boy's trust in the strength of his father's arm, and in the loving care of his father's heart, that enabled him to perform it.

(c) A King's Motto

King George III was not an ideal King, but his religion caused him to change his motto. On various articles of his predecessor's plate which had been brought from Hanover, there was a Latin motto which means, "I trust in my sword."

"Now," said the King, "I always disliked this, and when I came to the throne I altered it. My motto is—'I trust in the truth of the Christian religion.'"

(d) Mohammed's Trust in Danger

At one time of his life, Mohammed was forced to fly from Mecca, hotly pursued by his enemies. He and Abu Beker, his faithful companion, would probably have been hunted down had they not taken refuge in a cave on Mount Thor, the entrance to which was so narrow that it might easily be passed over. At one time the pursuers were close at hand, and Abu Beker quailed.

"We are but two," he said.

"Nay," answered Mohammed, "we are three, for God is with us."

It is one of the tender and beautiful legends of Islam that a spider wove its web over the entrance to the cave, and the pursuers passed on, conceiving that no man could recently have entered.

(e) Learning to Trust

Mrs. Gatty, in one of her "Parables from Nature," tells the story of a green Caterpillar who was asked by a dying butterfly to tend her babies—a little mass of eggs lying on a cabbage leaf.

The Caterpillar was full of doubts. How could these little eggs be baby butterflies? How could she know how to feed and tend them? Directly they were hatched they would spread their wings and fly out of her reach.

So she sought advice from the Lark, who flew up so high into the great sky that surely he must see and know everything. He promised to try to find out.

Presently he flew back to the poor Caterpillar, who could see no farther than the ground and who in her anxiety did nothing but walk round and round the little cluster of eggs on the cabbage leaf.

"New, news, glorious news! friend Caterpillar," sang the Lark, "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!"

"I believe everything I am told," replied the Caterpillar. "What are these little creatures to eat? The Butterfly said dew, and honey, but how can I get those?"

"No such thing, old lady," replied the Lark, "something you can easily get at: feed them with cabbage leaves."

The Caterpillar found it hard to believe it was as easy as that.

"Yet," said the Lark, "that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar.

"Caterpillars," sang the Lark, "and you'll find it out in time."

Then away he flew.

The Caterpillar could not believe.

"It's a pity," she thought, "that people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless. I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you, if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I'm told," replied the Caterpillar.

"Then I'll tell you something else: you will one day be a butterfly yourself!"

Then the Caterpillar was angry, and called the Lark cruel as well as foolish to jest about her inferiority.

"I told you, you would not believe me," said the Lark.

"I believe everything that it is reasonable to believe," persisted the Caterpillar, "but to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings and become butterflies—you know it is impossible!"

"I know no such thing," returned the Lark. "When I fly over the earth and up into the sky I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. Oh, Caterpillar, it is because you crawl, and never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call anything impossible!"

But the Caterpillar was still unbelieving. How could her long green body and endless legs become a winged, painted, butterfly? It was *not* possible.

Then sang the Lark, "Don't attempt to reason about what you cannot understand. Hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-

world above! Oh, Caterpillar, take what comes to you from thence as I do, upon trust, and have faith in what you cannot possibly understand."

"How am I to learn to trust, and to have faith?" asked the still-doubting Caterpillar.

But just then something happened: eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about; the eggs had hatched, the first "impossible" wonder had happened! The second might too!

And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations about the time when she should be a butterfly. But none of them believed her.

However, when her time came, and she was going into her chrysalis grave, she comforted herself: "I have known many wonders—I have faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next."

7. THANKSGIVING

(a) *Thanking for Common Things*

It is told of Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, that when on a visit to England there suddenly burst upon his view a great expanse of open country (some say it was Putney Common, others that it was Berkhamsted), covered with the golden gorse in full blossom. Immediately he fell on his knees and thanked God for showing him so glorious a sight.

It is only people who live with those pitiable human beings whose minds are deranged who can realise at all the terrible existence they lead. Earl Cairns, who did so much to improve mental asylums, and to better the conditions of the insane, tells how once he was laid hands on by a madman.

"Have you ever thanked God for your mind?" cried he.

"No," said the Earl.

"Then, get down on your knees and do it now!" was the rejoinder, as the strong maniac held him, and forced him to his knees.

A man was convicted of murder; he was being led through the streets to prison to await his sentence. A saintly preacher watched him. "There," said he, "but for the grace of

God, goes 'John Bradford'—mentioning his own name.

(b) How a Child Thanked God

In a charming address to boys delivered by Bishop Taylor Smith at S. Paul's Cathedral, the Bishop gave a pretty illustration of the fact that the presence of God was often far more real to a child than to an adult.

A little friend of his—a boy three and a half years old—had just said his evening prayer beside his mother's knee. Then, turning to his father, he asked, "Daddy, I don't think I have thanked God enough. Do you think He would like to see me turn a somersault—the somersault you taught me this afternoon? Shall I just let Him have one somersault?"

And he did.

(c) A Harvest Saved from Locusts

In Central Africa life is much more simple than in England, and far more depends upon the local harvest. In 1934, in the district round Masasi, this was threatened by a terrible invasion of locusts. Organised efforts were made to combat the peril: trenches to trap the locusts were dug; people gathered to kill them by trampling on them, or by banging them with a leafy bough. But nothing seemed to make much impression. In all the churches and village schools prayer was made every day that God would save the food crops from the threatened danger, for their failure would mean famine. If the harvest could be gathered in before the hoppers developed their wings, all might yet be well, and one can imagine the tense anxiety of the people. But long before the harvest was ready the flying started, and swarms of locusts were to be seen over the cornfields.

Then, a wonderful thing happened. The locusts alighted, and climbed up the corn-stalks to where the newly-formed ears were beginning to ripen; but just before they reached them, they all died! This happened again and again: in the corn-fields the stems were covered with dead locusts clinging to them; and the ears, unharmed, ripened into a bounteous harvest. The scientific explanation was that a

minute maggot had attacked the locusts' brains. Christians, Moslems and pagans alike were sure that the deliverance came from God.

The Bishop who tells the story adds, "Both beliefs were right."

When the harvest was gathered in, and proved to be more than ordinarily abundant, considerable offerings were made by the people in thanksgiving to God for His answer to their prayers.

(d) A Lion's Gratitude

In the days when the Roman Empire was at the height of its glory, the populace was entertained by great games and athletic contests in the vast amphitheatre erected for the purpose at Rome. Chariot races, gladiatorial shows and fights between beast and beast, or beasts and men, were attended by a hundred thousand people, who apparently took delight in the tortures and agonies of the wounded, as well as in the bravery and prowess of the combatants.

At one time, a Dacian slave, named Androcles, was to enter the sanded arena, separated by a broad ditch from the tiers of seats where the onlookers sat, and underneath which were the caves and dens where the lions and other wild beasts were kept. As Androcles stepped out from the one end, a lion was let loose and sprang forward from the other—but on this occasion the unexpected happened. The lion approached, ready to leap at the slave, who stood alert to use all his arts to protect his life; but at the moment when the mortal combat would have started, the animal paused, and instead of springing, fawned upon Androcles like some great cat, doing him no harm!

One can imagine the astonishment of the spectators as they eagerly waited for an explanation of this strange behaviour. It appeared that some time previously, probably in the wilds of Libya, when both man and beast were free, Androcles had taken a thorn out of the lion's foot, and the creature had recognised him, and, wild beast as he was, he would not harm one who had been his friend in need.

(e) *Rahere's Thanksgiving* : " *Not only with our Lips . . .*"

Among the courtiers of the brilliant and luxurious Court of Henry I was a youth of humble birth, but of great wit and charm, named Rahere. Then—at the beginning of the twelfth century—England was at peace, and the Conqueror's son set his heart on turning the vanquished country into a paragon of civilisation. Art and learning, commerce and architecture, flourished, and Rahere seems to have taken a leading part in all the gaiety and enthusiasms of Court life.

Suddenly a change came. The king's son and heir, William, was drowned in the *White Ship*, and England was plunged into grief. Rahere, who had come to see the vanity of pomp and idleness, became a monk, and threw his energies into good works with the same eagerness as he had before given to merry-making at Court. At that time a pilgrimage to Rome was deemed a work of piety, so, stripping himself of all earthly possessions, he set off on what was then a most dangerous journey, clad in the simple brown habit of his Order.

Having come safely through the risks of wild beasts, marauding bands and robber barons, Rahere arrived in Rome, and carried out the objects of his pilgrimage, visiting the churches with their holy relics, studying and meditating. But an epidemic was raging in the city, and he fell a victim to it. In his pain and delirium he prayed earnestly to be restored to health, sure that he too, like the Saints of old whose shrines he had visited, had a work to do for God. And, praying, he vowed that, if his life were spared and he returned safe and well to London, he would build there a hospital for the relief of the poor.

His prayer was answered, the fever abated, and as soon as he was able, the journey homeward was begun. On the way, when perchance he was somewhat overwhelmed by the hugeness of the task that he, a penniless monk, had promised, he had a vision. S. Bartholomew, in a glory of light, appeared to him as he stood shuddering on the brink of a great abyss. The old chronicler gives the words of the saint :

"I am Bartholomew, Apostle of Christ, and come to help thee in thy difficulty. I have chosen a place in Smithfield where in my name thou shalt found a church. Have faith and act manfully. Do thy part of servant, and I will discharge the duty of master and patron."

So encouraged, Rahere continued his journey, now set on the double mission of building both church and hospital. Smithfield was then a "right unclean" marsh beside the new gate of the city; but, nothing daunted, Rahere obtained the site, which was Crown property, from the king, and at once the work of building began.

Inspired by the penniless monk, the men of London dug the foundations, and rich and poor, old and young, worked on his hospital for love of him.

So, as though by miracle, Rahere's thankoffering rose, and at length his temple of healing was complete, and became one of the glories of Norman England. Through eight centuries, and many changes, his work has persisted, and S. Bartholomew's Church and Hospital stand to-day as the thankoffering of a Norman monk.

(f) Thanksgiving for Health

A certain woman had a sufficient income, but owing to various illnesses, a serious operation, eye trouble, a bad fall, and so on, a large sum had to be paid each year to doctors. In order to meet her expenses, she decided to plan out her income beforehand, allotting so much each year to board and lodging, clothing, church work, others, etc., and medical needs: this last based upon an average of previous years' requirements. At the end of the first year, better health had made the expenditure under this head less, and the balance was given as a thankoffering to hospitals and medical missions. Each succeeding year it was possible to do the same, so that by this simple device, money that would probably otherwise have just slipped away in miscellaneous directions became a tangible thankoffering for that greatest of all blessings, good health.

(g) A Motto

An old English family had for its motto the three words: "*Think and Thank.*"

8. PRAYER

(a) *Great Men at Prayer*

Martin Luther, the Reformer, said, "If I fail to spend two hours in prayer each morning, the devil gets the victory through the day. I have so much business, I cannot get on without spending three hours daily in prayer." He had a motto: "He that has prayed well has studied well."

Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, the saintly Bishop of Winchester in the reigns of James I and Charles I, spent the greater part of five hours every day in prayer and devotion. His book of "Devotions" was his legacy to our Church.

Thomas Ken, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral (where his name is cut in the cloister over the dates 1656-7), afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, rose habitually at two or three in the morning for prayer, attending Matins in the school chapel at five, or later in the Cathedral.

Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, lived with his family and relations a life of ordered prayer and devotion between the years 1593 and 1637. Twice a week he kept a prayer watch in the oratory from 9 p.m. till 1 a.m. On the other days he rose at one, and continued in prayer and meditation till the morning.

Sir Henry Havelock, the hero of the Indian Mutiny, spent the first two hours of each day alone with God. If the encampment was struck at 6 a.m., he would be up at four.

John Wesley, the great revivalist preacher, spent two hours daily in prayer. He lived a most strenuous, adventurous life, and once he said, "To-day I have such a busy day before me that I cannot get through it with less than two hours prayer." And, because he was so hard pressed with work, that meant getting up very early in the morning in order to find time. One who knew him well wrote: "He thought prayer to be more his business than anything else, and I have seen him come out of his closet with a serenity of face next to shining."

Earl Cairns, the philanthropist, rose daily at six o'clock to secure an hour and a half for the study of the Bible and

for prayer, before conducting the family worship at a quarter to eight.

Lord Kitchener, the great British General connected with India, South Africa and the great European War, was a man of prayer. He liked to go into an empty church and, kneeling there, to lay his anxieties at the foot of the Cross.

Earl Haig, British Commander-in-Chief during the latter part of the Great War, told his Chaplain-General, and told him to pass it on to all the chaplains, and through them to the men, that the only power that could carry them through was prayer.

Admiral Jellicoe, the leading British Naval Commander of the European War, was known, whenever circumstances made it possible, to be present every morning at the Blessed Sacrament.

Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief during the great European War of 1914-18, was thinking over one of his most important Directives at a critical time, and issued a message to say that he wished to be left undisturbed for an hour if possible. His officers thought that he wanted to sleep, but a very urgent telegram arrived, and they decided that he must see it. They found him in a little Chapel kneeling in prayer before the Holy Sacrament.

[*Biography of Foch.*]

George Lefroy, Bishop of Calcutta, who had spent forty years working in India, was a great man of prayer. His chaplain wrote of him :

"Six times a day did he seek guidance and strength in prayer and meditation, and no work of any kind was undertaken without first a few moments in silent prayer. He rose every day at 6 a.m. no matter how late he had been up the night before or how sleepless during the night, and from 6.45 a.m. until he went to the cathedral at 7.30 a.m. for Holy Communion or Matins, he spent in prayer in his chapel, and again from 8 a.m. to 9 a.m. in prayer and study of God's Word in the palace chapel. No newspaper was opened, and as a rule no business undertaken before breakfast at nine. At noon every day and at 2 o'clock, seven o'clock and 9.30 each evening he would be found in his chapel in prayer, and even when travelling he always tried to

keep apart these times for the same purpose. Prayer was just the breath of his soul's life, and the channel of his strength."

Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India (1926-31), now Viscount Halifax, was said to be one of the few Englishmen who have been in India in our generation whose name was generally respected by both Moslems and Hindus. That he was a genuinely religious man counted for much. On several occasions when a difficult problem had arisen in conference Lord Irwin adjourned the meeting, and retired to his own room to meditate and pray, and then returned with his mind made up. Prayer was his beacon when the way was befogged.

An African priest in the diocese of Accra, Africa, where the day is started early with Mass at 6 a.m., was discovered to be rising at four o'clock every morning to get a quiet time of prayer and meditation before his busy day began.

(b) Apolo of the Pygmy Forest : a Man of Prayer

Apolo was originally an African peasant lad with very little education, who was employed by an African witch-doctor. Mukasa, a Christian Chief, gave him a Bible and taught him to read, through which he became converted to Christianity, and was later ordained. At his own earnest request, he was sent by Bishop Tucker of Uganda to be a missionary to the Pygmies, very primitive tribes living in the forests of Central Africa.

He was full of strong common sense, and that, with his love for these people, among whom he spent the rest of his life, gave him great influence with them. When the Belgian officials found that certain tribes were discontented and difficult to manage, they sent for Apolo, who went alone amongst them, made friends with them, won their confidence, and changed them into orderly and law-abiding subjects.

He lived like a native, in one of the tiny pygmy huts, where rain poured through the roof of leaves; and ate the strange pygmy food. He trained teachers from among his own people, the Baganda, who went into all parts of the forest, and built over sixty churches all through that district, where he was very greatly beloved.

"Personally," writes Mrs. Willis, wife of a later Bishop of Uganda, "when I first met him on the borders of the forest, I was struck at once by the wonderful atmosphere of the presence of God that seemed to surround him; and then by the extreme courtesy of his manners and thoughtfulness for my comfort. He took us to see his hut, where he lived alone. It was extremely simple, but spotlessly clean and tidy in every particular. He never married, as he said it would be impossible then for him to do his work."

And during that visit the secret of his wonderful life was disclosed: "He told us that he spent the hours from 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. in prayer, so that he could get a quiet time free from interruptions, which was not possible in the day-time."

This would account too for the thing that so struck Mrs. Willis the last time she saw him, when Apolo was a dying man: "There was an unforgettable expression of love in his eyes when he looked on one."

[Apolo died on 30 May, 1933.]

(c) *An Explorer's Oratory*

Edward Wilson, chief of the scientific staff of Scott's South Pole Expedition, was said to be the life and soul of the party, shrewdly practical, intensely loyal, and quite unselfish. His bravery and indomitable perseverance and fortitude in the adventures of the famous Antarctic expedition of the *Terra Nova*, were known by his companions to be based on "some mysterious force that triumphed, some faith that upheld." His letters to his wife revealed what that force was. "I simply love the crow's nest, my private chapel," he wrote. "I have spent the happiest times you could possibly imagine there, alone with God and you, and nothing above but the sky and snow-squalls, and nothing below but the sea and miles of ice. . . . I just love it, for my prayers and daily reading with you."

Up there, to the crows' nest, he went regularly for quiet and prayer, building his life firmly on the foundation of the communion with God that he found there, and difficulties, pain, and suffering were accepted by him in the firm con-

viction that there was no situation which could not be turned to good "if properly accepted."

[Quoted in *The Flame of Prayer* (Edward Sedding) and elsewhere.]

(d) *A Lesson from Moslems*

Every day, five times a day, wherever he may be, and whatever he may be doing, the pious Mahomedan spreads his bit of carpet on the ground, turns his face towards Mecca, his sacred city, and says the accustomed prayers. General Gordon used to say that the sight of a poor Bedaween Arab kneeling there in the sand of the desert with his face towards Mecca was to him a thing of infinitely greater moment than a whole Cabinet of Ministers at a Lord Mayor's banquet or what not!

CONTEMPLATION

(a) *Silent with God*

The poor little parish of Ars, in the south of France, has been made famous by the labours of St. Jean-Marie Vianney, the little Curé d'Ars, who spent the forty-one years of his ministry there, dying in 1859, being canonised about 70 years later, in 1925.

Among the few people who attended his church at the beginning was an old peasant who sat there hour after hour motionless, with closed lips. He was a puzzle to the Curé, who at last asked him: "Father, what do you say to our Lord all the times you sit here?"

"I say nothing to Him," replied the old man, "I just sit and look at Him, and He looks at me."

This answer filled the Curé with great joy.

[From *A Saint in the Making*, John Oxenham.]

(b) *"Changed into the Same Glory"*

In one of Hawthorne's stories he tells of a certain valley, hemmed in by high rocks, where there was a precipice which had the appearance, at a distance, of a gigantic human face, noble, grand and sweet. Among the inhabitants of this valley an old prophecy was current that a child who would become one day the greatest and noblest man of his time

should be born there, and his countenance would resemble the Great Stone Face.

This prophecy gripped the imagination of one of the valley boys, called Ernest, who longed that he might live to see the noble man. Often and often he would gaze at the Great Stone Face for hours; it became his teacher, and its sublime expression stirred the boy to be his best.

Years passed; one after another notable men who had been born in the valley came back, and the people for a time thought that in each they saw a resemblance to the Great Stone Face. There was a man of wealth, and a great General, and a famous statesman, but each in his turn failed to fulfil the noble expectations of the prophecy.

Each cared more for himself, his gold, his fame, or his ease, than for the good of mankind; and still Ernest, and the people of the valley, waited.

More years passed; Ernest lived a simple life, labouring for his bread, kind to all who crossed his path, sharing with others the pure and high thoughts that came to him as he contemplated the Great Stone Face.

Involuntarily he had become a preacher. His ways and words expressed truths which moulded the lives of those around him. Fame had come unsought and undesired, and men from far beyond the valley travelled to seek his counsel. Among them was a poet who had been born there, but had won fame and influence in the world by his writings. Here surely, thought Ernest, was the man of the prophecy. They talked of their ideals together, but when Ernest told the poet of his hope, he confessed that his life did not correspond with his writings. So once again Ernest was disappointed. That evening, as was his custom, Ernest addressed the people in the open air, standing near the Great Stone Face; his words had power because they were the expression of a pure, strong and noble life, and watching him the poet suddenly cried out, "Behold, behold, Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!" Then all the people looked too, and saw that the poet was right—the prophecy had been fulfilled.

But Ernest walked quietly home still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear.

Although others recognised his likeness to the Great Stone Face, for him the ideal was yet to come.

[From Nathaniel Hawthorne's story.]

9. HONOURING HIS NAME (THIRD COMMANDMENT)

(a) *Charles Lamb's Reverence*

It is told of Charles Lamb that once, when in a gay mood with some of his friends, he was discussing how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more; notable names were mentioned, and then someone made the final suggestion, "And if Christ entered this room?"

Lamb changed his manner at once and stuttered out, as was his habit when moved, "You see, if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise. If *He* entered, we must kneel."

(b) *How Moslems Honour their Holy Book*

The Koran is held in the greatest reverence among the Mohammedans. They dare not so much as touch it without being first washed, or legally purified. On its cover are these words, "Let none touch it but they who are clean."

They read it with great care and respect, carry it with them to war, write sentences of it on their banners, adorn it with gold and precious stones, and do not knowingly suffer it to be in the possession of any of a different faith.

[From Sale's *Koran*.]

(c) *Why the Chinaman Wept*

Bishop Scott, of North China, told the following story of a Chinese Christian, "Big Faith Plum," by name.

He was a keen evangelist, and went about telling all he met about the Lord in Whom he had such big faith, and from time to time visited the soldiers in the barracks for this purpose. Sometimes they listened, sometimes they were rude: on this particular occasion they were hostile, laughed at Plum's message, and used foul language about his Master. Then they took Plum himself, and binding his hands behind his back, strung him up to a high pole. He must have

suffered intensely, but someone eventually released him, and the Bishop met him, that same day, with one of his little sons on either side, crying bitterly, and Plum was weeping too.

The Bishop, seeing his poor bruised, hurt wrists, began to sympathise, but Plum rejoined, "I'm not crying about my hands, but because our Lord's name was so taken in vain and dishonoured by those soldiers."

[Told by Bishop Scott, 1936.]

(d) Fines for Swearing and what came of Them

In the thirteenth century, when street-fights were of daily occurrence in Florence, and men were constantly left lying on the street either dead or wounded, a happy idea occurred to a city porter. He and his fellows used to loaf about for jobs all day long, and had a great deal of idle time upon their hands. They were men who had many vices, and were not ashamed of them, and amongst them was a confirmed habit of swearing.

The porter, whose name was Peter, proposed to the rest that every time a man used bad language he should pay a small fine; that the fines should be put together, and a litter should be bought on which they might carry the wounded to hospital and the dead to their graves. In order to prevent anyone from knowing who were doing this good deed, the carriers were to be robed in black from head to foot, and to wear black masks.

Street-fights do not occur in Florence to-day, and have not done so for centuries, but one still sees the Black Brothers of Pity going about carrying the sick or dead, in the same way as it has been done now for seven hundred years. The Brothers are no longer porters only. The noblest in the city belong, and take their part, but with so complete a disguise that no sufferer knows whether he is indebted for his journey to a count or a beggar.

BELIEF

See the Creed.

SERVICE

See the 13th Sunday after Trinity.

IV

THE COMMANDMENTS: DUTY TOWARDS OUR NEIGHBOUR

I. LOVE AND UNSELFISHNESS

(a) *African Good Samaritans*

IN East Africa a native servant of a planter was coming back from a long journey on which he had been sent to deliver a message, when he was attacked by some wild beast. He was not killed, but his foot was badly hurt. He had spent all his money, and the natives who passed by were not anxious to help him; they thought that he might die on their hands, and that not only would his relatives hold them responsible, but the ghost of the man himself might worry them for long afterwards.

But as he lay helpless by the roadside there came along two young boys, monitors at a neighbouring mission, who had been to get their pay of five shillings a month. They had spent about half of this in cloth, and were hurrying to their work. They stopped and talked to the man, and as they knew that a European would soon be passing in a motor-car, they wrote a note saying: "This man very sick. Please take him to . . . [the name of the plantation] and hand him to his master. We have only 2s. 7d., but if more expensive, will try pay next month."

They left this note with the man, to be handed to the driver of the car when it came along, with two shillings and sevenpence, which represented all the money they possessed, to spend on little pleasures or anything else for themselves, for the whole month.

The car came as expected, and the owner rescued the man.

(b) *An Act that Spoke*

A doctor was tending an Arab boy in Mesopotamia. He told the boy's family that he could only be saved by a trans-

fusion of blood from a healthy man, and he invited them to help. But one and all refused, so the doctor lanced his own body, and gave his blood to save the boy. The watching Arabs were amazed, and they loved the doctor from that moment.

"He is our brother," they said.

(c) *S. Vincent de Paul's Unselfishness*

When quite a boy, Vincent de Paul (1576-1660) seems to have shown the saintly self-less character that in manhood bore such fruits of service and spiritual help to his generation in France.

He kept sheep for his farmer father, and we are told he had occasional pence given him to do what he liked with. One day, seeing in a shop a special toy he much desired, he decided to save his money for that: it cost thirty pence; and as they were given him, so Vincent saved them up till at last he had the full price, and went off to buy what he so much wanted.

But on the way he met a beggar-man: tired and ragged, barefooted, worn and hungry. And Vincent changed his mind about his pence. Taking every one of the thirty from his pouch, he gave them to the poor man, and returned home without his intended purchase.

Later on, when he was a man, a well-educated priest, he would often be seen talking to the sailors and their wives and families in the sea-ports of the Mediterranean. His heart went out in sympathy to the galley-slaves who were forcibly dragged into ships, and made to work without pay. Once, seeing a sailor chained and crying bitterly, he asked what was the matter, and when the man said that he was forced to leave his wife and children who had no one else to care for them, Vincent declared, "I will go to sea in your place," and he did, roughing it with the other sailors and working hard at the oars, care-free and happy, as he thought of the family he had made it possible to keep together.

(d) *Garibaldi and the Lamb*

The great Italian leader Garibaldi, on his way back to camp one night, met a shepherd in great trouble because a

lamb from his flock was missing. Garibaldi told his men of the loss, and suggested that they should all search the mountain-side and try to find the lost lamb. Lanterns and torches were brought, and the soldiers hunted round for some time, but no lamb could they discover, and one by one they returned to the camp, having given up the search. Next morning Garibaldi's servant found his master fast asleep long after his usual hour for rising. When at length the servant did arouse him, he said, "It was daylight before we turned in, but here we are quite safe." He took out the lost lamb from under the bed coverings and sent it back to the shepherd. All the night long the great General had searched, and did not give up until he had found the missing lamb.

(e) S. Nicholas and the Bishop

According to old folk-legends S. Nicholas had for his friend a Russian Bishop who greatly admired the saint. Here is a story that is told about them.

S. Nicholas and his friend the Bishop once set out on a journey to see God, their Heavenly Father. That is why they were dressed in wonderful white robes, so that they might be quite clean and pure, coming to Heaven. But the day was rainy and grey, the road muddy, and they had a long way to go.

As they passed a field they saw a farmer ploughing. He was old and tired, and as he saw the two strangers coming along the road, he asked them to help him with his work. The kind Bishop had a great desire to help the farmer, but he was afraid of doing so, because of his white robe: you see, he could not come to God with spots on his clothes. But S. Nicholas, without any delay, went to the farmer and helped him with his work till it was done.

As he then returned to his friend, he noticed with great sorrow that his robe was quite dirty and spoiled. But they had to hurry on, so S. Nicholas thought: "God will understand it." However, when they arrived, S. Nicholas was ashamed of coming forward, so it was the Bishop that God noticed first.

"You are my good and true servant," said God to him.

But then, turning to S. Nicholas, He smiled. "Come nearer to me," He said, "I like the white robe of my Bishop, but it is your spotted one that I like better still, because those are spots caused by love. A big country loves and honours the saintly Bishop, but now many countries will honour S. Nicholas."

And that is why, the legend says, the kind Bishop is known in the big Russian country, but S. Nicholas is known in all the countries of Europe, even the little children loving him, and calling him "Santa Claus."

(f) *Grace Darling*

On September 6, 1838, a terrific storm broke on the Northumberland coast and caught the ship *Forfarshire* on her way from Hull to Dundee. As morning dawned, Grace Darling mounted the tower of the lighthouse, where she lived with her father and mother, and through the telescope saw the vessel slowly drifting helplessly on to the rocks. Knowing that every sailor would perish unless they could be taken from the ship, Grace Darling determined to do what she could to save them. A single rowing-boat provided the only means of helping the unfortunate men, but with such a sea and such a wind both her father and her mother told her that it was folly to put out. Grace, however, was determined to do or die in trying to save the men, and at last her father declared that if she went he would go out too, and her mother offered to help in launching the little boat. For a mile the two rowed through the wild waves that broke over them every minute, and threatened to swamp the boat and drown them both. But neither would give in, and at last every sailor was brought in safety to the lighthouse.

(g) *General Gordon and the Ragged Boys*

General Gordon, who is famous as the hero of Khartoum, obtained his first military renown in quelling the Tai-ping rebellion in China, where he won his name of "Chinese Gordon." When he returned to England in 1864, he deliberately chose to live in comparative retirement at Gravesend, where as a Colonel of Engineers he was at

work on the Thames fortifications, and spent his leisure time among the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate of that town.

It was particularly among the ragged boys of Gravesend, whom he called his "kings," that he worked. This name was probably given in memory of the Wangs, or subordinate kings, with whom Gordon had so much to do in China. He would bring these boys to his house, where in a room next his own three or four of them could sleep. These "kings," many rescued from the gutter, he cleansed and clothed and fed and taught, and for many of them obtained berths on board ship. He had evening classes for them, and on Sundays Gordon was regularly to be found with his class of sixteen boys in a dingy corner of the "ragged-school." On one occasion, when three or four of his boys had scarlet fever, he sat up with them far into the night, talking to them and soothing them until they fell asleep. Quite regardless of his own safety he would enter houses infected with fever to minister to some unfortunate.

His perseverance in trying to reform these rough boys was tireless. In one instance he took a boy into his house—one of many so helped—fed, clothed and taught him, and at last placed him satisfactorily on board ship. But all to no purpose. Three times this little impostor was taken in, fed back to strength, clothed and well placed; and as often did he return to the streets to sink into wretchedness and rags. The last time he came back was at night. When the Colonel returned, he found his protégé on the doorstep, half-dead with hunger and cold. To take him in with three other boys then living in the house was impossible, so he led him across the yard to a stable, found an empty stall and some clean straw, and bade him rest till morning. Just after six the Colonel appeared, carrying a lump of soap, a large towel, a brush and a sponge. He poured a pail of hot water into the drinking-trough, and then and there gave the boy a thorough cleansing from head to foot, and dressed him in new clothes, his own being fit only for the flames.

In Gordon's house at Gravesend was a map of the world with little flags that marked the progress of his "kings"

in their wanderings by land and sea. He followed the course of his boys on their voyages, and remembered them in his prayers.

When in 1871 Gordon was given another important overseas commission, he presented a number of splendid Chinese flags, the trophies of his victories, to his "kings" at the "ragged-school." And his biographer writes that those six years of hard work and philanthropic friendship with the ragged boys of Gravesend were perhaps among the happiest of his life, and years after the people whom he had helped remembered their soldier friend to whom so many of them owed their changed lives.

(h) *Nansen the Adventurer*

Fridtjof Nansen was cut out for an adventurer. He had pluck and perseverance, original resourcefulness, and great desire to discover new ways of helping people. He will be remembered for two great things he did for mankind.

(1) *Discovering New Ways in the Arctic Seas*

When a boy, living in the south of Norway, Nansen learned to be a splendid swimmer and skater and sailer of boats, and soon became interested in the Northern Seas. He went seal-hunting, and later had the idea of helping sailors by discovering more about the Arctic currents. He had a plan to try to drift with the ice in a very strong boat right across the North Pole. With eleven companions he set out, and for over three years his ship, the *Fram*, drifted across the Polar seas, frozen to an ice-pack. He and his companions lived on board, and only left the ship to hunt bears and other beasts. "There was a Bible on board," Nansen told his friends afterwards, "and so we learned it all off by heart."

They had the most perilous adventures with wild beasts and broken ice-floes, but at last, to his great joy, his ship came through—just as he had planned—with all its crew alive and well; and the whole world hailed him as one of the greatest living adventurers. This happened from 1893 to 1896.

(2) Recovering New Life for the War Refugees

After the adventures of the *Fram*, Nansen settled down to a quieter life, and probably we should have heard little more about him had there been no war, but after the Great War (1914-1918) parts of Europe were in a terrible condition. The Armistice had been declared, but half a million men were still left in prison camps in Russia and other lands, many of them starving to death on bad food, or dying from disease. The war was over and peace was declared, but it seemed nobody's business to get the prisoners back to their own homes.

Suddenly an Englishman remembered Nansen and his courage and genius, and suggested to the League of Nations that they should ask him to do it.

So Nansen, who was now over sixty, had to choose between a peaceful life in Norway, or a difficult and extremely hard piece of work. True to his character he accepted the work, and, in the face of difficulties which would have daunted others, he got the men home.

It meant finding money, trains, ships, food and clothing, but he did it, and he reunited 500,000 families in various countries in the world. He meant then to go home and rest, but another job was waiting for him—a terrible famine broke out in Russia, and it was followed by a great outbreak of typhus fever.

So once again Nansen came to the rescue, and tried to get the other nations to give Russia money to help her buy food, but for a long time they refused; then he went travelling through Europe and America, and told the people how awful it was to see men and women dying in hundreds, and how cruel they were not to help; at length by his courage and energy he raised great sums for relief work, and saved millions of Russian peasants from death. And so Nansen went on from one job to another, finding work and tools and lands for the men he had rescued from prison, and until he died in 1930 he was the champion of all those in the world who seemed to have no one to care for them.

In 1928 some British boys made a model illustrating Nansen's marvellous journey in his ship *Fram* as an act of

homage to him. They took it to Norway, and when Nansen received it he said to them: "I have one piece of advice to give you—stick to the work you begin in life till the task is finished, and finished well, whatever it may be; this will give the satisfactory feeling that you quit yourselves like men, for we have come here in this world, every one of us, to do our part and to do it well."

(i) *The Sinking of the Birkenhead*

When the *Birkenhead* sank, Alexander Russell, a young officer aged seventeen, was ordered to command one of the boats which carried the women and children. As they were pushing off, a sailor who was drowning clasped the side of the boat, but there was no room even for one more. A woman in the boat cried: "Save him! he is my husband."

Russell rose, jumped clear of the boat, and amidst a chorus of "God bless you!" he sank in the water, which was full of sharks, and was seen no more, the sailor being left to take his place.

(j) *Turner's Chivalry*

A painter named Bird sent a picture to the Academy for exhibition, and J. M. W. Turner was on the hanging committee. Bird's picture had great merit, but no place for it could be found. Turner pleaded hard for it. No, the thing was impossible. Turner sat down and looked at Bird's picture for a long time. Thus he insisted that a place must be found for it, but was still met by the assertion of impracticability. He said no more, but took down one of his own pictures, sent it out of the Academy, and hung Bird's in its place.

On another occasion, when Turner's picture of "Cologne" was exhibited in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the colour of the two portraits. Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and he complained openly of the position of his pictures. On the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at the private view, a friend of Turner's, who had seen the "Cologne" in all its splendour, led a group of expectant

critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dull colour. He ran up to Turner, who was in another part of the room, "Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?"

"Oh," muttered Turner, in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lamp black. It'll all wash off after the exhibition."

[From Ruskin's *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*.]

(k) *And Jones'*

When Sidney Cooper, the great animal painter, first attempted to have a picture hung in the Royal Academy, his genius was not recognised, and the hanging committee said there was no available space for his canvas. A certain Royal Academician, named Jones, protested, and in order that Cooper's picture might be exhibited, took down his own, which had already been hung, and put Cooper's in its place.

(l) *Chivalry Possible for Everyone*

The poor children of a Liverpool mission were being given a free Sunday morning breakfast. Crowds of boys and girls thronged the long stone corridor leading to the breakfast-room. The superintendent gave the word to queue up in separate lines—boys and girls. It was a bitterly cold morning, and the stone floor was very chilling to bare feet: one little girl was seen to hesitate for a moment; her feet were blue with cold, but by standing in one spot she had warmed it a little, and shrank from moving to a fresh, cold place. A boy, stepping into the opposite line, noticed her hesitation, and with kindly dignity took off his ragged cap, and laid it where the little girl would have to stand.

[*The Teacher and the Child*. Thistleton Mark.]

(m) *The Moslem and Christian Compassion*

The head of Abu-Fahad was bent upon his breast as he rode. Not so was he accustomed to lead his Bedouin spearmen on their raids upon the hamlets of the plain. His blooded mare, with dainty forefeet, picked her way among

the rolling stones, arching her neck to feel her master's guidance; but the silver-mounted reins fell limp upon her mane. The mind of Abu-Fahad still lingered at the village camping-ground which he had left; the open space was still before him, the ring of kneeling camels with heads turned to the centre, the loosened burdens on the ground, the shifting group of Bedouin merchants, bartering, smoking or spreading out their prayer-rugs to the south. And then appeared the Christian preacher, Murad of Lebanon, whose custom was to wander in and out among the tribes. Abu-Fahad had heard the report about this youth with earnest face and winning speech, but he had never met him face to face before.

Murad's eye fell on the prayer-rugs, and he spoke respectfully: "Yes, truly God is greater; we should ever turn to Him in prayer."

"His Name be honoured," answered Abu-Fahad. "It is He Who giveth victory to the faithful and maketh them glory over all their foes."

"Have you never known the greater glory?" asked Murad. "The glory and the beauty of Sheffaka, Compassion?" And opening his Book he gave his message in eager and appealing words; man's need of mercy and his holy privilege to show compassion to his fellow men.

And now while Abu-Fahad rode in silence, wrapped in thought, there grew within him a strange desire, unknown before, for the angel presence, even in his own fierce heart, of Sheffaka, Compassion.

Thus musing, he overtook a wayfarer plodding the stony road on foot.

"Rest be to you," he said.

"The Lord return you rest," answered the stranger, but as he spoke he tightened up his girdle, showing the dagger in its sheath.

"Have no fear," said Abu-Fahad, thinking how readily the day before he would have called upon a traveller to deliver up his money-girdle and his arms.

They travelled on in friendliness together for many hours. At last they came to a small rill trickling beneath a rock.

"Water is the gift of God," said the walker. "Let us stop."

Abu-Fahad alighted from his horse, loosened the bridle and let the thirsty creature drink, and then the two men rested in the patch of shade, the spicy smell of mint and thyme adding its sweet refreshment.

"Bread is also the gift of God," said Abu-Fahad, and loosening his tasselled saddle-bags, he divided with the stranger the food he had brought for two days' journey.

"And now let us go on," said Abu-Fahad, "and seeing I have had my share of rest, I will change places with you for awhile, you riding, and I on foot."

"I beg forgiveness of the Lord," exclaimed the stranger. "His curse would be on me for taking such a privilege from one above me in station and in years."

But Abu-Fahad pressed him, and he yielded.

As one is carried on the light wings of a dream, so the low-born stranger felt himself borne forward by the fleet-footed creature of the desert. As though he upheld the rainbow, great was his exaltation, and the mad purpose seized him to ride away for ever and leave his benefactor to his own folly in trusting a stranger.

A tightening of the rein was all-sufficient, and the high-bred animal leaped forward.

"Hold!" cried the astonished owner.

But the new joy of gain was too alluring.

"Listen!" cried Abu-Fahad, with a tone of just rebuke which forced obedience. "You have my mare, I do not ask you to return her; that is beyond my power. I have but one request. For the sake of him who thus enriches you, grant it, I pray!"

The stranger's shamed humanity could not refuse.

"I grant it."

"This is my request," said Abu-Fahad. "Never, by the life that Allah gave you, tell how you obtained your mare."

"That is not likely," laughed the stranger, trying to cover his confusion under a mask of insolence. "But what reason have you for such a strange request?"

Abu-Fahad answered gravely, "Because then you would be a murderer."

"A murderer!" cried the stranger.

"Yes," repeated Abu-Fahad, "you would kill Sheffaka—

Compassion—in the hearts of men. If it were told that Abu-Fahad was deceived, lending his mare in pity to a stranger, then nevermore would any rider lend his mare to help a traveller on.”

The traitor, crushed with guilt, slipped from the saddle, covering Abu-Fahad's hands and feet with kisses.

“Oh, let me kneel on burning coals, and beg God, for the sake of Sheffaka, to forgive my sin.”

Eagerly he forced Abu-Fahad back into the saddle, beseeching him to leave him in his shame. And Abu-Fahad rode away, again absorbed in thought, but as he turned upon the rocky path, he raised his head for one last backward look toward the stranger, and there he saw him kneeling on the ground, his face bent low and buried in his hands.

[From *Masoud the Bedouin*, Carhart.]

(n) *Love may Conquer where Force Fails*

Workmen in the stone quarries often find a very hard kind of rock. They prick little grooves for the iron wedges and then, with great sledge-hammers, drive and drive the wedges into the flinty rock. And yet, once in a while, they fail to divide the solid mass. The iron wedges and the sledges prove useless, and the workmen wonder at the stubborn rock. But there is yet another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Then little wooden ones of a very hard fibre are selected. The sharp, well-made wooden wedges are first put into water. They are then inserted in the grooves tightly while wet, and no sledge is needed to drive them. They would break under the severe blows of the ponderous hammer. But the workmen just let the wet wedges alone. They will do what the driven iron failed to do. How so? The damp wood swells. The particles must have room to enlarge. The granite hearts of the rocks cannot withstand the silent influence. In a little while the solid rock parts from top to bottom, and the workmen's will is accomplished.

2. LOVE TO ENEMIES (SIXTH COMMANDMENT)

(a) How a Christian Settles a Blood-Feud

Near the north-west frontier of India is a hospital where many of the patients come to be healed of gunshot wounds, the result of blood-feuds. If an Afghan is killed, his relatives feel in honour bound to kill the murderer, or one of his near relatives, in return, and these blood-feuds may last for generations.

Over one of the beds in this hospital is a tablet telling that the sister of a certain Captain Conolly supports that bed. The story of this Captain Conolly is often told in that hospital, and here it is :

Two English Officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, were sent to Bukhara on Government business. They never returned, but news at length came that both had been murdered, after terrible treatment, by the Amir.

Nineteen years passed, and then one day in S. Petersburg an old English prayer-book was found by a visitor in the house of a Russian officer. Its fly-leaf and the margins were covered with pencilled notes. It had been picked up on a stall in Bukhara, but the Russian officer to whom it belonged could not read it. His visitor, however, could. It had belonged to Captain Conolly, and the pencilled notes told how from December till June he and Colonel Stoddart had spent months of suffering, half-clad in the bitter cold of an Afgan winter, wounded, ill-treated, and with no change of clothes. At last they were led to an open square outside the prison, where, before a crowd of natives, Stoddart was executed. Then Captain Conolly was offered his life if he would become a Mussulman, but he replied, "I will not be a Mussulman. I am ready to die." And he too was beheaded.

Now, the Russian officer's visitor knew Conolly's family, and sent the prayer-book to England to the Captain's sister, and it was this sister who had endowed the bed in the frontier hospital.

When the hospital patients heard this story they would say, with amazement, "The sister of that man pays that men of the nation who killed him may be cured? Has she forgotten about his death?"

"No," is the reply. "It is that he may not be forgotten that she does it. That is the way of Christians. They pay off scores also, but they do it differently, that's all!"

[Adapted from *In Difficult Places*, by M. Debenham.]

(b) Destroying Enemies by making Them Friends

It is recorded of a Chinese Emperor that, on being apprised of his enemies having raised an insurrection in a distant province, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me, and we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach.

All now thought he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity.

"How," cried the first Minister, "is this the manner in which your promise is fulfilled? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed them."

"I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them."

(c) Settling a Quarrel

Two fine old families whose estates joined had a long-standing quarrel over the boundary line between two farms. It spoilt all pleasant neighbourly relations with the bitter feeling it bred. But a new heir came into possession of one of the estates, and at once sought his neighbour to talk over the difficulty.

The old squire asserted loudly all the old arguments; he was being defrauded; the boundary was so many feet over on his land.

"Well," said the new owner softly, "I'll have that fence moved four feet this way over my land."

The squire was greatly surprised. "But that will be giving me some of your land," said he.

"Well," returned the other, "that will not hurt me nearly as much as to have a quarrel over it!"

The line stayed where it had been for so long, and a good

friendship grew up between the two families. It takes two to make a quarrel, but a single man, if his heart is in the right place, can settle it.

(d) *The Best Revenge*

A man, living near Red River, Arkansas, relates how one day an Indian, with whom he was friendly, came to him in a great rage because a certain planter had set his dogs on him. He declared he would kill the man, or set fire to his buildings.

"Oh, no," said the white man; "that would not be right. Besides, what good would it do, to kill him?"

"I would have my revenge," said the Indian.

"That," said the white man, "would be nothing and you would be guilty of murder, and in constant danger and dread of punishment."

The Indian looked very thoughtful, and presently asked, "Well, what shall I do?"

"Why, do that man some good the very first opportunity," came the reply; "you will find that sweeter than revenge; it will bring you into no danger, but may bring you many blessings."

The Indian looked at the white man earnestly. "You never told me a lie," said he, "I will try it."

Several months passed, then one day the Indian turned up, with new blankets, overjoyed to see again his white friend.

"Oh," said he, "you told me no lie; it is true." Then the Indian told the story: a few days before, he had found a planter wandering about in the woods, lost, and almost starved. It was the very man who had set his dogs on our Indian months before.

"Now," said the Indian, "I could easily have had my revenge and killed him, but I remembered what you told me, and took him to my camp and fed him, and kept him over-night, and the next day took him to his plantation.

"When just by it, I said to him, 'There is your house; you see it; go!'

"He was so glad, he shook me by the hand and called me 'Good Indian.'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'but you did not think me very good when you set your dogs on me.'

" 'I set my dogs on you !' said the planter, turning pale at the thought of the hazard he knew he had been in, from his knowledge of the Indian character.

" I told him about the time, and how I had to run for my life."

" 'I am very sorry' said he, 'and you have rendered me good for evil. Come in.'

" So he took me to his house, told his negroes to treat me well, gave me these fine blankets, and made me feel very happy. You told me no lie !"

[Told by a friend of the white man.]

(e) A Japanese Example

During the Russo-Japanese War two Japanese officers were taken in an attempt to blow up a bridge. One, a colonel, was a Christian ; the other, a captain was a Buddhist. Both were condemned to die the following morning : both were stoical, firm and brave.

The Buddhist was also apparently disdainfully indifferent to death.

The Christian, however, said, " It is well, I am ready " ; and, as his last act, devoted 1,000 roubles to the Red Cross Society for the enemy's wounded.

(f) A Swiss Story

A notable instance of humanity shown to enemies occurred in Swiss history, when, in 1318, the town of Solothurn was being besieged by Leopold. The river Rare, near which the town stands, was much swollen at the time, and a bridge that the beleaguering forces had thrown across was carried away by the flood, and their men were being drowned in numbers.

Then the Solothurners, forgetting all injuries, rushed out with boats to save their enemies. Leopold was so touched by this magnanimity that he at once raised the siege, and presented the town with a beautiful banner.

[Story of the Nations Series : Switzerland.]

(g) When to Fight

A prospector lay sick away out on the lonely mountain-side, in Western Canada, thirty miles from doctor or medicine. Father Pat, a missionary padre, heard of it. He gathered together medicines, and hit the trail. When nearing the cabin he came across three mounted miners, who saluted him with the question :

"Hello, parson! Where are you going?"

He told them.

"Bill needs a doctor instead of a parson!" said they, and commenced to abuse the minister.

They would not let him pass.

Quicker than lightning the parson jerked one of the miners off his horse, knocked another one off, and cleared the trail.

He reached the sick man's side, and ministered to his wants. On returning the next day he met the three miners, who had camped on the trail bent on revenge. While being abused he appeared meek as a lamb. The trio surrounded him in a threatening manner. Then the parson spoke.

"Will you see fair play if I fight one at a time?" said he.

"Yes, yes, yes," exclaimed they, chuckling with delight at the prospect.

A ring was formed, and soon one of the three measured his length on the ground.

"Come on," said Father Pat, pleasantly, as the other two seemed somewhat dazed.

One came on, and followed the first.

"Next," said Father Pat.

But the third miner took to his heels as though his Satanic Majesty was behind him instead of only a meek minister.

The Father bathed the bruises of the two prostrate miners, and after preaching them a sermon on the iniquity of fighting, went on his way.

[From *Father Pat*, Mrs. Jerome Mercier.]

3. LOYALTY AND OBEDIENCE (FIFTH COMMANDMENT)

(a) The Scholar Honoured his Mother

A poor woman sent her boy to school and college. When he was to graduate he wrote his mother to come, but she sent word back that she could not afford new and suitable clothes, and she was afraid he would be ashamed of her. He wrote back that he didn't care how she was dressed, and urged so strongly that she went. He met her at the station, and took her to a nice place to stay.

The day came for his graduation. He walked down the broad aisle with that shabbily dressed mother, and put her into one of the best seats in the house. To her great surprise, he carried everything before him, and when the prize he had won was presented to him, he stepped down before the whole audience, and kissed his mother and said, "Here, mother, is the prize. It is yours. I would not have had it, if it had not been for you."

(b) A Great General and his Parents

Epaminondas was one of the greatest generals, and also one of the very greatest men and noblest characters ancient Greece produced. When he had beaten Sparta and brought deliverance to Greece he is said to have exclaimed, as he received thanks and congratulations on all sides, "I am glad most because of the joy this will give to my father and mother."

(c) Home Obedience a Test of Character

A merchant wanted a boy in his establishment, and quite a crowd of applicants appeared. He therefore inserted this advertisement to sift them: "Wanted—A boy who always obeys his mother." The next day only two lads applied for the place.

(d) The Chinese honour their Ancestors

In China, when a man is given a title he cannot leave it to his descendants, for they may not deserve it, but his ancestors are all honoured with the new dignity, for they are considered to have made him what he is, and so to deserve it.

The Picture-letter representing *love* in Chinese is the symbol for a mother accompanied by that for a son.

(e) *It is the King that Matters*

When Dundee, in the moment of victory at Killiecrankie, was struck by a musket-ball and fell from his horse, a person named Johnson was near him, and caught him as he sank down from the saddle.

"How goes the day?" said Dundee.

"Well for King James," answered Johnson, "but I am sorry for your Lordship."

"If it is well for him," answered the dying man, "it matters the less for me."

He never spoke again.

(f) *The Soldier's First Duty is Obedience*

In 1870 the Germans were at war, and on one occasion a certain General Steinmetz was in command of the first army. He was not a man to wait long for orders when the enemy was in sight, and he stormed the heights of Spicheren, achieving a brilliant victory, though at the price of a terrible loss of life. He had attacked without, if not against, orders; and although victorious, had disconcerted the plans of his superiors, which, if properly carried out, were intended to cut off the army he had beaten at such cost. He was commanded to appear before the Red Prince, who said—

"Your Excellency, though an old soldier, has presumably forgotten what it is to obey!"—words which conveyed the order to go home at once, stripped of his command, in disgrace.

(g) *Mutiny—and some Results*

The Story of the "Bounty"

In the years 1788 and 1789 a British ship, the *Bounty*, was anchored for some months off the island of Tahiti, in the South Seas. The natives were very kind to the British sailors, holding feasts and dances for them, so that when the Commander said it was time to sail, the men objected—they had been spoilt by the lazy, luxurious life. However, ship discipline must be firm,

perhaps very strict and stern, and a few weeks later the spoilt men resented it, and a number of them rose in mutiny, turned the Commander and those of the crew who remained faithful adrift in a boat with a small store of provisions, while they themselves returned in the *Bounty* to Tahiti. Among these mutineers was a man named John Adams, whose fortunes we shall follow.

Now, mutiny is a very serious thing : the Commander is, as it were, king of his ship, and loyal, unquestioning obedience is essential on the high seas, so that mutineers are very severely punished. Back in Tahiti, therefore, these men were in no sense happy or secure, for if a British ship landed, the deserters, if discovered, would be brought to trial, and possibly executed. Some of them, however, risked it, married native wives, and settled down in Tahiti, where later most of them were discovered, and brought to justice and the ringleaders put to death.

John Adams and eight others decided not to run this risk, and sailed off in the *Bounty* to try to find a safer refuge. They landed on a small desert island called Pitcairn Island, but men with such characters were not likely to live happily together, and they fought and quarrelled among themselves, and with the native servants they had brought with them. In ten years time so many terrible things had happened that only John Adams, of those nine mutineers, was left alive. The way of the transgressors against lawful authority had proved hard !

John Adams now found himself the only man on the desert island, with his native wife, the widows of the other men, and about twenty children. The ship *Bounty* had been broken up, but among the things rescued from it were two books, and now with plenty of time to think, Adams began to study them. The books were a Bible and a Prayer Book. From them Adams came to see how wrong he had been : he ought to give himself up to justice, but this he could not do on his desert island ; he could, however, and did, tell his story and his sorrows to God, and asked forgiveness. Then things began to happen. Adams loved the children, and they loved him, and he set himself to teach them all he knew.

The children proved good pupils : they learnt from Adams

about farming and carpentering, how to read and write, and best of all, about God. As time went on, John Adams became, as it were, the father of his little community on the desert island, which he seems to have ruled wisely and well.

At length, in 1814 (about fifteen years after Adams had been left alone of the men on Pitcairn Island) a British ship landed there. Adams knowing his duty, came bravely forward to give himself up to the officers. These officers were astonished to find the company of young English-speaking people, all friendly, polite and well-behaved. After hearing Adams' story they felt it would be foolish to arrest him and take him back to England, he was doing such a good work on the island.

So the story, as you have heard it, was taken home, and in the end the king granted Adams a free pardon. The Union Jack floated proudly over Pitcairn Island, and since then there have been no more loyal subjects of the British Empire than the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers.

(h) *Obedience is Nature's Law*

There is one power, and only one, that can draw after it all the multitudinous heaped-up waters of the weltering ocean, and that is the quiet silver moon in the heavens. Her "pulling power" moves the tidal wave into which are merged all minor currents and small breakers round the whole earth, and this she does without effort, simply by staying in her appointed place fulfilling her appointed movements in the order of the universe—in short, by obedience.

4. HONESTY (EIGHTH COMMANDMENT)

(a) *David Livingstone's Promise*

At one period of his travels David Livingstone had to go from Central Africa to the coast, but the way was long and dangerous, and he had great difficulty in securing porters. At last by promising to himself bring them back to their own country, he secured some.

The way was dangerous and unhealthy; Livingstone was taken ill, and when at length they reached the coast, his

friends wished to send him straight back to England, so ruined was his health, and a ship was actually waiting. But no, he would follow his duty, and keep his word. So he returned with his men all the long, unhealthy, difficult way back.

The keeping of David Livingstone's promise, at such cost to himself, probably saved his life, for the ship he should have sailed in was wrecked, and all on board were drowned.

(b) *Sir Walter Scott's Honour*

Sir Walter Scott, the famous author of the Waverley Novels, with his wife and family, was at one time so admired and popular that it was said, "there was not out of a palace any man so attended and almost overpowered by company." When well on in life, however, his circumstances were entirely changed. Through no fault of his own he was absolutely ruined, the confidence he had so unwisely placed in others had saddled him with a debt of £130,000. He might have become a bankrupt and made a fresh start, but to his mind that would not have been honourable, so he offered, if his creditors agreed, to set to work to repay the whole by his literary labours. Novel after novel was written, but he worked so hard that in the course of a few years his health gave way. As the result of that work, however, his debts were all paid within a short time of his death.

Soon after the loss of his fortune Sir Walter Scott also lost his wife, yet we are told that he neither lost his faith nor his peace of mind. When dying he gave this advice to his friend Lockhart: "Lockhart," said he, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

(c) *An Indian's Conscience*

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day the Indian came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a person standing by.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian pointing to his breast, "and the good one say, 'It is not yours: give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no! you must not keep it.' So I didn't know what to do: and I thought to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man kept talking all night, and troubled me: and now, when I bring the money back, I feel good."

(d) The Faithful Blacksmith

Near a river which runs between French and German territory a blacksmith was at work one snowy night near Christmas time. He was tired out, standing by his forge, and wistfully looking towards his little home, lighted up, only a quarter of a mile away, where wife and children waited for their festal supper, till he should return. It came to the last piece of his work, a rivet which it was difficult to finish properly, for it was of peculiar shape, intended by the contractor who employed him to pin the metal-work of a bridge which he was constructing over the river. The smith was sorely tempted to fail in giving honest work; to hurry over a job which seemed at once so troublesome and so trifling. But some good angel whispered to the man that he should do his best. He turned to the forge with a sigh, and never rested until his work was as complete as his skill could make it. . . .

Some years pass; war breaks out. A squadron of the blacksmith's countrymen is driven over the bridge in headlong flight: men, horses, guns, try its solidity. For a moment or two the whole weight of the mass really hangs upon the one rivet. It holds. The men are safe because that one smith was an honest workman.

(e) How a Convict became Honest

Elizabeth Fry was a Quaker who did wonderful things for the women in the Newgate Prison. She won their love, and helped them to become better women.

Among the prisoners was one poor girl who had been sent to prison for stealing. At first she did not want to be good, and whenever Mrs. Fry gave a talk to the prisoners this girl

would begin counting under her breath, so that she might not attend to what was being said. At length she was sentenced to be transported—sent out as a convict to Sydney in Australia.

Elizabeth Fry always said good-bye to each of the convicts before they sailed. She drew this girl a little apart from the others, and putting her hand on her shoulder said, slowly and firmly, "Let not thine eyes covet."

Mrs. Fry did not say, "Don't ever steal again." She went to the root of stealing, covetous thoughts in our hearts, and said, "Let not thine eyes covet."

"Her words," said the girl afterwards, "were low and awful, kind as a mother's and yet like a judge."

The girl never forgot those words. She determined to make a fresh start, and when she reached Australia got on quite well. The convicts were allotted as servants to different colonists.

One day this girl looked into a work-box belonging to her mistress and saw there a gold thimble. In a moment she was doing just what Mrs. Fry had begged her not to do—how she coveted that thimble! the next moment she had picked it out of the box and put it on her finger. And then, (she said afterwards) she seemed once more to feel "Mrs. Fry's firm hand on my shoulder, the pleading touch of her fingers." She looked round, hardly able to believe that she was really alone in the room. Then she put the thimble back in the box, and never stole anything again.

(f) Making a Good Reputation for Other Umbrella-Menders!

One day an old umbrella-mender brought skeleton frames and tinkering tools into the alley at the back of an office. As he sat on a box in the sun, mending the broken and torn umbrellas, the editor noticed that he seemed to take unusual pains, testing the cloth carefully, measuring and strongly sewing the covers. Being always interested in anyone who did a piece of work well, he went out to talk to the man for a few minutes.

"You seem extra careful," he remarked.

"Yes," said the umbrella-mender, working without looking up, "I try to do good work."

"Your customers would not know the difference until you were gone," suggested the editor.

"No, I suppose not."

"Do you ever expect to come back?"

"No."

"Then why are you so particular?"

"So that it will be easier for the next fellow who comes along," answered the man, simply. "If I put shoddy cloth or do bad work they will find it out in a few weeks, and the next mender who comes along will get the cold shoulder or the bulldog—see?"

(g) Christianity the Best Pledge of Honesty

It is related of the French Senator Renaud that when he came from his home in the Pyrenees, he engaged a room at a leading hotel and paid a month's rent—one hundred and fifty francs—in advance. The proprietor asked him if he would have a receipt.

"It is not necessary" replied Renaud. "God has witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the host.

"Most assuredly," said the Senator. "Don't you?"

"Not I, monsieur," declared the host.

"Ah!" said Renaud, "in that case, please write me a receipt."

(h) A Chinaman's Conscience

Li Kuang Hsin was the son of a poor widow who lived in Ping Yin, a large town in North China. Seeking to better his prospects of earning a decent living, he went, when he was seventeen, up to Mukden in Manchuria, and enlisted in the army under a famous general.

Now, in the town where he was training was a mission hall where sometimes the soldiers went, more for amusement to hear a white man try to talk Chinese than for anything else. Li used to go with them. He got on so well with his soldiering that he was made corporal, and then sergeant.

He also became more and more interested in the Christian teaching he heard through the foreigner's awkward Chinese.

He bought and read a New Testament, and at last knew that he must join this new religion, and, after careful teaching, was baptised, taking a name that in English means "Sunshine Faith."

Then began difficult times: the soldiers under Sergeant Li were often cruel, robbing poor people, and using the money thus wrongly obtained, to gamble, or buy opium. Li knew now how wrong this was, and tried hard to stop his men doing these things, but no one helped him; the officers were as bad or worse than the men, and at last Sergeant Li felt he must give up his post; although he had done so well, and his future in the army was apparently assured, his conscience as a Christian would not let him, by retaining his position, countenance the dishonest and wrong things that were done there.

So Li resigned from the army and tramped back to Ping Yin, joining himself to the church there, and helping one of the missionaries in his work.

Here is another instance of Li's Christian conscience keeping him a poor man. At one time, when travelling, he was stopped by an armed man, and accused of being a Government spy. His emphatic denial was not believed, and he was seized by the bandit and his companions, who bound Li to a tree with ropes, while they searched his knapsack. They must have been surprised and disappointed to find it contained only a Bible and Prayer Book and a rough cotton sheet.

But while Li watched them, he felt he must tell these robbers about his religion, and began to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The bandits gathered round, astonished, and listened to Li's message. They untied him, took him into a near by temple where they had been hiding, and prepared food, which they all ate together.

Far into the night Li preached, and the gang listened, and when morning came they wanted to give him money, and a mule to carry him home.

But Li refused all. "They are stolen," said he, "and I will not take them!"

When at length Li did reach home, and undid his pack he found a silver dollar hidden by one of the robbers in his

Bible. Even this he would not keep, but put it in the collection plate the following Sunday.

[From *Great-hearts*, S.P.G.]

(i) *Christians can be Trusted*

A Hindu student was standing near a booth where a Moslem was offering things for sale.

"Who are you?" asked he.

"A Christian," replied the student.

"Then will you look after my things while I am away?"

The student sat, watched, and guarded the money and stock of the trader.

On the Moslem's return the student inquired why he, a Christian, had been asked, instead of a Mohammedan, or an Hindu?

"It is safer to trust a Christian than our own people," was the reply.

(j) *The Honest Slave*

The Rev. Dr. Sargent tells how in the old slave days in the Southern States of America he was once at a slave-market and saw a smart, active coloured boy put up for sale. A kind master who pitied his condition, and wished to save him from a cruel owner, went up to him, and said, "If I buy you, will you be honest?"

The boy, with a look that cannot be described, answered, "I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

(k) *Refusing Undeserved Credit*

In a country school a large class was standing to spell. The teacher put a hard word to the scholar at the head of the class: he missed it, and it went on to the next, and the next, till it came to the lad at the bottom, who as the teacher heard it, spelled it right, and he went to the top above the seventeen other children. Then the teacher turned to the blackboard and wrote the word so that all might see how it was spelt, and learn it. But no sooner was the word written down, than the little chap who had gone to the top cried out, "Oh, I didn't say it so, teacher; I said 'e' instead of 'i'." And he went straight back to his former place. This was the true spirit of honesty.

(l) Putting Preaching into Practice

A poor woman, who had what is called a bad memory, went one day to church and heard a sermon on honesty. A short time after, being questioned as to what was the text, she complained that her memory was too treacherous to recall it. "But," she added, "I remember that when I came home, I *burnt my bushel measure*."

(m) The State Benefits by a Revival of Christianity

In 1935, through the Oxford Group meetings, there was a great revival of personal religion in Denmark. People in large numbers determined, with God's help, to live lives of perfect honesty, perfect purity, perfect unselfishness and perfect love.

At a meeting of a Parliamentary Committee in Copenhagen, comment was made on the remarkable number of payments of arrears of taxes. On hearing this the Minister of Finance exclaimed: "Ah, that is Oxford!"

(n) On Spending Money

If we think of ourselves as stewards of God's money, we shall be careful to spend it as He would like.

The following anecdote is told of Canon Masiza, the first native priest of the S. African Church, a Fingo of Kaffreaia.

Visiting London, he was taken to see the Zoo. Coming to the snake-house he stood still, lifting up both hands in astonishment and saying, "Do the English people build a house like this for snakes to live in, while we in Africa cannot get money enough to provide our people with churches for the worship of Almighty God?"

(o) Gambling

A young man who was asked to have a bet said, "I don't want to be either fool or knave. If I let you have my money for nothing, I should be a fool; if I win yours without giving value in return, I should be a knave."

Jack and Will played "pitch and toss"
Just for once—but once begun
One played to recoup his loss,
One to add to what he won.

Will, the winner, made a "bob,"
Tossed the "bob" and made it two,
(While he played, he lost a job,
But that's a loss he never knew.)
As for Jack, he lost his money,
Lost his temper and his friend,
But never lost—and that is funny—
Hopes of winning in the end.

Jack and Will began to bet,
Saw a race, and backed a horse,
Fortune favoured Will as yet,
Jack kept losing still, of course.
Will, he won a "quid" ere long,
Staked the "quid" and made it two,
(He lost all sense of right and wrong,
But that's a loss he never knew.)
As for Jack, he lost his cash,
Lost his character and home,
But nothing even now could dash
Dauntless hopes of luck to come.

Luck deserted Will at last,—
Fortune is a fickle jade!—
Now he wished that in the past
He had stuck to sober trade.
Unsuccessful "on the square"
Soon he took to crooked ways;
So he's gone for change of air,
Don't inquire about the place!
Jack in turn is now in luck,
He has won—experience.
Wealth, he finds, is gained by pluck,
Honesty, and common sense.

[Rev. F. F. Bradford.]

5. TRUTHFULNESS (NINTH COMMANDMENT)

(a) *The Word of an Englishman*

Some years ago a priest called Farler whose word was his his bond was working with the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. Truthfulness is a difficult virtue to an African, and those who knew Farler awakened to a new perception of what truth meant. An Umba man was heard affirming, "By the truth of Mr. Farler!" and added, "don't you know that means, perfect, honest, straightforward truth, because Mr. Farler never told us a lie."

[*History of the U.M.C.A.*]

(b) *Beware Words!*

There are places in the Alps where travellers are warned

to keep silent lest the vibrations of sound should bring down avalanches of snow or falls of rock.

This is a striking illustration of possible consequences of hasty, angry or untrue words. The passionate exclamation of King Henry II, overheard by his knights, caused the murder of Thomas à Becket.

(c) *A Reputation for Truthfulness*

When Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, who was tutor to Alexander the Great, was asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, "Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth." On the other hand, it is related that when Petrarch, the Italian poet, a man of strict integrity, was summoned as a witness, and offered in the usual manner to take an oath before a court of justice, the judge closed the book, saying, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

(d) *Truthfulness Tested*

Napoleon Buonaparte once granted an interview to a Frenchman who declared that he had invented a cuirass which was bullet-proof. The Emperor listened to his explanations, and examined the breastplate. He then called for a loaded pistol and commanded his visitor to stand at the other end of the room, wearing the invulnerable armour. But the test was very promptly declined.

(e) *Sir Thomas More's Truthfulness, when a Lie would have Saved his Life.*

In 1534 a tyrannous Act of Parliament passed at the will of Henry VIII, required all who might be called upon to do so to take an oath declaring that the king's action in putting away his wife, Katharine of Aragon, was lawful and right from a religious point of view. The noblest Englishman of his day, Sir Thomas More, was one of the first called upon to take this oath against his own conscientious conviction. When the message came he was at his house at Chelsea. He knew that refusal meant death. He had to fight the matter out and choose between his duty and his life. As he stepped into his boat to answer the summons he was able to say to his son-in-law, "I thank our Lord, the field is won."

He had resolved that he would not do the iniquity that was required of him, and swear falsely. History records no nobler act of moral courage; and few more cruel deeds than More's execution.

Four hundred years later, Sir Thomas More was canonised by Pope Pius XI.

(f) *The Price of a Lie*

A little newsboy in the streets, in order to sell his papers, told a lie. The matter came up for discussion in Sunday School.

"Would you tell a lie for a penny?" a teacher asked of one boy.

"No, madam," answered the boy very decidedly.

"For a shilling—a pound?"

Still "no."

"For a thousand pounds?"

The boy was silent; it was such a big sum; it would buy such a lot of things.

While he was thinking another boy behind him called out, "No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because when the thousand pounds are gone, and the things bought with them are gone too, the lie would still be there all the same."

7. PURITY AND SELF-CONTROL (SEVENTH COMMANDMENT)

(a) *Defacing the Image of the King*

In Babylon the bricks used for public buildings were stamped with the King's image. In a certain museum there is one to be seen which a dog had run over, probably when the brick was still wet, for the mark of the dog almost obliterates that of the King.

If we think of ourselves as made in God's image, and the dog as a symbol of impurity, this is a good illustration of what evil thoughts may destroy if allowed to pass into our minds.

(b) *The Silver Refiner*

The quest for perfect purity is a quest for Christ-like-ness

that will last as long as life. We can think of Christ Himself watching and aiding that quest. A silver-refiner was once asked how he knew when the silver was purged from dross. He replied, "When it is so bright and clear that I can see my own face reflected in it."

(c) Gladstone's Influence

William Ewart Gladstone, one of the famous Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria's reign, showed his strong character when he was a boy at Eton. One of his friends there, named Hamilton, wrote afterwards, when he had become Bishop of Salisbury, "At Eton, I was a thoroughly idle boy; but I was saved from some worse things by getting to know Gladstone." At an election dinner, a vulgar toast was proposed, as was usual; Gladstone turned his glass upside down, and refused to drink it.

When he went to Christ Church, Oxford, as an undergraduate, he found that it was fashionable for men to drink far more wine than was good for them. He devoted his great powers over his friends and neighbours to check this evil, and ten years later men who went up to Oxford found that it was the fashion to be moderate in the use of wine because Gladstone had been so years before.

(d) Why the Drummer-boy would not Drink

A drummer-boy, who had become a great favourite with his officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum.

The boy declined, saying, "I am a temperance boy, and do not touch drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse: I insist upon it."

But the boy stood firm.

The captain then turned to the major, and said, "Our little drummer is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major in a playful manner; "do you refuse to obey orders?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey orders,

and have tried to do my duty ; but I must refuse to drink rum, for I know it would do me harm."

"Then," said the major, in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink ; and you know it is death to disobey orders !"

The little hero, fixing his eyes on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, my father died a drunkard ; and when I entered the Army I promised my mother I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir ; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my pledge."

The officers could not help admiring the conduct of the boy, and ever afterwards treated him with great kindness.

(e) *The Uniform must not be Degraded*

Some years ago at a meeting of old soldiers in America one of Lincoln's battle-worn veterans told the following anecdote :

"We have heard what Lincoln has done for all of us ; I want to tell what he did for me. I was a private in one of the Western regiments that arrived first in Washington after the call for 75,000 men. We were marching through the city amid great crowds of cheering people, and then, after going into camp, were given leave to see the town.

"Like many other of our boys, the saloon or tavern was the first thing we hit. With my comrade I was just about to go into the door of one of these places, when a hand was laid upon my arm, and, looking up, there was President Lincoln, from his great height above me, a mere lad, regarding me with those kindly eyes and pleasant smile.

"I almost dropped with surprise and bashfulness, but he held out his hand, and as I took it he shook hands in strong Western fashion and said, 'I don't like to see our uniform going into these places.' That was all he said. He turned immediately and walked away, and we passed on. We would not have gone into that tavern for all the wealth of Washington City.

"And this is what Abraham Lincoln did then and there for me. He fixed me so that whenever I go near a saloon and in any way think of entering, his words and face come

back to me. That experience has been a means of salvation to my life. To-day I hate the saloon, and have hated it ever since I heard those words from that great man."

(f) A Sinner Roped in by Being Asked to Help

In one of Ralph Connor's stories he tells of a man on whom the padre found it hard to make any impression. He was intemperate, and had no use for the Church. The race-day had come, with all its special temptations, and a happy thought struck the parson.

"Sandy," he said to the man, "I am afraid about Donald to-day. If he gets in with that company again they will strip him of all he has; and what about his home and family? We must save him from the saloon to-day. Can't you keep an eye on him, and see that he keeps sober?"

Sandy straightened himself. He was no mere sinner to be "gathered in," but a man to help others. "I will be doing my best, sir." And he did. He forgot all about himself that day in his eagerness to protect Donald, and in trying to save another, he saved himself.

(g) Not Fit for Gentlemen

The conversation in a certain circle was becoming coarse and degrading, and some of its members were disgusted at the kind of anecdote that was apparently relished by their companions. On one occasion a man entered the room where a good many others were sitting, chatting, and burst out:

"I say, you fellows, I've just heard such a good story—but, first, are any ladies present?"

"No," replied one of the company, "but there are some gentlemen!"

The tale was not told.

(h) Pitch Defiles

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a taint from it.

"Apply this," adds Bishop Horne, "to bad books, and bad company."

(i) The Legend of the Holy Grail

The Holy Grail, or San Greal, was the cup out of which our Lord drank the wine of the Last Supper; legend says It was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, and for many years remained in Glastonbury. Here pilgrims came to worship before It, and he who saw or touched It found healing through Its divine power. But the times grew evil, and the Holy Cup was caught away to heaven and disappeared, for only those who were pure in thought, word and deed might guard It.

But the story tells that during the time of Arthur and his knights the Holy Grail was seen once more, and the name of Galahad, the purest and holiest of this noble band, will always be connected with Its legend, told so beautifully by Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King*. We read that one day during Arthur's reign there was a feast in the great hall at Camelot. When all were seated, a new knight, Sir Galahad, entered. He was clad in shining white armour; fair, with a strange beauty of feature; he was the youngest of all the knights, but "his strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

Now, at the Round Table there was but one vacant chair, which the magician Merlin called the "Siege Perilous."

"Perilous for good or ill," said he, "for there no man could sit but he should lose himself."

When he heard this Sir Galahad cried, "If I lose myself, I save myself," and to the amazement of those present he sat in the Siege Perilous unharmed.

At that same banquet, while the knights were still seated at the Round Table, a clap of thunder shook the building, and there was a cracking and a rending, and a great ray of light brighter far than fiercest sunlight pierced the building, and down this ray moved the Holy Grail, covered with a cloud so that none but one saw It in all Its wonder, nor saw who bore It. After the Holy Cup had passed, the glory and awe of It shone upon every face, until at last Percival spoke and vowed before them all to ride in quest of the Grail a year and a day; and the others vowed also. Of all the knights, however, only Galahad had been vouchsafed the

full vision of the Holy Cup: he saw the Grail, and heard a cry, "O Galahad, O Galahad, follow me!" and on his face the brightness of It shone, and the light and glory of It were in his eyes.

The morning following the vision the brave company of knights set forth upon their Quest. Lancelot, whom Arthur thought the mightiest of his band, rode far and swiftly, and soon found himself alone. He wished with all his heart to find the Holy Cup, for in his life was a secret sin—his guilty love for Guinivere—which tore and fought the good in him. He knew the Grail would bring him peace and healing, and so on and on he rode, but still he did not find the Grail, and still the sin held him in its vice, until from the horror of the struggle a madness came upon him. He rushed down to the sea, where the wind blew all about him and the stormy waters beat upon the shore. There he saw a boat and leapt into it, saying, "I will lose myself, and in the great sea wash away my sin."

Seven days he drifted upon the sea, and then came to a castle built upon a rock. From the uppermost tower of the castle he heard a sweet singing, and step after step he climbed, painfully, towards it. Up, up and up: a thousand steps, until he came to a door and heard a voice saying, "Glory and joy and honour to Our Lord and to the Holy Vessel of the Grail." At this Sir Lancelot burst open the door. As he entered, a great heat seared him, but before he fainted from the power of it, he saw the Holy Grail, all palled in crimson samite, and winged angels standing round about It. But what Lancelot saw was veiled and covered, and he knew the Quest was not for him.

Of the other knights the boldest starting forth had been Sir Percival. He felt, at one moment, proud of his strength and exploits, full of himself, sure that he would light upon the Holy Grail: and then again full of his sins, and sure the Quest was not for him. After riding a great while he became hot with a burning thirst, and saw before him a garden and a brook; but when he stopped they turned to dust, and he was left, thirsting, in a desert land. Again and again the same thing happened: joys that before had satisfied him turned to ashes—a woman at her cottage door,

when Percival touched her, fell to dust; and a knight in a splendour of golden armour; and a city where throngs of citizens acclaimed him; all turned to dust as he was about to grasp them, and he was left thirsting still, and in a desert land.

Riding wearily onwards, Percival came upon Sir Bors, a kinsman of Lancelot, who sorrowed greatly for the madness of the gallant knight. His grief was such, indeed, that his only wish to find the Grail was that It might heal the madness of his friend. But while on the Quest, Sir Bors told Percival, he had come upon a pagan people in a lonely land. Sir Bors had told them of the Holy Grail and of his Quest, and they had scoffed, and cast him, bound, into a cell of massive stones; then, while lying there, the knight had seen the Holy Vision. One of the great stones was rolled aside, and among the stars of the dark, night sky, Sir Bors, who scarce had prayed or asked it for himself, beheld the Cup, uncovered, glowing ruby-red. When It had passed, a maiden, secretly of the true faith, unloosed his bonds and set him free.

After hearing the wonderful story of Sir Bors' Quest, Percival rode on, thirsting still, and doubting now that he would ever see the Cup. At length the knight came upon a holy hermit near a chapel, and told him of his Quest, of his strange visions that fell to dust, and of his great thirst.

"O son, thou hast not true humility," the hermit said. "Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins; thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself, as Galahad."

And as he spoke, Sir Galahad himself appeared before them, clad in his shining, silver armour. He stood his lance beside the chapel door and entered, followed by the hermit and Sir Percival, and there the latter's thirst was slaked at last. Then together they received the Blessed Sacrament, but while Percival saw the Holy Elements alone, Sir Galahad beheld the Holy Grail, and the Holy Child Himself.

Then Galahad told the story of his Quest. Never, said he, had he lost the vision of the Holy Cup; It had gone ever before him, fainter by day, but by night blood-red.

And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And passed through pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clashed with pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke through all, and in the strength of this
Come victor.

To Sir Galahad it had been shown that One would crown him king in a spiritual city, and now he told Percival, "Thou shalt see the Vision when I go."

Was what followed a vision of the passing of Galahad? Onwards and upwards he went, and ever as Percival watched, the silver armour gleamed, and over Galahad's head the Holy Vessel hung, clothed in white samite, or a luminous cloud. Then the knight soared onwards as in a winged boat, and again o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung, uncovered now, red as any rose. And then, at length, Galahad passed into the spiritual city, where in a glory dwelt the Holy Grail, and where One would crown him king as he had said.

Then Percival returned to Camelot. He told King Arthur and the knights of his Quest; and then of Galahad. But what Percival had experienced changed his life: he left the Court, and sought in the silent life of prayer and praise and fast and alms to follow in Galahad's footsteps.

And so the Quest was ended. Of all the knights who attempted it, some never returned, and of those who did but three had seen the Holy Grail uncovered, and only one, the young Sir Galahad, beheld it always. Shining ever before him, it had inspired the noble, loving, selfless life of which death was but the gateway into greater glory. Pure in heart, Galahad had seen God.

7. FAITHFUL WORK

"In that state of life into which it shall please God to call me"

(a) *The Scout Spirit*

Some children of London elementary schools were asked to write essays on the terrible air raids that occurred during the Great War. One boy of twelve showed he had the true scout spirit; he wrote, "When I saw the Zeppelins,

I thought at once the time had come to do my bit, so I put on my scout's uniform and made for headquarters. The scouts made tea for scared people."

(b) Everyone is Needed, including the Children

Bishop Bardsley told the following story: A fishing smack off the Cumbrian coast was in great danger of driving on the rocks during a storm. A line was thrown to shore, and an attempt made by the few people there to pull the boat to safety by the hawser. But wind and waves were against them, and their strength was not sufficient to drag in the heavy smack. They had just given up hope when some one cried, "Bring the children!" When the boys and girls were fetched, their weight just made all the difference and the boat was saved.

(c) Children's Heroism in a Lighthouse

An incident of heroism and devotion to duty occurred in France, at Kerdonis, Belle Isle en Mer.

A lighthouse keeper, named Matelot, while cleaning his lantern, fell suddenly ill, and his wife soon perceived that he was dying. Leaving the children by the bedside of the dying man, she climbed the tower and lighted the lantern, descending just in time to close her husband's eyes. While she and the children were weeping at the bedside, one of the latter called out, "Mamma, the light is not turning!" Realising the danger that it would be mistaken for a fixed light, the widow remounted the tower, and seeing that the mechanism was out of order, left her two small sons there, the elder being hardly ten years of age, to keep the light turning by hand all night, while she performed the last rites over the dead lighthouse-keeper. The two children, by exercising all their strength, kept the light revolving from nine o'clock at night until seven o'clock in the morning, and thus averted many possible disasters.

(d) Doing One's Own Job

(For Little Children)

Once upon a time a king went for a walk in his garden, and found all the trees and flowers withering and dying.

The oak tree told the king that it wanted to die because it was not as tall as the pine. The pine wanted to die because it could not bear grapes as the vine. And the vine wanted to die because it could not have such fine fruits as the pomegranate. At last the king came to the little heartsease. It had its face turned to the sun, and was as cheerful as cheerful could be.

"I am glad to find one happy flower in my garden," the King said.

And the heartsease answered: "I know, Your Majesty, I am little and not worth very much. But you wanted a heartsease when you planted me, and not an oak or a pine or a vine or a pomegranate: So I must be the best heartsease that ever I can!"

[*Church Times, Children's Supplement.*]

(e) *The Roman Soldier Found at His Post*

During the excavations conducted in recent years at the buried city of Pompeii, many interesting discoveries have been made, but none which tells a tale so thrilling in its sublime nobleness as that of the remains of the soldier found at one of the gates. Imbedded in the once-molten lava which swept down upon the doomed city was found the skeleton of a Roman soldier, whose post of duty was at the gate, still grasping a sword in its bony fingers. When the panic came upon the city, and those who could, made good their escape, he had remained faithful to his sense of duty, and with resolute courage faced a fearful death.

(f) *The Monk's Devotion to Duty Rewarded*

There is a legend of a monk, to whom in his chamber the Lord vouchsafed to appear in a vision. The vision of Christ brought great peace and joy to his heart. Scarcely had he been thus favoured when the bell was heard, which summoned him to the duty of distributing loaves of bread to the poor. For a moment he hesitated; but he went to his work. Oh, what a sacrifice to leave the glorious vision for the dull routine of duty! But when he returned to his cell, what were his surprise and joy to find the vision of the Lord as before, and to be met with the greeting, "Hadst thou tarried, I had departed."

(g) *Building for the Glory of God, or to Emulate Man?*

When the good people of Beauvais were building their cathedral, that of Amiens, then just completed, had excited the admiration of all France; and the people of Beauvais, in their jealousy and determination to beat the people of Amiens, set to work to build a tower to their own cathedral as high as they possibly could. They built it so high that it tumbled down, and they were never able to finish their cathedral at all—it stands a wreck to this day.

[From Ruskin's *Architecture and Painting*.]

(h) *Delays are Dangerous*

A most striking instance of the value of punctuality and the danger of delay is the story of the Dale Dyke catastrophe, near Sheffield, in 1864.

A gigantic embankment, 95 feet high, held back a great artificial lake pent up for Sheffield's water supply. Suddenly a crack appeared in the embankment. The men in charge, when they were warned that the masonry might yield and the valley below be flooded, could not realise there was any danger. The crack grew larger; the superintendent was again urged to open the sluices and let the water escape gradually.

"If the crack grows any larger than it is now I will do it," he said, "but not yet."

Suddenly the wall yielded, and a great mountain of water moved swiftly down the valley, carrying death and destruction. Two hundred and thirty-eight people were killed, and solid houses and farm buildings were swept away as if they had been built of cards.

The superintendent had waited too long. He had not realised that a lost moment can never be regained.

(i) *Doing One's Job in the Dark*

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day saw a stonecutter chiselling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him.

"Still chiselling?" he remarked pleasantly.

"Yes, still chiselling," replied the workman, going on with the work.

"In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," replied the stonecutter, "I haven't seen the plans."

Then he went on chiselling, chiselling.

Now, that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.

(j) *The Pyramid and the Cathedral*

Compare the heavy dead weight of an Egyptian pyramid which presses down to earth and enshrines death, with the soaring glory of a Christian Cathedral: illustrative of the change Christ has brought to work.

(k) *George Herbert's Motto for Housework*

All may of Thee partake
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture—"for Thy sake"
Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that, and th' action fine.

(l) *A Cobbler's Vocation*

A poor, lame, weak-minded man worked twelve hours daily in a close, hot room, as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to God's praise, but he had never understood the meaning of his words.

One day he looked out of the window, and saw a runaway horse passing by, drawing a wagon in which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A gentleman ran up to it from the pavement, caught and held the bridle till the horse stopped, and mother and child were saved.

Then the poor old cobbler thought: "What if the bridle on that horse had not been sewed well, or poor thread had been used? The bridle would have broken and three human beings would have been made unhappy. Who knows but what I sewed that bridle?"

Filled with this thought, he performed his work with

special diligence, and faithfulness after this time; humble as he was, he had found the secret joy of work becoming vocation.

(m) Duty Fulfilled, the Best Preparation for the Day of Judgment

A total eclipse of the sun was visible nearly a century ago in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent and disappeared, and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the Legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned; the Council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Davenport objected.

"The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I move, therefore, that candles be brought."

(n) The Carpenter

I don't know much o' Churches, 'cause I've never had much time,
I'm mostly washin' dishes when the bell begins to chime;
An' I don't know much o' prayin'—seems I never learned the way—
It keeps you mighty busy workin' sixteen hours a day—
But one night I read my Bible jest afore I went to bed—
I opened it jest anywheres, and this is what it said:
"Whate'er ye do, do truly, for ye do it all for Him."
I rubbed my eyes and looked again (the lamp was burnin' dim).
And suddenly I understood, and whispered, "All I do,
O Christ, Who toiled in Nazareth, I do it all for You."
I remembered it next morning, when I swept the floor, and laid
The table, and I cleaned the steps—it made me 'most afraid
For fear I shouldn't do it well enough, and He should find
Where I'd swept the carpet quickly, I'd left jest one thread behind.
But them steps was like a snowdrift, 'cause I thought p'raps He might
tread
Up and down—my heart was singing—seemed it kinder turned my
head.
Oh, I'd sometimes been so lonely, and I uster wonder why:
You couldn't somehow love a God that lived above the sky.
But now He comes so close to me it changes all my days,
He seems to share the work I do and tread my humble ways.
Why, when my arms are achin' and the bed seems awful wide,
He seems to come and lend a hand and stand the other side.
And when I wash the saucepans and I clean the knives, it seems
As though I do it all for Him. My, how the silver gleams

When you think He's goin' to see it—for, of course, He couldn't take Work half done—you wouldn't let Him, when you do it for His sake. And when the work seems lonely, and I'm tired of tryin' to please, I jest remember somethin'—oh, it brings you to yer knees, How, nigh two thousand years ago, when He this earth has trod, He laboured as a Carpenter—and did it all for God!

[From *St. Martin's in the Fields Review*.]

(o) *Industry an Essential Part of a Good Life.*

In the study of Bishop Edward King, of Lincoln, were to be seen three things: the pivots upon which his saintly life revolved: a prayer-desk; and over the prayer-desk, a crucifix; and over the crucifix the one Greek word ΚΟΙΤΟΣ (Toil).

Over the Medical School of S. Bartholomew's Hospital are carved these words: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." That was the spirit of Rahere, who founded this great hospital (in 1133), and that is the secret of the measure of its successful work during more than 800 years.

(p) *Industry the Key to Success*

Edmund Burke. After a very remarkable speech by Edmund Burke in the House of Commons, Richard Burke, the brother of the statesman, was found by a friend in deep thought. On being asked the cause of his abstraction, he answered, "I have been wondering how it comes about that Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talents of our family; but then again I remember that when we were at play he was always at work!"

Kepler, the first of modern astronomers, spent seventeen years of hard work, and devised and tested no less than nineteen separate hypotheses before he succeeded in discovering the explanation of the movements of the earth and other planets in their motion round the sun.

Self-satisfaction Ends Progress. A famous Dutch sculptor once said: "I shall fail in my next work, because I am satisfied with that which I have just completed."

(q) *Thoroughness an Essential of Good Work*

Building a Lighthouse. When a rock light-house is to be reared, the first concern is to find a strong enough rock to

bear its weight. The one selected is examined with the utmost care, and if a trace of softer stone is found anywhere, the part containing it is chiselled out, and the space filled in with hard granite. Were this precaution not observed, the force of the waves grinding down the huge super-incumbent weight upon the rock would cause fissures to begin all along the softer lines, and eventually (as actually happened under the old Eddystone) the whole foundation would show signs of giving way.

Hidden Perfection on the Parthenon.—On the Parthenon there were figures placed with their backs hard against the wall of the pediment. These backs were never seen, and were never intended to be seen, but yet were carved with the same care as was spent upon the front of the figures. Was this care waste?

Claude's Industry. Vigneul Marville says: When I was in Rome I frequently saw Claude, the famous painter, who was patronised by the most eminent persons in that city; I frequently met him on the banks of the Tiber, or wandering in the neighbourhood of Rome, amidst the venerable remains of antiquity. He was then an old man, but I have seen him returning from his walk with his handkerchief filled with mosses, flowers, stones, etc., that he might consider them at home with that indefatigable attention which rendered him so exact a copier of nature. I asked him one day by what means he arrived at such an excellency of character among painters, even in Italy. "I spare no pains whatever, even in the minutest trifles," was the modest reply of this venerable genius.

[From Spurgeon's Lectures.]

(r) *Making History through Perseverance*

The Atlantic Cable. In 1875 the idea of laying a telegraphic cable from England to America was scorned; but three enterprising scientists, Sir Charles Bright at the head, attempted it. The first line broke when four miles out—the second, at a distance of 226 miles: Thus ended the first attempt. Next year, however, two ships met in mid-ocean there to join cables, and lay them homewards. Twice the joint broke. A third break involved the loss of 500 miles of

cable. Provisions giving out, the expedition had to come to an end. A second one also failed—and the public pitied the so-thought impossible freak of the leaders. Nothing daunted, however, the third attempt proved successful, and on 5th August, 1858, England spoke with America across the ocean.

M. Louis Bleriot, the famous airman who was first to cross the Channel in an aeroplane of his own designing, only achieved his object through marvellous perseverance.

Ten machines were built and wrecked, but still he did not give up; it was with his eleventh aeroplane that he finally, on 25 July, 1909, flew the Channel in 37 minutes. And even then he was badly lame with a scalded foot, which would have prevented most men from attempting the adventure.

In 1934 the two British airmen, Cathcart Jones and Waller, started on a great record breaking flight to Australia and back. They were dogged from the beginning by many misadventures; twice they had to make a fresh start. On the way to Bagdad, a refuelling station, the weather conditions were such that they completely lost their way; they developed piston trouble which cost them many precious hours—but in spite of snowstorms and many mechanical mishaps, they persisted, and succeeded in setting up a record of 13½ days for the double journey from England to Melbourne, and back.

(s) *A Red Indian's Perseverance*

One Red Indian's persevering work was responsible for making an alphabet for his tribe: this made reading possible, and with reading came the Bible, and with the Bible came Christianity. Here is his story.

There was a Red Indian whose name was Sequoya (which in English means "he guessed it"), and it was an excellent name for him, for even as a boy he was always thinking out new ways of doing things. When he was grown up, his tribe had a skirmish with some Americans and took one of them prisoner. In the prisoner's pocket was a letter which he "read" to his advantage in order to convince the Redskins that they should set him free.

"A talking leaf," said the Redskins, and they took the letter to Sequoya to ask if he thought that it was a message from the Great Spirit, but he told them that it was a white man's invention. "They make fast what they know on paper, like catching a wild animal and taming it; we Redskins must try to learn how to do it too."

After that Sequoya had only one idea in his mind—he determined to unravel the mystery of the "talking leaf." He made many attempts, but the tribe laughed him to ridicule, till at last he decided to work secretly.

His first real attempt was to make a picture for every sound he could hear in the Redskin language, but he found he would need over 1,000 pictures, so, very sadly, he had to give this up. Then he listened very carefully, and found out that there were only 100 very definite sounds; next he had to think out signs to express these sounds, and he used English letters which he found in an old English spelling-book. He didn't know what they meant in English, and in consequence he used capitals, small letters and italics just in any way he liked, and in this way he collected 35 ready-made signs. Then, by using more of his own, he at last produced an alphabet of 82 signs, after twenty-two years' work. Now he had to convince the tribe: so he gathered them together, and then sent his little six-year-old daughter, who knew the alphabet, outside the tent. The braves gave Sequoya words and sentences, and he wrote them down, and finally they called her in.

When she read the braves' words back to them they were all amazed and delighted. Next Sequoya taught some of the young men, and when they all found they could learn it quite quickly, they gave a great feast in his honour. In less than three or four months the whole Cherokee tribe could read and write, and they began to grow prosperous and important leaders in councils. More than this, they all became Christians, for the Bible was translated into the Cherokee language through the knowledge of Sequoya's alphabet.

Sequoya was honoured by the United States for his great achievement, received presents of money and land, and when he died he was given two memorials. One was a monument

in Washington's Hall of Fame, and the other—a much more delightful one—is in the forests of California, where the tallest trees—the very forest giants—are called *Sequoia Gigantica*, to remind men how great he was.

[Adapted from *The Church in Action*. M. Brearey and P. Dent.]

(t) *Ten Years Transforming the Cactus*

There are millions of acres of arid land upon the globe, much of it, even with the most persistent irrigation, yielding but scantily, and enormous reaches of it devoid of all growth but the cactus, a foe to man and beast ; but Luther Burbank, the great Californian horticulturist, resolved that he would reclaim it, not by irrigation—though welcoming its aid—but by means of the desert itself : the desert and its cactus, its heat, and its sun. So for a period of over ten years he worked with the utmost persistence and skill, until at last he developed a cactus plant which would convert the desert into a garden. He made the cactus thornless, taking from its leaves the hard, woody substance, the spicules, so dangerous to animal life. More than this, he made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive on the hot desert, but it will grow with marvellous fecundity when irrigated, or when planted in a richer soil.

But this is not all of the marvel. Burbank has bred this dreaded scourge of the desert, this pariah among plants, until it has become the producer of a delightful, nutritious food for man and beast. According to his estimate, considering the unused areas of the world where it will thrive, this cactus could afford food for twice the people now upon the earth. Millions of beasts which provide food for man or bear his burdens might be supported from the food this plant can now be relied upon to give.

V

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

I. ITS GROWTH

(a) *The Importance of Little Things*

No one in his youth expects to become a murderer, or, on the other hand, a saint; yet in very many cases the seeds of either destiny are sown in early years.

Our Lord thrust the keeping of the commandments back into the thought-life, where murders and adulteries originate, and we cannot easily overestimate the importance of the so-called "small" good or bad deeds which spring from those youthful thoughts.

Sow a thought, and you reap a deed,
Sow a deed, and you reap a habit,
Sow a habit, and you reap a character,
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

Some examples of large results, both good and bad, that have come from small beginnings, are given here to illustrate this truth.

(b) *Seeds Produce an Avenue*

Many years ago a poor Japanese wished to build a monument at Nikko. He could not afford one of stone or marble, so he said he would raise a living monument. He got a quantity of tree seeds and planted them on both sides of the road leading up to the Shrine he wished to honour, and now the trees that sprung from those seeds are the beauty and wonder of the place. The great avenues of magnificent Cryptomeria trees attract people from every part of the land; their grateful shade is welcomed by pilgrims; and the traveller from overseas admires the avenue even more than the beautiful shrine itself.

(c) *Some Little Things, and their Results*

A Bishop told a branch of the Lads' Brigade that he was out in Australia for several years, and in riding through the bush he often saw great gashes on the huge gum trees, and was told that they were the results of markings made by early settlers with hatchets perhaps sixty or seventy years before. Little things of which the boys might make light at the time would mark their characters in after life, so they could not be too careful about what might seem to be only little things.

A great railway train in America once came to a complete standstill because large quantities of small flies had crawled inside the oil box and prevented the wheels from working.

The cricketer, Spofforth, who was called the "Demon" bowler, said that he owed his success to having never on any occasion bowled a ball carelessly.

How Niagara was bridged. When the bridge over Niagara was built, its beginning was just the flying of a kite. There was a favourable wind to carry it over the falls, then to its cord was attached a rope, and then a chain; at last heavy iron supports, and eventually there came into being the great suspension bridge over which trains cross.

2. ITS INFLUENCE

(a) *Cheerfulness and Courage are Infectious*

During the height of the bombardment of Loos during the Great European War, a certain Piper, Daniel Laidlaw, V.C., 7th King's Own Scottish Borderers, played a heroic part.

When the attack was about to begin, seeing that his company was somewhat shaken by the effects of asphyxiating gas, with absolute coolness and disregard of danger he mounted the parapet, marched up and down, and played his company out of the trench. The effect of his heroic example was immediate, and the company dashed out to the assault, while the piper continued to play till he was wounded.

(b) The Slave Wins his Master

There is a beautiful incident in the life of S. Vincent de Paul (1576-1660) which illustrates his character. Soon after he was ordained priest, as he was voyaging from Toulouse to Narbonne, the ship in which he was sailing was attacked by Barbary pirates; there was a fierce fight, many were killed, and Vincent and others taken prisoners, and carried to Tunis, where they were sold as slaves.

Vincent was first bought by a fisherman, then again sold to a chemist, and finally to a farmer—an Italian who had been a Christian, but had gone back to heathenism. The young priest probably made an excellent servant, doing his duty cheerfully and wholeheartedly as a slave, for we learn that, as time passed, the spiritual life and fine character of Vincent must have so impressed his master that he returned to the Church, and together the master and slave escaped back to France.

Here, during a long life of 84 years Vincent de Paul did wonderful things for his church and nation, and even to this day the influence of his spiritual and practical Christianity is felt.

Note.—Among other things, S. Vincent de Paul organised retreats for priests, and the first active community of Sisters of Mercy, who tended the founding children of Paris. Their wide-winged caps are still to be seen to-day.

(c) Christianity the Best Guarantee of Character

When the canal was constructed across the isthmus of Panama, workmen, traders and officials of various nations and conditions were crowded together along its route. The United States Government, appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for four buildings to be set up there to be devoted to Christian activities, conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association, whose officers were to be paid out of Government funds. The expending of this money was said to be justified on the grounds that there was no other agency that would control such a heterogeneous crowd.

(d) *The Portrait's Influence*

F. W. Robertson of Brighton was a man with a wonderful influence. His biographer tells of a tradesman who had a little parlour behind his shop where Robertson's portrait hung on the wall. Whenever he was tempted to do any trick of trade, or behave unhandsomely, he would hurry into his back parlour, and look at the portrait "And then, sir, I felt that I could not do it—that it was impossible for me to do it."

(e) *How Good Spreads*

A certain Richard Gibbs wrote a tract called *The Bruised Reed*. This was once given by a tin peddler to a boy, Richard Baxter, who through reading it became an earnest Christian.

Richard Baxter wrote *A Call to the Unconverted*, and among the thousands it influenced was Philip Doddridge.

Philip Doddridge wrote *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. This fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, emancipator of the slaves in the British colonies, and led him to become a practising Christian.

Wilberforce wrote *A Practical View of Christianity*, and this fired the heart of Leigh Richmond, who wrote *The Dairyman's Daughter*. This book had an enormous influence for good in its day: it was translated into fifty languages, and before 1849 as many as four million copies were in circulation.

(f) *How Evil Spreads: The Musk-rat*

Some years ago a man brought a pair of musk-rats to England (where they were unknown) hoping to make money from their pelts.

Somehow, one of them escaped from their cage, and could not be retrieved. As a result, this rat (which is even more troublesome than the common variety) became the scourge of some parts of the countryside, especially the banks of the Severn, which in places are so undermined by the long underground tunnelling of the musk-rat that they are exceedingly dangerous. The fact that the ground does not

appear riddled and then suddenly gives way, has been the cause of much damage; musk-rats have also been known to attack people. Although great efforts are being made to exterminate these pests, they increase so rapidly that the task seems almost hopeless; the owner of that first pair of musk-rats little recked what trouble their careless guard would cause.

VI

THE LORD'S PRAYER

I. "OUR FATHER"

(a) *One Prayer in Many Tongues*

OUTSIDE Jerusalem a church is built on the spot where our Lord is said to have taught His prayer to His disciples. On the walls of the church the prayer is inscribed in thirty different languages. But it has been translated into many more: the Bible Society has printed the gospel in 667 languages: probably the Lord's Prayer can be read in at least 800.

In Khartoum Cathedral, which stands among a great variety of Christians of many nationalities and tongues—Armenians, Copts, Orthodox, Anglicans, and others—for many years past, a great combined service has been held by the Fellowship of Unity in the Sudan. The Cathedral is packed and a special form of service is printed in English, Greek, and Arabic, but the Lord's Prayer is said by everyone present in his own language. What a brotherhood, all claiming the same Father, the word "our" must then represent!

(b) *The Father's Love*

Some years ago a young man was found guilty of stealing his employer's money, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. After he had been in prison some time, and when he was feeling very miserable, his sister was allowed to visit him. Naturally he was most anxious for news of home, and she told him how distressed his mother was at his crime and how much she felt the disgrace of it; her heart was nearly broken, and she could not think how a son of hers could have done such a shocking thing, etc.

"What does brother Tom say about me?" asked the prisoner.

The sister replied: "He says you are an idiot; he is

ashamed of you and advises you never to show your face again at home, but to go and make a fresh start in another country."

Wretched and downcast, the young man then asked: "What does my father say about me?"

"He told me to tell you," said the sister, "how sorry he is for you, and that your place is waiting for you in the old home, and how glad he will be to welcome you back again."

(c) *Fellowship with God in Prayer*

A pupil of Bengel, the great commentator, anxious to know the secret of his spiritual power, sat up one night in a room adjoining his study, determined to overlook his last prayer before retiring. At a late hour the venerable scholar closed his Bible and laid aside his manuscripts, and then, without rising from his study chair, he bowed his head over the closed Bible, and said these words: "Good night, dear Lord God and Jesus; Thou knowest that we are on the same old terms." Then he kissed the book, and laid himself down to sleep on a couch.

Sir Jacob Astley was present at Edgehill (1642), and his name has been handed down to posterity as having uttered this prayer before the fight commenced: "O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!" And then, advancing with his men to the charge, he cried out in cheerful tones, "Come on, boys!" which they did, and with an enthusiasm that their opponents sadly felt.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME"

See Duty to God. Honouring His name.

2. "THY KINGDOM COME"

(INTERCESSION FOR THE KINGDOM, AND SOME RESULTS)

(a) *The Old Scot's Prayers*

A missionary, who was a man of very ordinary talents, and had no gift of preaching, yet had wonderful success in

his work, and great influence over those with whom he came in contact. Being very humble-minded, he could not understand his success himself, till he went home for a holiday to his native village in Scotland, and there an old woman told him that she had been praying every day for him and his work.

(b) A Child's Prayers

Far away in a village in the Punjab, where most of the Christians were only half-hearted ones, there lived a little Indian Christian girl who had learnt the meaning of systematic prayer for others.

She made a list of the worst characters in the village, and when no one was looking, pulled out her paper and prayed for each one separately. Some time passed, and God did not answer.

The little girl became ill, but in extreme weakness she still kept her prayer list under her pillow, and prayed when she was able.

The child died, and her father, who could not read, handed over the paper to the clergyman the next time he came that way.

A few months later the same clergyman held some mission services in that village, and many of the worst men in the place were brought to Christ.

Towards the end of the mission the clergyman happened on the girl's list, and to his interest and surprise he saw that those who were now reformed characters were the very people the little girl had prayed for, and in the very order in which she had prayed for them, in that order the men came out for Christ till only two remained unsoftened. A little later on, and those two were also brought to Christ.

[The Gleaner. C.M.S.]

(c) Lancashire Sunday School Children Help India

During this century the mass movements in South India have been one of the chief concerns of missionary-hearted people, and at one time the children of 209 Sunday Schools in Lancashire had been so interested in them that a prayer link was established, so that each school undertook to pray regularly for a catechist, school, or some other detail of the

work going on in a district around Tinnevely. Later on, when statistics were available, it was discovered that twice as many baptisms had occurred there as in any other of the areas of the mass movements.

3. "THY WILL BE DONE"

(a) *The Bishop and the Old Man*

A certain Bishop preached very wonderful sermons. Crowds came to hear him, and after listening to his words went home and tried to live better lives. One day a friend said to him,

"You have helped a great many people by your words."

The Bishop gave a strange answer: "No," said he, "I have not done it; when I preach there is an old man, who is very holy and good, and he sits on the steps of the pulpit and prays for me, that my words may help others. If my sermons are helpful, it is his prayers that make them so."

(b) *The Preacher and the Lay-Brother*

A similar story is told of a famous preacher of the Jesuits, whose sermons converted men by scores—that it was revealed to him that not one of his conversions was owing to his talents or eloquence, but all to the prayers of an illiterate lay-brother who sat on the steps of the pulpit praying all the time for the success of the sermon.

(c) *S. Monica's Intercessions*

S. Monica, much distressed by the wildness of her son at Carthage, where he had been sent to study law, went to the Bishop asking him to admonish Augustine; but he replied that the young man was not yet ready for argument—she must go home and pray: "It cannot be that the child of such tears can ever be lost," said he.

It was about nine years, however, before Augustine showed any signs of giving up his old way of life and thought. Then, at the age of thirty-three, he went to Milan to teach rhetoric, and there fell in with the great Bishop Ambrose, through whose influence Augustine was drawn nearer to Christianity. Eventually S. Monica, who had never ceased

to pray for her son all these years, had the joy of seeing him baptised, in 387, and he afterwards became the famous Bishop of Hippo.

(d) Prayer Before Business

In the year 1787, after the close of the American War of Independence, a Convention was held to frame a constitution for the United States of America.

Benjamin Franklin, then an old man of eighty-two, appealed for the opening of the proceedings with prayer. He said: "In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of our danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. . . . I have lived for a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. . . . We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

(e) Praying for a Hospital

Towards the end of the nineteenth century a certain Dr. Wheeler was sent to the so-called "hospital" of Jerusalem: he found it insanitary and impossible—every nurse had had typhoid fever. He decided that the hospital must be either improved, or cease to exist. He prayed definitely to God, asking Him either to send him big funds for the purpose, or to give clear guidance in the other direction. Shortly afterwards, the Countess of Meath fell ill in Jerusalem; Dr. Wheeler attended her, and so interested her in the hospital that she and Lord Meath gave a donation of £1,000, and promised £190 annually. The new hospital was started, completed at a cost of £20,000, and every bed and nurse supported. Within twenty-five years it was free of debt.

(f) Burdens Borne for God become Light

A legend tells how when God desired to give His best gifts to the birds, He gathered them together, and laying down little burdens before them, desired that they should lift the burdens and bear them away. Each bird took up its load, and lo ! God changed the burdens into wings.

4. "OUR DAILY BREAD"

(a) Daily Grace

At a meeting in a large seaport town two sailors declared they couldn't turn over a new leaf.

"It ain't no use," said they. "If we give up drinking and swearing to-night, we should be as bad as ever to-morrow."

The leader of the meeting took his watch from his pocket. "Do you think the maker of this watch could wind it up again?"

"Of course, sir," was the reply.

"Well, God is your Maker, and don't you think He could wind you up, and keep you going?"

The sailors were impressed, and pledged themselves.

Some nine months later, when they returned from a voyage and were asked how they had got on, replied, "All right, thank God; we made up our minds that every morning we would kneel down and ask Him to wind us up for the day, and every night we would thank Him for having done it. And He did."

(b) The Monks' Daily Bread

One day S. Bernard, with twelve monks, set out to find a good place to build his monastery. Presently they came to a valley then called "Wormwood," a rather miserable place. "This shall be called 'Clairvaux'" (Valley of Brightness), declared Bernard, and there they built their home.

But a terribly hard time lay in front of them. It was long before the crops they planted yielded food, and meantime they lived on beechnuts and beech leaves boiled with salt. Sometimes they had not even the salt, and then the food was

almost uneatable. At length there came a time when things seemed utterly hopeless, and some of the monks came to Bernard and begged him to let them go back to the old monastery, before they all died of cold and starvation. This made Bernard very unhappy. Was his work going to end in failure? God would guide him. So Bernard went into the chapel, and, kneeling on the steps of the altar, told God all his troubles; and, as he knelt, some words came to him clearly: "Arise, Bernard, thy prayer is heard."

While Bernard and all the monks were wondering at the message, two strangers arrived at the new monastery, and with them they brought gifts and waggons laden with provisions, and these lasted till the crops began to yield.

We can imagine the thanksgivings of the little company, and how they learnt to trust God more and more for all their needs, confident that He Who had begun this good work would accomplish it.

(c) *S. Cuthbert's Daily Bread*

Long ago, when the abbey of Melrose witnessed of Christianity to the wild people of Northern Britain, a certain Saxon named Cuthbert had made the great decision to become a monk and join its life of prayer and worship and service. He was travelling along the rough road on horseback and evening was approaching. It was a fast-day, and he was hungry, but he would not eat before nine o'clock at night, and so had refused to take food earlier in the day. Presently a group of tumble-down huts was reached which would afford shelter for the night; dismounting, he fastened his horse to the wall, and pulled some hay from the broken thatch for him to eat, then settled down to say his evening prayers; apparently there would be no supper for himself.

Suddenly he heard his horse lift his head to pull some more hay down from the roof, and with the hay he heard something heavier fall. When Cuthbert's prayers were finished he went to see what it was; a bundle wrapped in a cloth, and to his surprise, inside, Cuthbert found a loaf of fresh bread and some meat, enough for a meal for himself and his horse! How it came there he never knew; perhaps it had been left by someone on a journey. To

Cuthbert it came as a gift from God, and he cried aloud, "Thanks be to God who of His goodness has given me a meal when I was hungry, and a supper for my beast." Then he and his horse ate their daily bread together.

A few days later Cuthbert rode up to the monastery, where he joined the life of worship and work led by the monks. Part of this work was to travel about among the scattered villages where the shy, half-savage British people lived. On one of these long journeys, when his only companion was a little boy, Cuthbert was again faced with the same problem of how to get food, for there were no inns on the roads in those days. He and the boy were feeling tired and hungry, and neither knew of any hut near where food could be obtained.

The boy looked troubled, "We have brought no provisions," he said, "and we have a long journey before us."

But Cuthbert remembered that other hungry day years before when he was on his way to the monastery, and said, "My son, learn to have faith, and trust in God, who will never suffer those who trust in Him to die of hunger."

Walking on, they noticed a great eagle, who flew steadily across their path a little way ahead.

"Look at it," said Cuthbert to the boy, "It is possible for God to feed us by that eagle."

Presently they came to the bank of a river, and there was the eagle standing on the bank, and gripping a great fish in her talons.

"Look!" cried Cuthbert, "There is our handmaid, the eagle, that I spoke to you about. Run, and see what provision God has sent us."

The boy ran, chased the eagle away, and brought the fish back to Cuthbert, who received it gratefully.

"But," said he, "why have you not given part to God's handmaid? Cut the fish into two pieces and give one half to her, as her service well deserves."

So the boy divided the fish and threw part of it to the disappointed eagle, which was hovering around and crying out hungrily.

That night Cuthbert and the boy found shelter in a village, where their host cooked the fish for them. Later,

when the Venerable Bede wrote the story of Cuthbert's life, he told us about those two occasions when God in such unusual ways gave the saint his daily bread.

(d) Nelson's Prayer before Trafalgar

Immediately before the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson, having seen that all was as it should be, retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer :

" May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet ! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully ! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen."

(e) Guided to their Daily Bread

Sir H. M. Stanley, the great African explorer, told a very striking story, illustrating from his own experience the power of prayer. He said that on one of his expeditions, provisions ran out, and he was at last obliged to leave most of his party, and with only a dozen of the strongest, to make a desperate effort to find food. For nine days they struggled on without success, and they had arrived at their last ration. The next day's march must be their last. Through the night he prayed earnestly that God would spare the poor innocent people whom he had brought with him. The next morning they started ; they had not gone half a mile when they saw before them a large grove of fruitful palm trees. They were saved. Now, the remarkable thing is that they were following no track, but took a course absolutely by the compass ; and had they passed 500 yards to the left or right they must have missed the grove altogether.

(f) George Muller's Orphanages

The story of the work of George Muller, the philanthropist (who died in 1898), affords one of the most striking examples in modern times of the power of prayer. Beginning in a very small way, by 1882 he had established some seventy-

two orphan schools in different parts of the world, and some thirty-eight Sunday Schools, and had in all 9,671 pupils under his care. All of these schools were established simply through the instrumentality of faith in prayer; and though the annual expenditure had for many years been £9,500, no one had ever been asked to contribute towards this support, but every shilling came solely as the answer to prayer, without solicitation or advertisement.

(g) *The Peasant's Daily Fuel*

A certain Mrs. F. was living in the north of Italy one very cold winter, when the poor peasants living near were almost frozen for want of fires. She used to visit them but being very poor herself at the time, she could not help with money. One afternoon she was returning home, feeling very sad after seeing their misery, and she calculated to herself that a certain sum—perhaps about £3 in English money—would pay for a supply of coal for them all. She stood still in the road, and prayed that somehow means might be provided for her to buy them coal.

She went into her house, and presently two wealthy ladies called. Being full of what she had just seen, Mrs. F. talked to them about it, but with no thought of asking or expecting them to help. They left. A few minutes later one of the ladies returned, and said very shyly, "Excuse me for troubling you, but I cannot get the thought of those poor peasants out of my head; if you will be so good as to manage it, will you accept this money and buy them coals with it?" and she put into Mrs. F.'s hand the exact sum needed. Mrs. F. discovered later that this lady had turned back at the very spot where she had stood still and prayed.

(h) *The Lazy Farmer*

While beating the bounds in a certain district and blessing the fields, one field was by order of the vicar, passed over without the customary halt.

"What," said the farmer, "are you not going to bless my field?"

"No!" replied the priest, "What your field needs is not blessing, it needs manure!"

(i) Expecting an Answer

When Hudson Taylor, the famous missionary, first went to China, it was in a sailing vessel. Very close to the shore of the Cannibal Islands the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, unable to go about, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for the help of God.

"I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze."

The captain declined to make himself a laughing-stock by unfurling in a dead calm.

Taylor said: "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails."

It was done.

While engaged in prayer there was a knock at the door of his stateroom.

"Who is there?"

The captain's voice responded, "Are you still praying for the wind?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop praying, for we have more wind than we can manage."

And sure enough, when but 100 yards from the shore a strong wind had struck the sails of the boat, so that the cannibals were cheated out of their human prey.

5. "FORGIVE . . . AS WE FORGIVE"

(a) How S. Chrysostom Forgave

More than fifteen hundred years ago, S. Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed," by his eloquent preaching, was attracting great congregations to the church of the Holy Wisdom in Constantinople. He was striving hard by his sermons and his life to make Constantinople more Christian, but his work and influence were being constantly undermined by the Emperor's favourite, Eutropius. Eutropius was a base-born slave who had risen until his power was such that he was able to hinder much that the good Bishop tried to do.

There came a day, however, when his power declined, he fell from the Emperor's favour, and was discovered to be the villain he was, and was condemned to die. He had to flee for his life, and the sanctuary he sought was none other than Chrysostom's cathedral. Entering the building, he ran, pushed aside the great curtain that divided the sanctuary from the rest of the church, and flung himself down by the altar, clinging to it for safety. No one might touch a criminal who had thus sought sanctuary unless the Church gave him up.

On Chrysostom lay the responsibility. The enemy of the Church was in his power: but mercy counted with him more than justice.

The Bishop came and stood between Eutropius and the band of armed men who had pursued him into the church.

"None shall enter this sanctuary except across my dead body," cried he to the soldiers, and between two rows of spearmen Chrysostom went to ask the Emperor's mercy for the very man who had done his best to injure himself and the Church.

Worshippers had been in the cathedral while all this happened, and when, the next day, S. Chrysostom celebrated the Holy Mysteries and repeated the Lord's prayer, the congregation realised, as perhaps never before, those words, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

(b) *The Martyr must be Forgiving*

Sulpicius, a Presbyter of Antioch, was arrested and brought before the Imperial Legate, who asked him, "Of what family art thou?"

"I am a Christian."

"Know that all who call themselves Christians will be put to the torture unless they sacrifice to the immortal gods."

"We Christians," answered Sulpicius, "have for our King Christ, Who is also God."

He was then tortured and led away to be beheaded. As he was on his way to execution a Christian called Nicephorus rushed forward and fell at his feet. Between him and Sulpicius there had been a bitter quarrel, and Nicephorus

felt that he must win his forgiveness while there was yet time.

"Martyr of Christ," he cried, "forgive me for I have wronged thee."

Sulpicius did not reply, and even at the place of execution maintained the same silence. Then followed a scene which struck the beholders with astonishment and the Christians with awe.

Sulpicius, who had not flinched under torture, was seen to be growing paler as he was told to kneel down under the sword of the executioner.

"Do not strike me!" he cried. "I will obey the Emperor, I *will* sacrifice to the gods."

Once more Nicephorus rushed forward, but this time it was to implore Sulpicius not to forfeit the martyr's crown which he had wellnigh won, but it was in vain.

"Then," said Nicephorus, "tell the Legate I will take his place, I am a Christian," and he was forthwith taken at his word.

The fall of Sulpicius was quoted by the early Church to show that the sacrifice of life itself is not accepted on high when offered by those who have not learnt from their Saviour to pardon injuries.

(c) *Christian "Revenge"*

In 1884 General Gordon was massacred while striving to hold the English fort at Khartoum. In 1928 the Anglican community bought an area of 10,300 square metres on the bank of the Nile there as a site for a great cathedral to be built in his memory, and to be the centre of mission work among the people who killed him. By Christmas 1929 the cathedral, complete with beautiful tower and clock and bells, was finished, and stands as a reminder of the Christian way of "paying back."

(d) *The Lesson of the Crucifix*

The scene was a ruined village in Belgium where the enemy's shells had worked desolation, but the wayside crucifix still stood unharmed, and a group of children had gathered there to say their usual prayers.

They began, "Our Father," and got as far as "Forgive us our trespasses," when they paused, unable to proceed. They started the prayer again, but again could not finish that petition. A third time they started, and a man came up behind them and joined in their prayer. When the halting sentence began, again the children hesitated. But, from behind, a strong voice said firmly, "As we forgive them that trespass against us." It was the King of the Belgians, and a proof of the truth that lay behind *Punch's* famous cartoon. This cartoon represented the Kaiser saying to King Albert: "You see, you have lost all!" The King replies, "Not my soul!"

6. "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

(a) *How the Freed Slaves Avoided Temptation*

More than a hundred years ago there was a very motley collection of slaves, who had been rescued by the British Navy from the holds of slave-ships, settled in villages round about the colony of Sierra Leone in West Africa. A bricklayer, named William Johnson, was sent out by the Church Missionary Society, at the request of the British Government in 1816, to act as schoolmaster.

His task bristled with problems: the people spoke various languages, none of which he understood; honesty and truthfulness and self-control had no place in their experiences. How could Johnson even begin to teach them?

However, he persevered: somehow he made them understand him, and at the end of seven years (during which time Johnson was ordained) he had built up quite a little congregation of Christians to worship in the building he set apart for a church.

Then came a testing time. News arrived that a large body of freed slaves were being shipped home from America, and would land at Sierra Leone. Great excitement prevailed, for many hoped to find in the restored exiles relations who had been stolen away years before. Now, Johnson knew how easily Africans are led away by excitement, especially if alcoholic drinks flow freely; so on the morning when the landing was expected and his people eagerly looking forward

to the great event, he spoke straight words to those who came to the daily prayers, warning them, and asking that if they went to Sierra Leone they would keep together, and put themselves under the care of the oldest Christians, and do as they were told.

Later in the day, to his surprise, Johnson met several of these same men going about their work as usual.

"Why have you not gone to the harbour?" he questioned.

The men replied that they had been to the older Christians, asking them to lead their party down to the town, but their request had been refused, with this reason:

"We went to the church this morning," said the veteran Christians, "and we all prayed, 'Lead us not into temptation'; now you ask us to lead you into temptation: the thing cannot be done!"

So it came to pass that a full fortnight elapsed before the Christians went to Sierra Leone to look for their lost relations and by that time the excitement had died down and the special danger past.

(b) The Sign of the Cross

A priest, going in a hansom cab to a confirmation in one of the worst parts of London—Lisson Grove—was hung up in the traffic on a dark, damp November night. There he saw a man with a carpenter's bag approach a brilliantly lit gin-palace: he hesitated, then took a step forward, then hesitated again. The priest realized he was witnessing a stern conflict. Again the man stepped forward, and again hesitated; then, signing himself with the sign of the Cross, he turned and walked off in the opposite direction. He had won.

(c) The Blessed Sacrament

Canon Peter Green told the following about one of his boys, who usually came monthly to the Holy Communion.

He came on Easter Sunday, and again (non-communicating) on Easter Monday. It was a wet day. In answer to a remark of the parson, he said, "A wet bank holiday, sir—it wasn't safe to stay away!"

(d) "*The Expulsive Power of a New Affection*"

When Ulysses took his crew past the Syrens' Islands, he stopped his men's ears with wool, and then made them tie him to the mast, to escape enticement by the beautiful music of the Syrens. This discipline kept them safe for the time, but did not change their spirit.

But Orpheus, passing the same place, himself played such enchanting music that his men were constrained willingly to prefer it, and listening to him, safely passed the Syrens' temptations.

7. "DELIVER US FROM EVIL"

(a) *S. Geneviève's Prayers*

The frescoes on the walls of the Pantheon in Paris tell the story of the legend of S. Geneviève, patron saint of that city, whose dates are *circa* 422-512.

S. German, Bishop of Auxerre, is said to have dedicated her to the religious life when she was only a child of seven, and ever after she wore suspended from her neck the little copper coin marked with the cross which he gave her.

Prayer was for Geneviève a very real means of being in touch with her Lord, finding out His will, and receiving His help. Here there are three instances of this.

When still at her country home, where she tended sheep, her mother became blind. Geneviève prayed much about this, but more than a year passed and no answer seemed to come. Then one morning, when she had prayed as usual, she ran out to get water from the well, and as she looked at the clear fresh water the thought came, that with this she should bathe her mother's eyes. Geneviève drew a bucket-full, took it to her mother, signed the cross over it, and with prayer bathed the blind eyes. And the mother's sight returned.

Years passed: Geneviève's parents died, and she went to Paris, where her many works of mercy and holy life won the people's love and confidence. There came a time when the island city was surrounded by an enemy, the ways out were guarded, supplies could not be brought in, and the

citizens were faced with famine and starvation. Again Geneviève prayed, and as the plight of the city became more and more desperate, so her prayers rose daily for guidance.

And again, as about her mother's eyes, guidance came. God sent a thought into her mind : she should seek men and boats, and, under cover of the night, slip away, avoiding the enemy's sentries, down the river Seine in search of bread. The men were willing to go with Geneviève, but the voyage was dangerous, even when the boats were beyond the reach of the besieging army. A tempest arose so that the little party was almost overwhelmed. But Geneviève prayed again, and the winds dropped, the river's waters calmed, and the voyage was continued in safety.

At length, at Troyes, bread and stores were found, and the return journey was safely accomplished. We can picture the secret entry into the city, the people's acclamations, and the great thanksgiving for the success of the saint's plucky mission. When, full of years, the old saint died, a church was dedicated to her memory, and still, after more than 1,400 years, she is revered as the patron saint of Paris.

Note.—The church built in honour of S. Geneviève by Louis XV became the Panthéon in 1793, but Geneviève's story was painted by Puvis de Chavaunes on its walls.

(b) *A Hymn that Saved a Life*

Two soldiers met in the saloon of an American liner. During some hymn-singing one recognised the other's voice.

"Were you in America during the Civil War?" he asked.

"Yes, I was a Confederate soldier," came the reply, and he went on to tell some of his experiences.

"Once, I was on sentry duty during a cold, dark night; the enemy was near, I was depressed and anxious. I said a prayer, and then, sang that very hymn we have just sung here, 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul.' It comforted me, and the night passed in peace."

"I, too," rejoined the other, "was in that wood that night, I was one of the enemy, a Union soldier, and seeing a man standing sentry, gave orders to my scouts to pick him

out: their rifles were levelled to fire, when I heard the voice I recognised just now, singing, 'Cover my defenceless head.' 'Boys,' cried I, 'lower your rifles,' and we went home!"

(c) *Prayer takes the Place of Charms*

The wife of the Bishop of Uganda was visiting a little African church near Toro, and noticed a number of strange pieces of bone of various shapes and sizes threaded on string, and hanging on the posts which supported the thatched roof outside the church door.

"What," asked she, "are these strange things?"

The African priest-in-charge explained: "The women around here wear charms to guard them from the evil spirits whom they fear, but some of them have become Christians, and learnt the prayer to God 'Deliver us from Evil.' Then, to show that their trust is now in God, and not in their bone-charms, they have given me those charms, and I have them hung up outside the church door."

There they remain as a token of old heathen fears overcome by the new Christian faith.

(d) *How a Mother's Prayer was Answered*

Lyman Abbot tells the following story:

"A mother of my acquaintance had a child taken alarmingly ill with violent convulsions. She sent for the doctor, who on his arrival at once began to apply the usual remedies—cold water to the head, warm applications to the feet, etc.—but all was in vain. The body lost nothing of its rigidity. Death seemed close at hand, and absolutely inevitable. At length the doctor left the child and went and sat down by the window. He seemed to the agonised mother to have given up her darling in despair; she could do nothing but pray. Suddenly the physician started up from his chair. "Send and see if there is any jimson weed in the yard," he cried.

This was done; the poisonous weed was found; the child, he thought, had possibly eaten some. The proper remedies for this were instantly applied, and the medicine brought away enough of the seeds of the deadly plant to have killed a man.

The doctor afterwards said that while he was waiting at the window, there passed through his mind all the kindred cases he had ever known in a quarter of a century's practice, and among them was one case which suggested the real but hidden cause of the protracted and dreadful convulsions.

(e) *How a Servant-Girl's Prayer was Answered*

A certain Mrs. N. had been living for a time in a house which she had rented in the south of France. When she moved to another town her French servant remained on with the new tenant. This lady's cook took a dislike to the girl, and wickedly told her mistress that she had been caught robbing Mrs. N. The poor girl was too ignorant and helpless to know how to write to Mrs. N, who alone, as she knew, could clear her character.

The next day, however, Mrs. N, "quite by chance," as some would say, determined to go over and see the lady on some matter connected with the house. The girl opened the door, and, when she saw her old mistress, exclaimed, "Oh, Madame! I have been praying to the good God all night to send you to tell the mistress that I am innocent!"

8. "THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY"

(a) *A Mosque and its Inscription*

In the sixth and following centuries the Moslems overran and conquered much Christian territory, and, among other places, the city of Damascus. The fine church there became a mosque, and the cross was surrounded by the crescent. But, on one of the architraves above a door, a Christian inscription carved into the stone still remains. It is a Greek rendering of the words:

"Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom,
And Thy Dominion endureth throughout all ages."

Is this not a prophecy that one day the cross shall again replace the crescent?

(b) *The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste*

At the beginning of the fourth century anyone who dared to be a Christian was in danger of his life, for the Emperor

Licinius had decreed that all who would not sacrifice to the heathen gods should be put to death. To this period belongs the following story of forty valiant soldiers.

They belonged to the Emperor's army, and he had honoured them for doing great deeds in his service, but they openly confessed that Jesus Christ was the only true God. For this the prefect of Sebaste, a city of Armenia, had them brought before him, and did his best by bribes and threats to make them change their minds and sacrifice to the Gods.

"Nay," said they, "since thou dost offer us riches and rewards, know that nothing is of any value in comparison with that which we should lose if we did what thou requirest of us."

They were then led to prison, where they spent the night singing the songs of David and praying for God's help.

After seven days they were again brought before the prefect, who had sent for the captain under whom they had served, to receive the sentence for their obstinacy. Finding, to his wrath, that they would not recant, the captain commanded that stones should be flung at their mouths. This was done, but the men remained without injury, and when the captain himself threw one, it swung round, and hit the prefect on the mouth, wounding him severely. Then the forty men were again taken back to prison, where they spent the night praising God.

On the morrow their sentence was executed. There was a great lake near the walls of Sebaste, and the season being bitterly cold, they were to be thrown into the icy water. Near by was a bath of warm water prepared for any who by denying the Lord Christ would escape the freezing torment. The forty men threw off their garments, and, glad to suffer for their Master, entered up to their throats into the almost frozen water. There they stood, and with one voice prayed:

"Lord, we are forty, let there be forty crowned!"

So, through the night they remained, encouraging one another.

On the shore, a guard was set to allow none but any who should deny his faith to leave the lake. All slept, except the leader, who, lifting his eyes to the sky, beheld a great splendour, and in it *thirty-nine* angels descending, each with a

crown. This seemed strange, for there were forty in the lake. Soon, however, he saw the reason, for one of the soldiers, impatient of the cold, gave in, and left the lake for the warm bath. This gave great pain to the others, who fearing the same might happen to themselves, redoubled their prayers:

"Lord, we are forty, let there be forty crowns!"

Seeing this, and the wonderful fortitude of the brave soldiers, the leader of the guard wakened the others, and crying out that they must guard him as well as the rest, for he too was a Christian, himself entered the icy lake.

So the bitter night passed. In the morning forty martyrs were taken out of the water half-dead, and to make an end of them the bones of all were broken, and in this way they rendered their spirits to God: the Lord had granted them their forty crowns.

[From the account of S. Basil and Simeon Metaphrastes, quoted by Mrs. Francis Alexander in *The Golden Book*.]

9. ANSWERS TO PRAYERS

(a) *Why Prayers are not always Answered*

A poor little cripple boy was known to say his prayers regularly, and among the things he asked for, was that God would send someone to help him.

Nothing, however, seemed to happen, and some of his boy friends, knowing his habit of daily prayer, taunted him.

"You see," said they, "God hasn't heard; He has sent no one to help you."

"It isn't like that," replied the cripple, "I think God has told someone to come, but they haven't listened to Him!"

(b) *The Bishop had to Wait for his Answer*

The Bishop of Accra told how, after prayers one day, an African boy came back and whispered to him, "Dear master, is God ever too busy to listen when we make prayer? You see, I am only a small boy, and I do want an answer to-night!"

"God is never too busy to listen to you, my son," replied the Bishop, "but sometimes we have to wait long for an

answer. I got an answer to-day to a prayer of mine after many weeks."

"Well, I should never have thought," was the unexpected comment, "that God would keep a Bishop waiting!"

(c) How a Prayer for Safety was Answered

Bokendi was a school-boy in a Central African mission school. He was tall and slight, but quick and sure-footed, and on this particular night he had just succeeded in throwing, in a wrestling match, a much heavier boy than himself.

Laughing, he helped his opponent to his feet, and then the bell rang, and the whole school trooped in from the playground for evening prayers. Bokendi, sitting at the back, excited with his victory, did not listen very carefully till the lesson, and then these words struck his ear: "If God is for us who can be against us? What can ever part us from God's love . . . can danger, or the sword? . . . No, in all this we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

That night, in bed, Bokendi had strange dreams of his own village, and mother, and brothers, whom he had not seen since he had been brought by a white missionary to the school several years before. In the morning he was filled with a strong longing to see them all again. Through the day the desire grew: at evening he packed up his few belongings and told the teacher of his dream.

"It means," he said, "I must go home, but not for long. I shall return as soon as I can."

The teacher was distressed: the boy's people, whose tribal mark was scarred on his face, were wild and reckless, and evil in their ways: there were no other Christians in that part; it would be hard for Bokendi to keep loyal.

But the boy had made up his mind, go he must.

"But," he added, "I will come back."

Before he set off they knelt for a moment while the teacher said a prayer for Bokendi.

"And I shall pray for your safety all the time you are away," were his parting words.

At early dawn Bokendi took the forest track from the village towards his home. The journey was long and lonely:

passing through other villages, he could hear no news of his own people, till at length he reached their district, when he learnt what had been happening. An enemy tribe was at war with his tribe, raiding the countryside, burning the villages, killing the people, and carrying off the sheep and goats.

Ahead Bokendi saw his own village, a heap of black ruins, but before he had time to think, a dozen men with spears and clubs surrounded him. They had seen the tribal marks on his face, and seized him for an enemy: he must die.

Swiftly and silently Bokendi prayed; then throwing back his head, he said clearly, "Since I have but a few minutes to live, I beg permission to do two things before I die."

"What are they?" asked a warrior.

"First let me sing you a song, and then let me talk to the Great Spirit of Whom I am not afraid," came the answer.

The request was granted. Standing with his back against a great tree, Bokendi smiled as he sang one of the school hymns:

Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way.

The warriors asked where he had learnt that, and Bokendi told them of the mission school. Then, kneeling down, with steady and confident voice he said the Lord's Prayer: a moment's silence followed, when his thoughts went back to the teacher who had promised to pray for his safety. Was this how the prayer was being answered? He *was* safe in the keeping of the Great Spirit. Rising, Bokendi faced his murderers, and like a flash the words of evening prayers two days ago came into his mind: "What shall ever part us from God's love? Can danger, or the sword? . . . No."

Then, as he lay still beneath the blows of the clubs, the warriors saw that confident smile was on his face even in death.

Away in the mission school, Bokendi was missed: the teacher wondered: it almost seemed as if his prayers were in vain and the boy had fallen back into evil ways and forgotten his promise.

But a year later two men in war paint, with spears and

shields, came to the school, and told their tale. They were two of the men who had seized and killed Bokendi.

"And we have been unhappy ever since," said one. "We keep thinking about the boy we killed, and the Great Spirit to whom he talked and sang so fearlessly. We have come to find out more about this Great Spirit.

As he listened, the teacher knew that his prayers had not been in vain. Bokendi was safe; and more than that, his very confidence had made the men who killed him search for the God whom he worshipped.

[From an account by the Rev. C. E. Pugh of B.M.S.]

(d) *The Little Hands*

There is a chapel in a country house somewhere in the wind-swept east of England. A homely, shady place, never very tidy, because the children of the house forgot to put their hassocks straight, and only those people who were born tidy ever put their prayer-books on the shelves. Still, it has an air of being used, and it seems as if God let some of the prayers stay behind to encourage people to pray there, as they leave pennies at the bottom of alms-boxes to encourage others.

I was in a corner saying my prayers when the door was pushed open and a little boy appeared. He marched in with a confident air, as of one who knew what he wanted and had affairs to contract with Some One who was sure to be there. He made a business-like little bow to the altar and knelt down at a tiny prie-dieu made by an elder brother out of an orange-box stained brown. It was just the right size for five years old. Then he crossed himself, glued his eyes tight, put his hands together, and prayed for about fifteen seconds. Then he unglued his eyes, smiled at the winking red lamp, and came down the chapel. As he passed me he kissed the bit of my cheek that was not hidden by my hands. It did not disturb me, for it happened every evening.

Then I was left, seeing at first only those little hands held together to pray. But suddenly I saw outside—beyond the stillness and goodness of that place—the world in pain, ill and sick with sin.

I saw that men and women and children were in danger

every moment, many of them struggling in the grip of some cruel, clawing hand stretched out to catch them. I saw those whom the hand held tight, who struggled no more. I saw those who walked unknowing, uncaring, while those relentless claws pulled them gently, and dragged them towards those other claws that had nothing to do but to hold.

And then I saw the little hands which had left their digging and building in the garden for prayer. They were helping.

I saw them slip into the hand of a poor woman and lead her safely beyond the reach of the cruel claws. I saw them take hold of a schoolboy and play with him for a bit, and he forgot an impure thought, and the evil claw drew back helpless. I saw those hands touch the face of a worrying, religious woman, and she smiled and trusted in God again. And then he led an old man to say he was sorry for his sins, and to make friends with our Lord before he died.

How was it possible? I thought, for I happened to know Richard's prayers. He was a bit proud of the composition, which he considered entirely his own. His mother thought him too young to learn a set prayer, so his angel, no doubt, taught him the prayer he did say, which was "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

I opened my eyes, and saw once more the stalwart little figure in a blue jersey, the little face so cheerful and confident, and I left off wondering. For I saw the little hands folded and held in those other pierced Hands, Which are by Themselves strong enough to save the whole world.

[A. H. W.]

(e) God's Answers

If what I ask is quite the best
For those for whom I pray,
My Father sends the answer, "Yes :
"I'll give you that, to-day."

If what I ask would do some harm
To those for whom I pray,
My Father sends the answer, "No :
"You can't have that to-day."

If what I ask would do more good
If held back for a test,
My Father sends the answer, "Wait :
"I'll give it when it's best."

VII

THE SACRAMENTS

INNER AND OUTER

BOB and his uncle were talking about the sacraments. "I do not see the use of them," said Bob; "surely spiritual things can be given by spiritual means."

"They could," agreed his uncle, "if we were spirits, but we happen to have bodies."

"I don't see that that makes any difference," replied Bob.

"Well, when you want to pass on an idea, or help any one, how do you do it?"

"I just talk about it, or lend a hand."

"Yes," said the uncle, "you use your tongue or your arm because you can't get across to the other fellow merely by thought-waves. At least, he won't be sure how you feel unless you show it in some way. How does a cricketer know a good hit is appreciated by the crowd?"

"Why, they cheer and clap, of course," returned Bob.

"And how do friends show fellowship, and lovers their love? How can we see someone is in trouble, or know that a boy is ashamed or nervous?"

"You mean, they shake hands, or kiss, or there are tears or blushes," said Bob. "I'm beginning to see: these outer things show that something is going on inside."

"Exactly, and the sacraments are like that: they tell us that as surely as we see the outer sign—the water, or the bread and wine, or the hands laid on someone's head—so surely, something, inwardly that we can't see, is happening. They're a 'pledge to assure us thereof.'"

"But the Catechism says they are also the means of receiving things from God," continued Bob.

"And so they are. Take another illustration. How does a man receive knighthood? The king strikes his shoulder with his sword, and from that moment the man is a knight: the accolade is the means: that is a kind of sacrament."

Bob considered, "Yes, I see it makes it all more certain—and more picturesque, too," he added.

"You see," continued his uncle, "there are certain things the Church (taught, as we believe, by Our Lord) wants to do for people: there are five gifts everybody needs, and two other gifts some people need. Think out what those seven gifts are, and how good it is that by things we can see we can be quite sure the things we can't see are there. First there is joining the family."

"That's Baptism," said Bob, "and water is the sign."

"Then there is enlisting for service and the need for strength for it."

"You mean Confirmation—the Bishop's hands would be the sign."

"Yes, then there is the need for food for the soul."

"Holy Communion, and the Bread and Wine," considered Bob; "that's the easiest of all to understand, the soul is fed as surely as the body."

His uncle continued, "What are the two other things all of us need when we get into trouble?"

"Forgiveness, of course, and the chance of a fresh start."

"Yes, and for that the Church's gift is absolution in the Sacrament of Penance, as it is called: special words from the priest to make the penitent quite sure God forgives him. And the second trouble most of us have some time or other?"

"You mean sickness?"

"Yes; for that there is the Church's Sacrament of Holy Unction for healing. You know its outer sign?"

"Is it oil? I've never seen that sacrament used," said Bob thoughtfully.

"No, our Church has rather neglected it. But in many parishes now, Holy Unction, with the laying on of hands for sick people, is being used, to the great blessing of those who ask for it."

"That makes five," said Bob; "of course the other two are Marriage and Holy Orders. People go into the church single and come out married, or go in as laymen and come out as parsons. There's the wedding ring and the clerical collar to make us sure something has happened."

His uncle smiled, "I don't think the dog collar is the outer

sign of Holy Orders: have you ever seen an ordination? The Bishop, and other priests with him, lay their hands on the head of the deacon, and that act, with the accompanying prayers, make him a priest."

"Well, it's all very interesting," said Bob, "and perhaps it is helpful to have the outer sign to make sure something has happened in our souls."

"Yes," concluded his uncle, "Mother Church, taught by the Holy Spirit, knows best."

HOLY BAPTISM

See first section of the Church Catechism.

THE HOLY COMMUNION

I. ILLUSTRATIONS

(a) *The Bank Note*

The difference between a small piece of crisp paper and a five-pound note would not easily be recognised by a raw African native coming, for instance, suddenly into civilisation to work in the Johannesburg gold mines. The difference between the note and ordinary paper lying chiefly in its *value*, and not in its *substance*, ignorance of that value might easily lead the native to light his pipe with the note, to his own great loss!

Think of the process that changes paper into bank notes. Special paper is certainly used, with its own distinctive water-marks, but it is not until that paper has been converted by printing into notes—with design, number and signature complete—at the Bank of England that its value is so enormously changed. When that transformation has taken place, however, the piece of paper has an entirely different value, though its material part remains the same. Now, that little piece of paper can take a person from one end of

England to the other ; or can buy a radio set, and so bring that person into touch with the wide world ; or can give him a week's holiday in fresh and beautiful surroundings : indeed it is difficult to exhaust the possibilities of a £5 note.

This has been used as an *illustration*, but not an *explanation*, of the change that takes place in the Elements at Holy Communion : it is then *value* that is completely altered by the consecration, and ordinary bread and wine become the Body and Blood of Christ, bringing boundless possibilities to the faithful recipients who recognize their value.

(b) *Blood Transfusion*

A man was brought into a hospital in Sheffield so weak from loss of blood that he must die. The doctors said only the living blood of another man could save him. A soldier who was visiting his friend in the ward volunteered, and his living blood was pumped into the veins of the dying man—and thus his life was saved.

“ The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the Blood of Christ ? ”

(c) *Lighthouse Building*

The strongest tower which is not so built in the rock as actually to form a part of it would be so hammered at by waves, or so shaken and undermined, that it would topple over. Smeaton built the Eddystone lighthouse on a new plan, dovetailing it into the rock, and thus making it part of the rock itself.

(d) *The Holy Communion Window*

There is a very beautiful window, with perpendicular tracery, at the east end of the Fitzalan Chapel, which stands in the grounds of Arundel Castle (Sussex), and is part of Arundel parish church, of which it originally formed the Lady Chapel.

In the centre light the stained glass represents, above, the figure of our Lord in glory, with angels adoring, but from His heart flows a stream of ruby blood. Below is represented the figure of a priest, vested for the Mass, and

holding aloft the chalice. Into this chalice the stream of Christ's blood flows.

Beneath this stands the noble altar, where the celebrating priest, and the worshipping communicants must get continual inspiration from the beautiful window.

2. ITS DEMANDS

(a) *The Legend of Sir Launfal*

"To be in charity with all men"

In days when knights were always eager for adventure, if no fighting was in hand they would start out asserting that they were going in quest of the Holy Grail. The Holy Grail (according to tradition) was the cup in which Our Lord consecrated the wine at the Last Supper. Legend said it was carried to Glastonbury, but owing to the wickedness of those who guarded it, it was caught into the heaven, and thereafter could only be seen by those whose lives were pure. Sir Launfal set out on a brilliant summer morning on his beautiful horse to seek the Grail. As he crossed the draw-bridge across the moat of his castle, he saw a leper sitting in the dust, holding up his hand for alms. Sir Launfal, with a look of disgust, threw a gold coin to him, but it fell to the ground. The leper saw the look and left the gold lying where it fell.

Years passed away, and Sir Launfal was given up as dead, when an old man was seen coming across the plain to the castle, limping and leaning heavily on a stick. He was dressed almost in rags, and seemed very poor and ill and weary. As he drew near to the bridge, his eye fell on the leper, and, as though from force of habit, the leper held out his hand for alms. The old man, who was Sir Launfal himself, opened a worn-out wallet and took from it a crust of bread and a battered tin cup. He broke the crust in half, ate one piece, and gave the rest to the leper. Then he dipped the cup in the stream, gave the leper to drink, and then drank himself. Even as he drank the form of the leper seemed to be transfigured, and—

The Voice that was softer than silence said,
 "Lo, it is I, be not afraid.
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold, it is here! This cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
 This crust is My body, broken for thee
 This water His blood that died on the tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In what so we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
 Himself, the hungering neighbour, and Me."

[Adapted from Lowell's poem.]

(b) *Complete Consecration*

Mère Angélique was the abbess of the monastery of Port Royal in France in the early seventeenth century, and endeavoured to restore there the strict rule and discipline which had become very lax in much Community life. One thing she insisted upon was that all goods, even clothes, must be held in common, that there must be no individual property; and the nuns with some reluctance obeyed. That is, all but a certain Dame Morel, who had a little private garden which she cultivated, and evidently loved dearly, and wanted to keep to herself. She refused to give up the key, and flew into a passion whenever any nun spoke to her of that unlawful possession. At last, one day, when no one had breathed a word on the subject, she surrendered by a sort of inward miracle. She sent in a letter the Key of the garden, as of a last citadel: in fact, it was the Key of her heart.

"We all of us have our little garden," adds Sainte-Beuve, the famous historian of Port Royal.

[From *Group Movements down the Ages*, Canon R. H. Murray.]

(c) *The Climax of the Coronation of a King*

When a king of England is crowned, there is some striking ceremonial which culminates at the moment in the service of Holy Communion, when the Sovereign kneels bareheaded before the altar. Earlier in the coronation service, sword and sceptres, orb, ring and crown are delivered to the sovereign with solemn prayer: he is crowned, and receives

the homage of prelates and nobles. Then, laying aside his crown, the King Emperor kneels humbly before the altar, paying his deeper homage to the King of kings.

The Holy Eucharist proceeds, at which the sovereign is the only lay communicant. There he receives spiritual strength and power to fit him for his high vocation, before he goes forth to receive the acclamations of his people.

(d) *The Offering of Oneself*

The keynote of the Holy Communion service is that Christ, by His death, has saved us from spiritual death, and the prayer of oblation is our natural response to that—the offering of our redeemed selves wholly to Him, our Redeemer. Part of the story of Robinson Crusoe illustrates the reasonableness of such a response.

From a hill on his desert island, Crusoe saw a fugitive being chased by three natives, who had landed somewhere on his island. The man ran swiftly towards a broad river, which evidently he hoped to put between himself and his pursuers. Leaping in, he swam across, but only two of the other men dared follow: and these two swam more slowly, so that the escaped man had gained ground after all three had crossed the river. Crusoe watching, felt that here was his chance to save the fugitive. Throwing himself between the man and his pursuers, he clubbed one to the ground, and fired at the other; then awaited the approach of the man whose life he had saved.

The man, turning, saw his enemies' condition, and that he had no more to fear from them. But what of his rescuer? Slowly "Friday"—as he came to be called—approached, kneeling down at every few paces; and presently, encouraged by Crusoe's friendly signs, he drew quite close. Then, lying down, Friday put his head on the ground and placed Crusoe's foot upon it. Some kind of understanding seemed to pass between them, and a little later, when Crusoe had refreshed and fed the man who was all spent with the race for his life, this same action was repeated. Lying down, Friday again put his head on the ground, and placed Crusoe's other foot on it, thereby showing that his whole life was at the disposal of the man who had saved it.

The rest of the story shows how faithfully this famous native served his master and rescuer.

(e) *The Prayer of Oblation*

An ancient seal of the Moravian Church shows an ox standing loose, between a plough and an altar, with the motto, "Prepared for labour or sacrifice."

3. ITS JOY

(a) *God in the Heart*

Collins, the free-thinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going.

"To church, sir."

"What to do there?"

"To worship God."

"Pray, whether is your God a great or little God?"

"He is both, sir."

"How can he be both?"

"He is so great that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and so little that He can dwell in my heart."

Collins declared that this simple answer had an effect upon his mind such as all the volumes which learned men had written against him had not.

(b) *God in the Sanctuary*

A heathen once said to Rabbi Meir, "Does it seem credible that God, whose majesty you assert fills the universe, should have spoken from between the two staves in the ark of the sanctuary?"

In answer Rabbi Meir held up before the heathen a large and a small looking-glass, in each of which the inquirer beheld his image. "Now," said the Rabbi, "in each mirror your body is reduced to correspond with the size of the glass. Should the same thing be impossible to God? The world is His large looking-glass, the sanctuary His small one."

(c) *Napoleon's Happiest Day*

When Napoleon was at the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and

courtiers of the Empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered without a moment's hesitation :

"The happiest day of my life was the day of my first communion." After a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence, when he added, as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

4. HOLY COMMUNION OVERSEAS

(a) Difficulties Overcome in Order to make one's Communion

Bantu women in Central East Africa often walk twenty to thirty miles, with their babies tied on to their backs, to get to the nearest church for Communion. They come up to the altar thus, and as the mother bends to receive the host, a tiny hand is sometimes stretched out from behind, offering some ground nuts, or other tiny gift !

In the Cape Province native communicants will walk twelve to fifteen miles to make their Communion, starting at three in the morning, and carrying their Sunday clothes, or their shoes on their heads. The shoes they will put on at the church door, and sometimes remove them again for comfort when their seat is reached ! They will walk all the way home again before taking their first meal.

Cripples in Corea. While Canon Stacy Waddy was on his world tour (1933) he saw at the 6.30 Eucharist one Sunday in Corea six cripples, not one of them with a leg below the knee, who had shuffled their way for two hours over rough hill paths to be present.

In the Canadian Rockies, when the temperature outside stands at 48° below zero, people will throng into the church for the midnight Eucharist on Christmas Eve.

In Borneo a group of Christians left their home at 2 a.m., paddled their boats against stream and tide to make their

Communion in the nearest chapel at seven o'clock, and made the return journey, still fasting, arriving home at 10.30.

In South Africa there are many lonely gangers' cottages along the railway line, where the children grow up without toys, books, or pictures, and with little or no opportunity of learning the Catholic faith. In one such a mother and daughter were taught by a travelling missionary; confirmed, and became regular communicants. But to make their Communion was no easy matter.

Every three months, when the priest came into their district, they left their home on Saturday afternoon, and slept in a horrible little waiting-room at the railway junction. There was no train back, so after the service they walked home eighteen miles, sometimes sleeping at another ganger's cottage half-way.

(b) Christmas Communion in Southern Rhodesia

S. Augustine's, Penhalonga, Southern Rhodesia, is a mission centre with thirty out stations in charge of native catechists, so that for Communion the Christians have to come many miles into Penhalonga to find a priest. Most of them arrive on Christmas Eve. As each body of Christians reach Penhalonga the people unfurl their banner, form up two by two, and come into the church singing a hymn. Then the African teacher says a prayer, and places his banner in the sanctuary. The people stay in the church a short time to make their preparation for Communion, and then probably disperse to visit friends.

So it goes on all day; men, women and children crowd in, some having walked as many as fifty miles. The women often carrying babies on their backs, bring all sorts of bundles of clothes to wear at the festival. About 600 communicants arrive, and with catechumens and baptised children the number reaches over 2,000. Somehow provision has to be made for them all, though the church holds only 400, and that at a very tight squeeze.

At midnight, the time of the first Eucharist of Christmas, there is a most moving sight in this African mission church. The priest, followed by the whole congregation, mostly bare-

foot and simply clad, go into the church singing "O come all ye faithful." There is a feeling of deep devotion through the whole service. These "faithful" of Christ's flock have come from their far-off village homes because they know that without the Heavenly Food they can have no real life in them. Africans have, for the most part, a very simple love and devotion, and it shows itself very strongly indeed in this greatest of all services. In the midst of a land of heathen belief, of superstition, and of witch-craft, they kneel on this Christmas night to adore the God of heaven and earth and to receive from Him the strength for the difficulties they have to face, day by day, in a heathen land.

As the church will hold only 400, the service has to be repeated, and again at cock-crow, and again at 6.30, and again at 8 it is crowded with worshippers.

When the festival is over, the people walk back—fifty miles, some of them—to their village homes, where there is no priest, only a catechist or teacher, but they will not soon forget their Christmas Communion, and all it implies.

(c) *A Service in Papua*

Cannibalism and polygamy were common in New Guinea before the coming of the white man; with the spread of Christian teaching they are dying out, and at such festivals as Christmas or All Saintstide very inspiring services are held in Christian centres. At a place called Boianai, for instance, on one such festival the church was filled, and the people unable to get in for the service were ranged round the building. The night before at a service of preparation all names of intending communicants were taken and shown to the priest, who sometimes had to strike one out until such a one had seen him. In dead stillness next morning the people washed and anointed themselves, and then, at about 6.30, began to fill the church and the ground around. There would be 500 to 550 communicants, and at the end of the service the Blessed Sacrament would be carried to a sick man, whose wish to communicate had been received by a message. Even on an ordinary Sunday there would be about 200 communicants.

(d) *Holy Communion in an Ice-Hut*

Many of the Eskimo are Christians and on the rare visits of a priest are anxious to partake of the Holy Communion. On a certain occasion the only possible place for this service was one of the snow huts (called *igloos*) in which these primitive people live in the winter.

Archdeacon Fleming (who became the first Bishop of the Arctic) gave the following account of this remarkable service :

First, the place was cleaned of all rotten meat, etc., then fresh snow, white and clean, was brought in, and very soon the whole interior was of spotless purity. A tent was arranged to catch any drops that might fall when the hut was crowded during the service. The floor was then covered with caribou skins, so that the worshippers might kneel with less discomfort. A sledge box was placed in a central position on the sleeping-platform, and acted as the Holy Table, and when carefully covered with new towels of spotless white, the sacramental linen and vessels were arranged on it. Two flickering stone lamps shed forth a subdued light hardly sufficient for reading, but not unsuitable for the service.

The communicants were ten in number, four women, and six men. After the service the people did not wish to go away, and for nearly ten minutes no words were spoken. It was as if we all, with one accord, felt in our souls it was " 'good for us to be here ' for we had seen the Lord."

5. IN WAR TIME : STRANGE ALTARS

(a) *In a Barn*

Here is an account of a celebration of Holy Communion at 7 a.m. on Easter Day, 1915, during the great European War :

" In a barn the roof and walls of which had been scarred and shattered by gun-fire, over 200 men communicated. As this service ended we found at least 150 men of other regiments outside the building, who had been waiting since seven o'clock, and had been unable to enter the crowded room. For these faithful officers and men the Bishop celebrated again at once. Strange as the surroundings were,

with guns firing and the crack of rifles distinctly heard, one would doubt if in any church however beautiful, a more reverent congregation had ever gathered together on an Easter morning, or if the meaning of the great central service of the Christian Church could ever be more clearly realised, or the sacred Presence more distinctly felt."

(b) *In a Granary*

Here is another account, of Christmas Day at the front in 1915, from a letter sent home to his parish by a war chaplain :

"My Christmas Day was the happiest I think that I have ever spent anywhere, and that is saying a good deal ! Late on Christmas Eve, a party of carol-singers from another field ambulance came and sang most beautifully in the courtyard of this hospital, much to the delight of both patients and ourselves. I was called at 5 a.m. on Christmas Day, and motored off at 6 a.m. to a distant farm, where the

Regiment had just come in from the trenches the night before. It was a very dark morning, and it had frozen hard during the night, and we had to drive very slowly, as no lights were allowed, and we had to beware both of the passing traffic and "shell" holes in the roads. I celebrated in a large, upper granary, with no lights except those on the altar, which consisted of a shutter placed across some piles of sacks, etc. There were about thirty communicants, officers and men, and the service was most solemn and impressive.

"There are a great many Roman Catholics in this particular Regiment, and the R.C. priest was celebrating Mass in a barn close by at the same time."

(c) *In Gallipoli in 1915*

Here are extracts from a Padre's report :

"Of course, the conditions are the most difficult imaginable for holding services, but the more the difficulty the more the men appreciate it. As you know, the majority of the men in these regiments are communicants of the Church of England, and what I resolved to do was to have two or even three Celebrations in the trenches themselves every morning, so as to cover the line in a week and give

every man the opportunity of a weekly Eucharist if he wished, and the knowledge that every day a Celebration was being held somewhere in our line.

"So here I am in the trenches, and infinitely safer than in that terrible position in which we were shelled every day for a fortnight. Of course, there is a fair amount of discomfort, and one gets awfully wearied of the crack-thud of rifle-bullets, and the scream of shells passing overhead, both our own, and the enemy's, during the constant artillery duels. I have services every morning in some corner of the trenches, where a few men can gather together. This morning, for instance, I celebrated three times among my own men, at 4.45, 5.15 and 5.45—a shortened Eucharist—and there were between sixty and seventy communicants. The men always made an altar for me, and I cover it with a fair linen cloth and put a cross on it. The men kneel all down the trench, and however rough the services must be, they are always as reverent as we can make them."

Note.—There were other Celebrations in all sorts of unlikely places: the stage of a large new theatre; in a captain's cabin at sea, where, through a port-hole, the wide ocean could be seen as the sanctuary; on deck, and in many open-air spots, where the great vault of heaven was the altar canopy.

6. OFFERINGS

(a) *The Intention is what Matters*

An Arab, living in the desert, where water was brackish, one day discovered a new well of sweet fresh springs. He immediately said he must take some to the Caliph. So, bottling a little up, he travelled to the capital, and presented the leathern bottle. The Caliph drank, thanked, and rewarded the donor, who returned. Then the courtiers asked to be allowed to taste. "No," said the Caliph, "the water is muddy and leatherish with the journey—but the man's intention was blessed." So, our offerings to God are regarded not for their merit, but their intention; and this can hearten us, for which of us has anything very good to offer?

(b) "*We Offer and Present Ourselves*"

There is a story of a small boy who, after listening to a sermon from a missionary, was much distressed because he had no money for the collection made after the sermon. Finally, when the plate was brought round, he begged the collector to put it on the floor, and then he stepped into it himself!

(c) *The Difference between an Offering and a Collection*

Tommy had the wing of a chicken with a bit of the breast. At once he cut off a large slice of the breast and was about to give it to Spot, the dog. His mother, noticing, said, "No; Spot can have the bones afterwards." Tommy (being well brought up and obedient) desisted, and later, when everyone had done, collected the bones that were left and took them on a plate to Spot, with these words: "I wanted to give you an offering, but I have only brought you a collection!"

(d) *Four Sorts of Pennies*

No. 1 drops heavily and dead into the bag: "I don't want to go. I'd much rather be changed for sweets, but mother says I must." This is the lead penny.

No. 2 drops lightly in: "Here I go, a silly old penny for the collection. Mother's got plenty more for me at home." This is the tin penny.

No. 3 falls in gently: "It's my duty to go. I ought to help the collection, for I know how badly money is wanted and we're told everyone should help." Reluctantly the dutiful silver penny joins the others.

No. 4 flies in gladly: "I'm happy to go; God is so good to me: gives everything; jolly to give Him back a tiny bit." That is the willing golden penny.

(e) *Gifts for the Christ Child*

S. Jerome lived for many years in a cave near Bethlehem, and declared that the Christ Child often visited and talked with him. One day Jerome asked:

"What may I give to Thee, O Christ Child?"

But the Holy Child replied: "I need nought but that thou should'st sing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill.'"

But Jerome persisted: "I would give Thee gifts—money."

"Nay," repeated the Child, "I need no money; give it to My poor, for My sake. Thus shalt thou be giving to Me."

(f) *A Marble in the Collection Plate*

At a certain Indian children's service from time to time a collection in kind is made, the gifts being afterwards sold to the highest bidder. One day, when such a collection had been announced, the surpliced priest stood at the chancel steps to receive the gifts. One boy lovingly and tearfully laid a glass marble (obviously from the mouth of a soda-water bottle) in the plate, and walked slowly away. As the priest learnt later, it was his most treasured possession—probably the only plaything the boy had. When the things were sold, the priest himself gave a large sum for that marble, which he kept as *his* most honoured possession.

(g) *Gifts for a Church*

The scene is in British Columbia, in 1901. A new church has just been built, of which the people are very proud. They have built it with their own hands and 90 per cent. at their own cost. When the collection at its opening service is taken, it eventually reaches about £40! Silver bracelets, a watch and chain, rings, and a handkerchief which a woman redeemed with five dollars (£1). And inside, the church is full of gifts: a woman who earns her living by filling tins with salmon in a cannery went on saving till she had £20, with which she bought a brass lectern. Someone else gave the pulpit; a family gave a stained-glass memorial window for the chancel; and so on. "If measured by the labour and self-sacrifice of the donors," said their padre, "their gifts exceed in value any I know."

(h) *A Work-House Woman's Gift and What Came of It*

Mary Jane Hutchings was a poor woman in the work-house, absolutely blind and deaf. But she learnt and read

Braille, and used that edition of the *Quarterly Intercession Paper for Foreign Missions*, regularly. There, in 1905, she read about the new undertaking for training candidates for S.P.G. and its need of money. From her very small savings or gifts she gave three shillings and then two shillings to the chaplain for the purpose, which he forwarded to headquarters.

So impressed was the secretary, Canon Bullock Webster, that with this five shillings he determined to start a "Five Shillings Candidates' Fund," asking all who used the Q.I.P. to contribute a crown. By the end of a year over £2,000 had come in, and since then up to the present time (1937) the fund has never fallen below £3,000. Bishop Montgomery used to call Mary Jane "the largest subscriber to the Fund for training Missionary Candidates."

(i) *A Blind Girl's Gift*

There is a Christian School for the blind in China, which arouses great interest, for the Chinese themselves care nothing for the useless blind girls. Here the girls are taught, and allowed to keep the money earned by their handicrafts. But one child was backward and stupid and never earned anything. One day a visitor passing had her attention called to this girl by the Principal: "Would she give her a small gift, out of sheer pity?" So she was given two yen (about a halfpenny). The child's pride and joy were intense; first she gave it to the teacher to keep, then took it back to fondle, etc. But one day, later, a man came and spoke of the good work of the Bible Society and its needs: next Sunday the girls would have a chance of giving what they could. When that day came, the owner of the two yen was too ill with a cough to go out, but asking for the Principal, she slipped the precious piece into his hand, insisting that it should be given to the cause.

(j) *Trading for God*

Notice was given in a poor Sunday-school in Glasgow that money was wanted for missionary work; children took boxes to collect it; later, a boy of eight brought a pound.

"Where did you get it?" he was asked, in surprise. "I

borrowed sixpence from father and bought wood. He helped me to saw it, and I chopped it into bundles, sold it, paid back the sixpence, bought more, did the same, and here is the pound I have earned."

(k) *Giving of her Little*

One of our soldiers in India (1916) was much impressed by the self-denial of a poor native Christian woman. Every morning, before she cooked her rice for the day, she put a large spoonful aside, and at the end of the week brought a bowlful of rice to be sold for the benefit of Indian soldiers at the front.

(l) *The Church Hen*

Away in Uganda there is (or was, for some years round about 1934) a proud hen : her mistress, a Muganda woman, takes very special interest in her, for when she lays eggs they are set apart and sold separately ; and when she sits, there is particular joy, if all the little chicks thrive, for they, too, are to be sold for a great Cause. The money thus collected from the efforts of this proud hen is kept carefully, perhaps in some old earthen pot, against the day when a special appeal will be made in the native church. Then the hen's owner, a Bible woman of twenty years' standing, will have her money ready, and we can imagine the church hen giving a particularly triumphant crow as her "amen" to the prayer of offering.

(m) *Offerings " of their Penury "*

In parts of Western Canada, owing to drought and other causes, extreme poverty was very prevalent in 1933 ; a mission priest wrote of his people, who had to borrow shawls for the babies to wear at Holy Baptism, and stockings for their mothers. Flour was given as city relief, and from some of this they baked scones, which they brought as their offering at the Holy Eucharist. It was all they had to give.

(n) *Children's Gifts*

The children of an afternoon service at *Margate* one Lent (1913) gave money to build a church for Esquimaux. This

was built by Easter 1914. Then they started to equip the ward of a Palestine hospital.

Some children of *S. Michael's, Minehead*, for passing an examination were promised a treat—an excursion to Lynton. This would cost ten pounds. Before it came off, however, war broke out (1914). What should they do? The children unanimously gave it up in order to send the money to a relief fund for soldiers and sailors.

Some *Plumstead* Sunday School children chose to receive badges instead of prizes, and the money which would have been spent on them was voted to go to Belgian refugees in England on account of the Great War.

In *S. Augustine's Church at Kilburn* is what is known as the "Farthing Altar." Children of the parish gave farthings to pay for it, as their offering for the church's worship.

(o) *The Pet Canary*

Two of the most regular patients at the great Alfred Hospital in Melbourne were a couple of small boys, whom we will call Jim and Joe. They were poor in more ways than one: poor in their parents and their home, for they came from Richmond, one of Melbourne's worst slums; and very poor in their health, for, either as in-patients or out-patients, they had been attending the Alfred Hospital for months; Jim, indeed, for years.

But the boys were rich in gratitude for all that the kind doctors and nurses had done for them; and now they learnt that a fair was about to be held for the hospital funds. Penniless, what could they do about it? There was just one thing they had, and loved—a pet canary: very valuable indeed to Jim and Joe; perhaps he could be sold for a lot of money.

So the boys made up their minds, and one day appeared at the out-patients department carrying their pet. They told their story, and boys and canary were taken to the matron. If they really wanted to give it, the bird should be raffled at the fair, and the boys should be there, and sell the tickets.

The fair-day arrived, so did the boys: in and out among the people they went with their canary, selling three-penny

tickets, till presently they had over one pound. Then the raffle was closed, and the draw gave the prize to one of the nurses. Jim and Joe were about to go home empty-handed, but with full hearts, for they felt they had really given something worth having to their beloved hospital, and they would think of that when they missed the song of their little feathered companion.

But, just as they were going, someone called them back. It was the nurse who had won the canary.

"I give him back to you," she called: "he has done his good work, but I don't think he would be happy here, he belongs to you now for always."

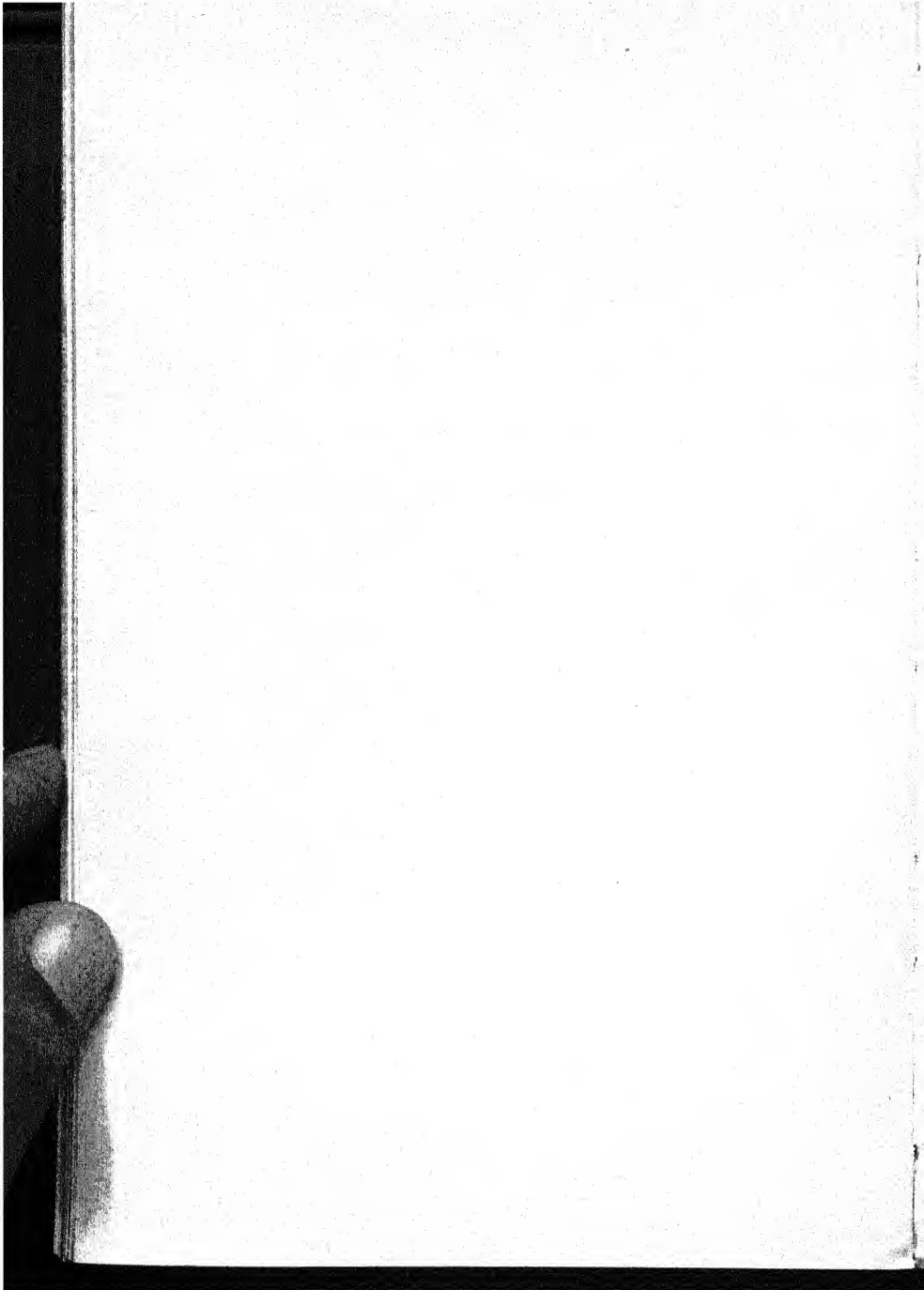
[Related by one of the Sisters at the Alfred Hospital.]

(p) *About Almsgiving*

"Take heed that ye apportion your alms to your estate, lest haply God apportion your estate to your alms: and if ye do not give as much as ye are able, make you able to give no more than ye do."

[Old Thomas Fuller: seventeenth century.]

PART II
THE CHURCH MILITANT



I

CONFIRMATION

I. KNIGHTHOOD AND SOLDIER STORIES

(a) *The Knights of the Round Table*

"Go forth into the world in peace; be of good courage."—(Revised Prayer Book.)

IN the *Idylls of the King* Tennyson tells us how very, very many years ago Britain was a lawless land, where kings ruled and fought one another for leadership. Barons held their castles against one another, riding out to settle quarrels by the sword, or to fight for new lands. There was no justice to be won by law; might overruled right. Poor men were oppressed, they had to work hard for their overlord, and if they displeased him, their property might be seized or burnt; there were no police to protect the people and their goods. Wild beasts roamed the forests and destroyed the crops and the cattle, even stealing away the children; there was no government, and no leader to whom the people could turn in their distress.

"The night is darkest before dawn." Just when wrong seemed to have completely conquered right, a king named Arthur came to the throne of one of the kingdoms. He determined to make good laws and to force even the lords of the castles to obey them. They were furiously angry. The barons first gave out that Arthur was an impostor, and not the true King at all. Then they joined to fight him, and when King Arthur conquered them, they slunk back into their castles one by one to defy him.

But King Arthur was strong, and he determined that justice should be done to everybody. Day by day he sat in his great hall, and anyone who had suffered wrong came and begged his help. One morning a widow came crying to him and asking him to help and pity her. Uther, King Arthur's

father, had wanted a field which belonged to the woman and her husband. Uther offered them money, but they did not want to sell. Then Uther seized the field and refused to pay because they had refused to sell.

Such was the story the widow told King Arthur. Her husband had died, and she had come to see if Arthur would see justice done. King Arthur asked her if she wanted the money or the field. She replied that her husband had been fond of the field, and for his sake she would like to have it for her own again. Thereupon the King commanded that the field should be restored, and that three times the sum Uther had offered should be paid to the widow because the King's father had been unjust.

This was just one instance of Arthur's rule, but it was not enough for the King alone to be just and to protect the weak. He wanted to have a band of brave men he could send to any part of his kingdom to punish the wrongdoer and to set the wrong right. For this purpose he made it known that he would found a new Order of Knights, who should be bound by new promises. They were to be the most fearless and the strongest of men. They were to spend their lives saving those who suffered wrong. They were to be true and just in all their dealings with the greatest and the humblest in the land. They were to learn their duty and to do it at whatever cost. Of each of these knights it should be said :

He revered his conscience as his king ;
His glory was redressing human wrong ;
He spake no slander, no, nor listened to it ;
He loved one only and he claved to her.

Of his knights King Arthur himself said :

My knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the king.

Strong men doing battle for right and justice must be all equal. King Arthur wished that his knights should not struggle for first and second places in his Order. They must be each first, each last. To teach them this King Arthur chose for the sign of the Order a round table at which there is neither head nor foot, neither first nor second, but all are

alike and all are equal. It was from this round table that the knights became known.

Many and various were the quests upon which these knights were sent forth to right the wrong. On one occasion a widow whose son had been slain by his uncle, who wanted the boy's estate for himself, came to King Arthur demanding justice. At once a knight was sent to help her. On another occasion a damsel came to plead for her sister who was imprisoned by cruel soldiers; a knight went to her rescue. And here a wicked king was reproved, there a poor slave rescued. Many indeed were those who came for justice and relief, and after each request a knight would ride away.

And so it was that King Arthur and his knights spent their lives. Their deeds of true and selfless bravery shone in those evil times like stars lighting the blackness of the night. They pressed steadily towards their goal, redressing wrongs and aiding the oppressed, until, by their ceaseless efforts, Britain became a land of peace and justice, and the Knights of the Round Table became an ideal of chivalry for the youth of all time.

(b) The Knight in the Kitchen

Gareth was the youngest son of one of the kings of Britain in King Arthur's time. His brothers had all become knights of the Round Table, and Gareth longed to join them, but his mother loved him dearly and wanted his companionship at home.

Time passed, Gareth grew a man and irked at the easy, luxurious life in his father's castle. At length one day he went to his mother and pleaded with her:

—O Mother,
How can ye keep me tethered to you?—Shame!
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, 'speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?

The Queen could not refuse her strong, brave son his longing to prove his manhood by knightly deeds to help the poor and oppressed. But she would test him. Did he only want fame and glory, or was he willing to endure pain and hard-

ship? "You shall go to King Arthur's Court," she said, "on one condition—that you will work in his kitchen as a serving-man for a year, without telling anyone who you are." So Gareth promised and, dressed as a serving-man, went away to King Arthur's Court and begged to be allowed to serve in the kitchen. This was granted him, and he was placed under the seneschal, Sir Kay, a hard and sour knight who had charge of the King's household.

Then began a time of difficult and often disagreeable work. Sir Kay disliked Gareth, and gave him many of the hardest and dirtiest tasks to do, but the young Prince performed all his duties perfectly, and with a good will. He thrilled when he heard his fellow-servants tell of the brave deeds of King Arthur and his knights, but when the stories were low and coarse, he whistled to himself so that he should not listen, and after awhile his comrades, who learned to respect him, ceased to tell this kind of tale. Still—

Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
Would hustle and harry him and labour him
Beyond his comrades of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach, draw water or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bowed himself,
With all obedience to the king, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease,
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.

After two months the Queen was satisfied that Gareth had the right motive for wishing to become a knight. She sent a messenger to the Court with a suit of armour, and set Gareth free from his vow. Eagerly the boy sought the King, told his story, and begged to be made a Knight of the Round Table. King Arthur, who had known from the first who Gareth was, answered—

Son, the good mother let me know thee here,
And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine,
Make thee my knight? My knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the king.

Gareth readily took the vows, was made a knight, and was soon given the opportunity of proving himself a good one. The spirit of hardihood and willing service which he had learnt in the kitchen stood him in good stead in all his later adventures.

(c) Oxygen for the Climbers

The story of the men who set out to climb Mount Everest has been shown as a moving picture on the screen. Their pluck, endurance and determination to accomplish the ascent were enormous, but it was beyond their own physical powers: something outside themselves was necessary to make their adventure a success. Here is the account of the last part of the climb.

"Above the last camp on the glacier towered the granite cliff of Everest, 8,000 feet higher still. The climbers had to ascend an almost vertical wall of ice. They cut a way up the ice-wall of 2,000 steps, and established a camp on a little ledge of ice. Then bad weather came, and four men were cut off in this camp. Some days later three more of the climbers joined them, and the little party tried a further ascent, and eventually reached the height of 25,000 feet. The air was so rare that the climbers could only take one step to every five or six breaths!

"At 27,000 feet they made a camp, and then five of the number made a tremendous effort to reach the top. They got within 1,000 feet of the top and could go no farther; they collapsed and had to return. All that could be done without help had been done. But now, two of the younger climbers went up again, this time equipped with oxygen apparatus. At 600 feet from the top they were lost to sight in the mist.

"The end of the story is not known: we feel that they reached the top."

This story may be worked out as an allegory of the Christian adventure: the desire to climb to spiritual heights, to "be good." It shows the need of will, determination and effort, but also the absolute necessity for something beyond that—the Holy Spirit of God, to be sought and given in Confirmation.

(d) The Faithful Sentinel

During the excavation of the ruins of Pompeii (overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius A.D. 79), at one gate the skeleton of a Roman soldier in full armour was found. Traces around were seen of the panic of the inhabitants

when the cloud of destruction gradually enveloped the doomed city—some were gathering treasures, some were struck down as they attempted to escape. But, eighteen centuries later, we see the man who died at his post, every temptation to flee resisted.

(e) *S. Martin the Faithful Soldier*

S. Martin never wanted to be a soldier. Although he lived as long ago as the fourth century, he had heard enough about Christianity in Rome to influence his choice of a vocation, but his father, who was a great officer in the Roman army, insisted, and Martin was forced to take the oath of military allegiance, and enter the army.

Here he distinguished himself, but all the time he became more and more interested in Christianity, and finally went to the priests and started the long and hard preparation of those early days for holy baptism.

When Martin had been baptised, the longing to devote himself to a more direct service to his Lord overmastered him, and he felt that he could not continue in his soldier's career, fighting and destroying men, so he asked permission from the Emperor to leave the army.

"Until now I have fought for you," he said, "let me henceforth fight for God."

The Emperor was furious, and accused Martin of being afraid, for a battle was impending. But Martin said:

"Place me, naked and unarmed, in front of the battle, then shall ye see that, armed with the Cross alone, I will not fear to encounter the enemy."

The Emperor took him at his word, and kept him under guard that night lest he should escape. Early next day, to the surprise of all, the enemy sent a dispatch to sue for peace and to make terms. The Emperor was so impressed by what seemed to him God's protection of His servant, that he allowed Martin to leave the army, and to be free to follow the life to which he felt called.

So Martin devoted himself to the service of Christ. He took Holy Orders, and founded a monastery, and later became a bishop, and made missionary tours which won him the title of "the Apostle of Gaul." Many remnants

of heathenism lingered in these country districts, although the cities were nominally Christian. But among rich and poor, kings and princes, emperors and courts, Martin and his disciples went, preaching and teaching. He warned and rebuked the other bishops, and even the Emperor himself. Disdaining the honours that in spite of Martin's plain speaking the Emperor wished to give him, Martin continued his austere and simple ways, and the story of his life is a record of one who was a faithful soldier and servant to his life's end.

(f) *Character Tested by Sacrifice*

Constantine, when chosen Emperor, found a number of Christians in office, some of whom he had reason to believe unworthy. He issued an edict requiring all to renounce either their faith, or his service. Most of them gave up their offices and saved their consciences. Some cringed and renounced their religion.

Having proved all, he restored the brave believers to office, and required the resignations of those who had proved unfaithful to Christ, saying he could not believe those would be faithful to himself.

(g) *The True Soldier Spirit*

Soldiers were chosen from different regiments for the Ashantee expedition of 1873. The Scots Guards were stationed at Windsor. When on parade the commanding officer said, "I want to know who will volunteer for the expedition," and those who volunteered were to take one pace forward. Then, expecting one or two only to step forward, he turned his back, and when he looked again he saw the regiment precisely as he had seen it before, in one unbroken line. "What," he exclaimed, "the Scots Guards, and no volunteers?" Then, just as his anger was rising, another officer touched his arm, and said, "They have all stepped forward—the whole line has volunteered!"

(h) *Ready for Anywhere*

In answer to an appeal, a doctor had offered himself to one of the Church's missionary societies for service overseas.

He had been accepted, and was now being interviewed with regard to his destination.

"Are you willing to go to X——?" (the name of a little-known, and very out-of-the-way town in the east).

"Certainly," came the reply, promptly. "*Where is it?*"

(i) *Soldiers of the King*

The following instructions were issued by Lord Kitchener to every soldier in the Expeditionary Army, sent to France in 1914, to be kept in his Active Service Pay Book :—

"You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King, to help our French comrades against invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.

"It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.

"Be invariably courteous, considerate and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust.

"Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely,
Fear God,
Honour the King.

KITCHENER,
Field-Marshal."

2. OVERSEAS AND HISTORICAL INCIDENTS

(a) Coming to Confirmation

A Bishop of British Guiana wrote thus of the hold the Christian faith has on his people: "To me it was extraordinarily moving to administer the sacraments in a church in the densest forest, where one family had walked for two and a half days for the baptism of the last little brown baby; or, again, to confirm a Red Indian who had canoed down the Corentyne River for 100 miles in the rain."

(b) Preparing for Confirmation

Parts of the diocese of Accra, in West Africa, are still almost untouched by civilisation. Little villages are hidden away in vast forests where there are no roads, and the Bishop must travel by bush path, hunter's track or river canoe to reach his people for teaching, baptisms or confirmations.

The Christians value greatly the "holy cards" that are given to commemorate the Bishop's visit, or their baptism, sometimes asking that these cards may be buried with them when they die.

On one occasion the Bishop and his party, which consisted of native carriers, confirmation candidates, servers and helpers, had trekked many miles to a certain village, and discovered that the baptism cards had all been used, which would be a bitter disappointment to the Christians. A boy offered to go and fetch them. Starting off one day at 3 a.m., he arrived back late on the following night, and came to the native house where the Bishop was staying with a precious bundle containing the cards on his head. He had walked fifty-nine miles, some of them on a rough hunter's track, and was so worn out that he could hardly stand; but he shyly confided to the Bishop: "I am to be confirmed tomorrow, and I wanted to do something for Jesus."

(c) What it may Cost to be a Christian in India

A Hindu boy came to England for his education: he was already married! At Oxford he became interested in the Christian religion, was converted and baptised. He was a

young prince, and his first duty on his return to his native land was to tell his father of his new faith. The rage and grief of the parents were great. He was turned out of the house into a cow-shed, and there left, hungry and sad. His mother brought him a dish of the favourite curry he had often longed for amid the strange meals of foreign lands but before he might eat she had a condition : " Say, I am not a Christian." He refused, and the dish was taken away.

Hungrier, and thirstier he grew, and at length, hearing a scratching outside, he found a low-caste man, a sweeper (whom, in the old days, to touch was defilement) offering him water. Now, in spite of his ingrained repugnance, he was thankful to receive it.

The next morning he heard sounds of mourning—it had been given out that he was dead, drowned in the courtyard well—therefore his girl wife was widowed. From the cow-shed he could see her being led across the courtyard in her bright clothes and jewels, then she was fallen upon, and they were torn from her, and the rest of the cruel treatment that a Hindu widow receives was dealt out to her ; while the boy husband watched, powerless to help.

That night, by the aid of the friendly sweeper, he escaped to a mission station near by ; later the poor little " widow " was also discovered, and brought to Christianity, and the husband and wife were reunited in Christian marriage.

(d) Some Facts about Confirmation

In early days the sacraments of Holy Baptism and Confirmation were very closely connected. It was the custom to administer Holy Baptism once a year on Easter Eve. The greater number of those to be baptised were adults, and after long and careful preparation a bishop would baptise them. Immediately after he would confirm the new Christians, and they would receive their first Communion on Easter Day.

As the Church spread, it became necessary to have other days besides Easter Eve for baptisms, and it was often impossible for a bishop to be present. So gradually Confirmation came to be separated from Baptism, but the priests always charged the godparents that they must bring

their children to be confirmed whenever the Bishop came within seven miles of where they lived.

Sometimes a bishop would be riding through the district, and the people, hearing of it, would bring their children, and the Bishop, dismounting, would confirm them by the roadside.

In the Russian Church the principle of linking Baptism with Confirmation remains to-day. The baby is immersed (the priest holding it in a particular way, with his hand protecting the mouth, nose, eyes and ears from the water), and after the Baptism the child is anointed with chrism (holy oil) which has been blessed by the Bishop. This corresponds to Confirmation. Lastly the child is given Communion from the Blessed Sacrament which is reserved in a special part of the church. The baby is communicated in one kind only, that of the Chalice, with a spoon, and will not receive Communion again until about the age of five.

3. THE POSSIBILITIES OF YOUTH

(a) When a Greek army had been vanquished by its foes, the enemy demanded 100 boys as hostages.

"No," said the Greeks, "we will give you instead 500 men, for we know just what they can do, but no one knows what power may be hidden in a boy."

(b) A certain famous teacher is said to have bowed to his boys before starting to teach them. "For," said he, "I do not know but that there is a great man to be among them."

(c) The following anecdote is told of President Garfield, the great American Republican leader, who was shot in 1881:

When a boy, he had to work for his living, and at one time was a teacher. On a certain day he assigned a particular task to a student who was reluctant to undertake it: said he, "I doubt whether I can do it—I do not think I am equal to it."

"Not equal to it!" exclaimed Garfield.

"No, sir," replied the youth.

"Darsie," returned Garfield, "when I get into a place that I can easily fill, I always feel like shoving out of it into one that requires of me more exertion."

It was this willingness to attack difficulties ; the spirit of adventure, and progressive life ; that inspired Garfield to become a great politician, a Senator, and, finally President of the United States.

(d) Leonardo da Vinci's Model

When Leonardo da Vinci was painting his masterpiece, "The Last Supper," he selected as the person to sit for the character of the Christ a young man, Pietri Bandinelli by name, connected with the Milan Cathedral as chorister. Years passed before the great picture was completed, and when one character only—that of Judas Iscariot—was wanting, the great painter noticed a man in the streets of Rome whom he selected as his model. With shoulders far bent towards the ground, having an expression cold, hardened, evil, saturnine, the man seemed to afford the opportunities of a model terribly true to the artist's conception of Judas.

When in the studio, the profligate began to look around, as if recalling incidents of years gone by. Finally he turned, and with a look half sad, yet one which told how hard it was to realise the change which had taken place he said :

"Maestro, I was in this studio twenty-five years ago. I then sat for Christ."

II

VOCATION

I. HOW PEOPLE HAVE FOUND AND FOLLOWED IT

(a) *S. Bernard of Clairvaux*

ABOUT the time of our Norman Kings an interesting and noble family of seven boys lived in France; one of them, Bernard, is remembered to-day, while all the rest are forgotten. He was not strong enough to be a soldier, like his brothers, and although he might have had a high position at Court, for he was clever, and his father had influence, that did not satisfy him.

Bernard's mother, Elizabeth, had taught him to love God, and to be kind to the poor, and those things seemed to him much more worth while than anything else but he could not decide just what to do with his life.

One day, as Bernard was riding on his way to visit two of his brothers (who were besieging an enemy's castle), miserable and worried because he could not make up his mind about his choice (or, "vocation," as we should call it), it seemed to him that a voice spoke in his heart; the words he heard were these: "Come to Me . . . take My yoke upon you, and you shall find rest to your soul." This surely was an answer to his questionings. He rode on a little farther and came to a church: going in, he knelt before the altar, and there found that he could pray. A feeling of great joy and great love came to him, and he offered his life to the service of the Lord Jesus, and after that he was happy and at peace.

Bernard's first idea was to share his new-found happiness with others. Soon there were thirty young men who decided with him, to give up the pleasures and honours of a worldly life, and to follow him in the work he felt called to. This was to join some monks in a monastery where all lived under

a strict rule of prayer and work for others. Very soon Bernard was made head, or abbot, of a small monastery himself; and more, and ever more men were attracted by his teaching and example, so that by the time he died (1153), at the age of sixty-three, he had founded 160 monasteries, and there were 700 monks at Clairvaux, where he started his Order. God had called him that day in the wayside church to do something worth while with his young life, and he never turned back.

(b) *The Monk in the Kitchen*

There is a little book called *The Practice of the Presence of God*, which has been printed over and over again, and read by thousands of people. The writer, Lawrence, was once a footman: in the smart livery of his time he served a rich master, riding behind his carriage, and waiting upon him at meals. But this life of fashion and luxury did not seem to Lawrence to be worth while, and one day out in the country he had a vision. He heard God speak to him, telling him to leave his rich master, and go to be God's witness in a monastery. So convinced was Lawrence that this was a call from God Himself, that he left his master, and went to a monastery, begging to be allowed to join the monks in their life of prayer and witness.

He was accepted. Instead of the smart uniform, he put on the long, coarse robe of the monk, girded with a rope round the waist, with rough sandals for his bare feet, and waited to be told how he might be a witness for God. To his disappointment he was set to work, not to preach, but to cook! Lawrence hated cooking, but having given himself to God, he was willing to serve Him anywhere, and anyhow. So he did his work in the kitchen as well as it could possibly be done, quite sure that our Lord was with him all the time. Then, as he washed his pots and pans and cleaned his vegetables, he would talk in his heart to his God, and some of the thoughts that came to him are written down for all time in the little book that tells us how in his kitchen Brother Lawrence practised the presence of God.

(c) Henry Martyn's Vocation

Long ago, when English people began to discover the riches of India, the East India Company was formed to trade with that great country, and many merchants became rich, often at the expense of the natives. Indeed, the welfare of the people of India does not seem to have concerned anyone, until, at the end of the eighteenth century, one of the Company's chaplains, the Rev. David Brown, felt, and tried to make others feel, our responsibility for those natives with whose work the Company traded. He appealed to England for volunteer missionaries, but for months no answer came: no one seemed to care.

However, towards the end of that century (in 1781) a boy was born in Truro (Cornwall) who came to care very much. Henry Martyn's father was an important man, and able to give his son a good education of which he made the most, carrying all before him at Cambridge, where he was Senior Wrangler, and at twenty-one, a Fellow, with the prospect of a great university career.

Another voice, however, called him. Charles Simeon, the Christian reformer, so influenced Martyn that he gave up the formalism of nineteenth-century religion, and his scholarly career, to become Simeon's curate. In 1803 he was ordained, and joined his zealous vicar in visiting the slums of his parish and trying to bring the Church and its teaching and help to the "great unwashed." It was when doing this that Martyn, whose imagination had been fired by reading of some valiant missionary work among the North American Indians, heard of David Brown's appeal for missionaries for India.

Here was his call: all obstacles (and they were many) were surmounted; although deeply in love with a fine woman, Lydia Grenfell, he gave up all prospects of marriage, and in 1805 Martyn sailed as a chaplain of the East India Company to India, to be the first Anglican missionary of modern times.

In those days it was a nine months' journey, round South America and Africa. On the ship many members of the crew were natives of India, and Martyn seized the opportunity

of talking with them, and so enlarging his knowledge of their languages which he was studying. Arrived at Calcutta, he was therefore soon able to preach to the natives, but his ambition was that they should have the New Testament in their own languages. With the help of some Englishmen and natives, the Hindustani New Testament was ready for the press by 1810. But this would only reach some of the Indian peoples : Persian and Arabic were as widely used as Hindustani, and Martyn next set to work to make translations into these languages.

To make this translation the more perfect he must go to Persia : a difficult adventure in those days, and Martyn was not a strong man : consumption was already threatening him. However, dressed in native robes, he travelled the weary miles by mule, and spent a year in Persia correcting his translation, and then, with the help of Persian scholars, had beautiful copies made to present to the Shah, for if books of this kind were known to be approved by the Shah, their popularity was secure.

This presentation was, however, a complicated affair that must be carried out through the British Ambassador. Martyn's illness was increasing, but he managed to reach the Ambassador, and entrusted to him the precious books. By him they were presented to the Shah, who was graciously pleased to give them his recommendation.

Henry Martyn's one desire now was to carry home his work to Cambridge, and there to have it printed. He set out once more, a very sick man, on the long journey of 1,500 miles, with guides and servants. Day after day they rode, through the desperate heat, with only a few hours' rest at night, for the guide was anxious to be at the end of his journey, and had no pity for the sick man.

But Martyn got no farther than Tokat, in Asia Minor : then, probably in some Eastern *khan*, the exhausted traveller died. But his work lived. His servant delivered the precious manuscript in Constantinople, and Martyn's vocation to spread the Gospel in India was fulfilled by the printed New Testament which was the fruit of his labours.

(d) The Melanesian Brotherhood

Ini Kopuria was a very ordinary kind of boy in a Melanesian mission school. He was small, narrow-chested, not good-looking, nor even particularly clever, but he was keen and interested in everything that went on. None of his companions imagined that he could possibly become a leader of men, but he did, as we shall see.

When Ini left school he joined the native constabulary, got on well, and was made a corporal, but the life did not satisfy him. "Is this life God's will for me?" he questioned. Then sickness came, and as he lay ill in hospital a new way of life took shape in his mind; he would give all he had, and all he was, to God, and to the work of His Kingdom. Here is part of a letter he wrote to Bishop Steward of Melanesia at the time:

"God has called me . . . He has reminded me that my life is His, and He can do as He wishes with His own. So I made this promise to God . . . 'I will be, through all my days, the servant of Thy Kingdom on earth among the heathen.' . . . Soon after I promised also to remain unmarried till death. All I possess shall be the property of Christ, all my substance shall go to feed the flock of Christ. . . . Again I sat and thought, 'How shall I begin to labour in God's Kingdom?' I thought of the Kingdom of God as a garden. There is only one Garden, and only one Lord of the Garden, but in the Garden are many workers wanted. And I thought in my heart, I need fellow-workers to help me; it is too hard for me alone."

The Bishop encouraged Ini. A time of quiet study followed under a veteran missionary at Siota College; and Ini set to work to clear a piece of ground which was his own property, to be the site of the headquarters for the company of workers he hoped to enlist.

Then came the moment—S. Simon and S. Jude's day in 1925—when he took, in the Bishop's presence, lifelong vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. We have his prayer at the time: "Strengthen me that I may be firm, be peaceable, be faithful all my days until death—Thou Who

livest and reignest Three in One God, world without end. Amen."

Next he set to work to find helpers, and by Whitsuntide 1926 six other young native men were solemnly admitted Brothers by the Bishop. Their vows (unlike Ini's, which were life-long) were to be renewed annually, but their work, like his, was to travel about, telling the good news of Christianity where it was as yet unknown, to receive no pay, and not to marry while remaining in the Brotherhood.

Years passed, and the little Brotherhood grew, a training-school for postulants was built upon the plot of ground cleared by Ini, and ten years after Ini took his vows there were ninety-two Brothers. Ini himself was made a deacon in 1933, and he and his companions are working not only in his own island of Guadalcanal, but in other islands of the Solomon group; and also in the New Hebrides, the Santa Cruz Group, and even in Fiji.

Great things often grow from small beginnings: to what will this first Melanesian Brotherhood develop? We have seen that, under God's guidance, its small beginning was one ordinary South Sea Island boy.

[*The Melanesian Brotherhood*, F. E. Coombe.]

(e) *How Vocation Came to a Carpenter*

There was a keen little boy in a big artisan parish in the English Midlands. He loved his church, and, starting as a tiny boat-boy, went on to become an altar-server, thurifer, sidesman and deputy-warden. He progressed in the same way at his trade, and after serving his apprenticeship as a carpenter and joiner, rose to become a master-man in one of the leading contractor's businesses in his native city.

One day in 1927 his parish priest lent him a sermon by Dr. Liddon. The young carpenter was so interested that he wanted to read more, and before long had purchased, from secondhand booksellers, all the published volumes of the great doctor's sermons, and also borrowed copies of the biographies of other leaders of the Oxford Movement to read in his evening spare time. He begged, and obtained, a photograph of Dr. Liddon, which he hung up in his bedroom as an inspiration for his daily work.

But his desire to serve God in a wider sphere grew, and guidance as to vocation was regularly sought each week at an early Mass. Within two years he offered his life to an overseas mission as a carpenter and builder, with the far-off dream of perhaps becoming a priest, if God and the mission should deem well of such an ambition.

"After reading Dr. Liddon's message," he said, "I feel that I must go and tell others who have no message at all."

A few days after he had been accepted for work abroad, the offer came of a secular job, from a contractor, of £600 a year, only to be declined without a moment's hesitation; and within a month or two the young carpenter went forth to fulfil his vocation in a far distant corner of God's Kingdom.

(f) *Sermons that Directed Lives*

When a boy at Eton, Coleridge Patteson (afterwards Bishop) heard Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand preach, and this was the cause of his life devotion to Melanesia, where he was martyred in 1871.

When a girl of twenty-one, Cecile Isherwood heard Bishop Webb of Grahamstown, South Africa, preach on the text, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." This went home to her. She offered herself for work in his diocese, and became foundress of the Community of the Resurrection of our Lord there. As "Mother Cecile" she worked, spending her life for the cause; raised over £5,000 for a training college for teachers; and perhaps did more than any one Englishwoman for the Church in South Africa. She died at the early age of forty-four.

(g) *Christian Adventurers*

Bishop Stone-Wigg, who did wonderful work among the savage Papuans of New Guinea, made a famous appeal to the Australian Church for workers, to share his arduous task.

He asked them to join him in a sphere that offered no worldly advantages; this company of brethren would be small, their wages sufficient only for necessities; their holidays could not be guaranteed; the climate was bad, and

there were no doctors; loneliness, too, was almost a certain condition of life.

These were the inducements; and he obtained his men and women. The spirit of adventure is the spirit of Christianity.

2. EVERY CHRISTIAN HAS ONE

(a) *The Duty of Sharing our Religion*

1. A holy man returned to his native village after making, the long and arduous pilgrimage to the Ganges. He walked bearing aloft the brass bowl in which he had brought home some of the sacred water. A poor beggar man watching him, knelt and begged a drop of the water that all Hindoos consider washes away sin. At first the holy man ignored him, but when he persisted, turned, and cursed him. Then said the beggar, "He has washed his body in the Ganges but his heart is not washed"—and his faith in his ancient religion was broken.

We hold aloft the efficacy of Jesus' blood: if we ignore the claims and pleas of those who have it not, has it washed our hearts?

2. Said a young man to his Rector, "A number of us have been discussing what will become of the heathen if we do not send the Gospel to them; what is your opinion?"

The Rector answered: "What concerns you most, is not so much what will become of the heathen, as what will become of *you*, if you do not send the Gospel to them!"

(b) *Powers Neglected Disappear*

A magnet, made of the best steel, hardened and tempered in the right way, will hold its magnetism as long as it is kept at work. The holding of the armature or keeper, joining the two poles, is sufficient for the preservation of the power. Such a magnet can be used to magnetise an indefinite number of other pieces of iron or steel. But remove the Keeper, hang up the magnet where it has no opportunity to draw and hold other pieces of iron, and the steel will return to its

natural condition. To keep its power it must use its power. The very life of the magnet depends upon work. Activity is the law of all life; and inactivity is the prelude of death.

(c) *Everybody an Evangelist*

You are writing a gospel, a chapter each day,
By deeds that you do and words that you say,
Men read what you write, whether faithless or true,
Say, what is the Gospel according to you?

(Anon.)

(d) *God's Plan*

God has a plan for His world. Each of us has a part in that plan. To find out what that part is, and, in His power, to carry it out, is our vocation, and the secret of a happy life.
[Part of the message of the Oxford Group.]

III

HOLY ORDERS

(a) *Christ's Representatives*

There is a legend, which, told with all reverence, carries within it a great truth.

Our Lord's life on earth is over, and He has returned to the heavenly places. Michael, the Archangel, stands at the gate, and questions Him.

"Is Thy work on earth, as a Man, then finished?"

"It is," replies the Lord.

"But who is to carry it on, for as yet so few know of Thy divine purpose for all the world?"

"I have left my Apostles—Peter, John, and the rest, they are to carry on My work, and those whom they teach will continue it."

"But suppose they forget, or prove faithless, what then?"

The Lord answers calmly and confidently:

"I have no other plan; I am trusting to them."

(b) *King Prempeh's Wish Fulfilled*

Nana Prempeh was a pagan king of Ashanti, addicted to human sacrifices. His kingdom was conquered by a British expedition in 1896, and Prempeh was exiled to the Seychelles

Islands. During the twenty-eight years he spent there he was brought to the Christian faith and baptised.

When the Bishop confirmed him, and gave him his first communion, the King said to him: "I give you my son; make him a priest, and when he is ordained, send him to convert his own people."

At last, in 1924, Prempeh was allowed to return to the Gold Coast, and two years later, to the great joy of his people, he was appointed paramount chief of Kumasi. The fact that he also filled the post of churchwarden shows his keen churchmanship.

In March 1928 his great wish was fulfilled, and his son, John, who had remained in the Seychelles, was ordained priest by the Bishop of Mauritius. A year or two later he rejoined his father to work in Ashanti among his own people.

Ordination unites Enemies

In S. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem, in 1934, at an ordination service, a Jew and an Arab, racially never the best of friends, were made deacons. Standing side by side, using the same prayer book, they were commissioned to work for the extension of the same Kingdom.

All Sorts and Conditions of Priests

Men of all kinds of nationality and colour are being trained for Holy Orders in Theological Colleges great and small all over the world. Perhaps the smallest is S. Paul's College on Moa Island in the Torres Strait, in the diocese of Carpentaria, North Australia. Here aboriginal islanders are trained for the priesthood. In New Guinea, at S. Aidan's College at Dogura, native Papuans are trained, and minister to their own people. At the Theological College on the island of Mauritius at one time (March, 1928) an Indian, a Creole and a West African were all ordained priests. In the diocese of Mombasa men from as many as six different tribes at a time are prepared for ordination.

Of 600 Anglican clergy in Africa, 400 are African. In the diocese of Melanesia, there are twenty-two European, but fifty Melanesian clergy. In India and Burma hardly a quarter of the clergy are European.

IV

OTHER SACRAMENTS

I. THE BLESSING OF ABSOLUTION

(a) *A Parable*

It is said that when the fishermen toiling on the banks of Newfoundland find the masts and rigging so encumbered with ice that the ship's effectiveness seems half lost, they head for the Gulf Stream, which is but a few score of miles away, and then, after a few hours, every trace of winter disappears, and the ship is herself again shaking out her sails to the wind like a bird that feels the touch of summer on her wings.

(b) *A Costly Absolution*

A man lay dying on the battle-field, and asked for a priest. The doctor could not find one: but a wounded man, lying near, heard the request, and said, "I am a priest." The doctor turned to the speaker and saw his condition, which was as bad as that of the other: "It will kill you to move," said he. But the priest replied, "The life of a man's soul is worth more than a few hours of my life," and crawled to the dying soldier. He heard his confession, gave him absolution, and the two died hand in hand.

(c) *Happiness Restored*

At a mission service, the priest discovered a little girl in tears: asking the cause, he was told that she had taken a penny from her father's till, and felt unhappy ever since.

"Have you put it back?" asked the priest.

"Yes," said the child, "many times."

"Have you asked God to forgive you?" he next asked, and together they knelt to do this.

But she was still unhappy.

"Have you told your father?" questioned the priest; and when the child said "no, she was afraid," they knelt again asking that she might be brave to tell him.

The next night she came back.

"Have you told him?" asked the priest.

"Yes" said she.

"And what did he do?"

"He kissed me," replied the child, all unhappiness gone.

2. HOLY UNCTION

(a) *The Church uses Consecrated Oil for Healing*

Tertullian (A.D. 211), in a letter to the Proconsul of Africa, in which he pleads with that official to cease persecuting the Christians, mentions that many of the heathen, and even some of those who were accusing the Christians, themselves had benefited by their healing powers. "For the clerk of one of them, who was liable to be thrown upon the ground by an evil spirit, was set free from his affliction, as was also the relative of another, and the little boy of a third. And how many men of rank (to say nothing of common people) have been delivered from dæmons and healed of diseases?"

Most notable of all was the Emperor Severus himself, who had been cured by a certain Christian steward, Proculus Torpacion, and the means he used, we are specially told, was "by anointing."

Of S. Hilarion, who introduced monasticism into Palestine, and died about 371, S. Jerome wrote, "But lo! that parched and sandy district, after the rain had fallen, unexpectedly produced such vast numbers of serpents and poisonous animals that many, who were bitten, would have died at once, had they not run to Hilarion. He therefore blessed some oil, with which all the husbandmen and shepherds touched their wounds, and found an infallible cure."

A girl, who had apparently always been dumb, was brought to S. Martin, Bishop of Tours (c. 395). We are told what happened by an eye-witness: "He then blesses a little oil, with a formula of exorcism, and, holding the tongue of the girl with his fingers, he poured the conse-

crated liquid into her mouth. Nor did the result of the power thus exerted disappoint the holy man. He asks her the name of her father, and she instantly replied. The father cries out, with a mixture of joy and tears, and embraces the knees of Martin; and while all around are amazed, he confessed that then for the first time he had heard the voice of his daughter."

S. Germain was Bishop of Auxerre from 418 to 448. At one time there was a terrible plague, to stay which the physicians were powerless. Then the Bishop blessed some oil, and anointed the swollen jaws of those who were sick, whereat they recovered.

S. Geneviève of Paris, who died about 502, and around whose holy life many beautiful stories have gathered, used to heal the sick with oil which had been consecrated by the Bishop. (See p. 145.)

Bede in his life of S. Cuthbert (687) records that a sister of Ethelwald "at that time attendant on the man of God, but now abbot of the monastery of Melrose," had been "during a whole year troubled with an intolerable pain in the head and side, which the physicians utterly despaired of curing." Cuthbert, "in pity, anointed the wretched woman with oil. From that time she began to get better, and was well in a few days."

[Quoted from *Body and Soul*, Dr. Percy Dearmer.]

(b) *The Church Healing down the Centuries*

The lives of the saints in every century have contained, scattered here and there like flowers in a cornfield, stories of healing of disease and restoration to health. The means employed have varied, and have included any or all of the following: prayer; the laying on of hands; making the sign of the cross; and the use of consecrated oil.

In his book *Body and Soul*, the late Canon Percy Dearmer gives a representative list of holy men and women, with stories of some of their works of healing, from the time of Bede to the present century. It is given here:

S. John of Beverley, c. 721.

S. Bernard, 1091-1153.

S. Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226.
S. Thomas of Hereford, c. 1282.
S. Catherine of Siena, 1347-1380.
Martin Luther, 1483-1546.
S. Francis Xavier, 1506-1552.
S. Philip Neri, 1515-1595.
Pascal's Niece, 1646.
George Fox, 1624-1691.
John Wesley, 1703-1791.
Prince Hohenlohe, 1794-1849.
Father Mathew, 1790-1856.
Dorothea Trüdel, 1813-1862.
Pastor Blumhardt, 1805-1830.
Father John of Cronstadt, 1829-1908.

There is not space to re-tell the stores here ; they include a man whose skull was cracked by being thrown from horse-back ; a man bed-ridden and unable to help himself for months ; cripples ; blind folk ; epileptics ; sufferers from the plague ; a man poisoned by a venomous snake ; a woman suffering with cancer in the breast ; Pope Clement VIII, who had gout ; paralytics ; the Princess Matilda of Schwartzenberg, who had been lame from her eighth to her seventeenth year ; a girl who had been dumb from her eleventh to her eighteenth year ; lunacy ; inflammation of the lungs ; and two children seriously ill with diphtheria, in Moscow, in 1889, definite improvement showing five hours before the operation of tracheotomy was to take place.

In all these cases, and numerous others of which interesting and reliable details are given, recovery followed : in some instances the healer was not even present, but offered prayers (sometimes accompanied by the offering of the Eucharist) at a distance, for the sufferer. In many cases we read of the co-operation of the surgeon or physician, but in most, the cure seems to have been considered by them hopeless.

(c) Holy Unction To-day

Many priests to-day are re-discovering the blessings for their people which the sacrament of Holy Unction holds.

Here are instances of sick folk seeking and finding that blessing.

A certain woman who had undergone two serious operations was making little headway in her recovery, and it was the doctor's wish that his patient should seek spiritual help. He himself also wished to be present at the Anointing, which duly took place. The very same evening the patient took a turn for the better, and made rapid progress towards recovery.

A child of six was discharged from the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children as having an incurable disease of the liver. The little fellow had a very simple but real faith in the power of Jesus, and his father and mother agreed that divine healing should be sought. A band of intercessors was gathered to hold up the sick child, and on a certain day he was brought to church for Holy Unction.

Kneeling at the altar rails, with his father and mother on either side, the little boy was anointed, and got better. Eight years later the priest who had ministered to him saw the boy, and he had grown to be a sturdy lad, earning his own living.

There was a little girl of about seven or eight years of age, whose eyes were all wrong: the lens would not work, and she could not focus her sight. The only letters she could distinguish were inches long, the kind with which animals do tricks. It seemed hopeless for her to try to learn in the usual way, so it was decided she should be treated as a blind child, and go to a blind school, where her eyes would be bandaged, and she would learn to do without sight.

Before, however, she went to the school, she was anointed; and her future, which seemed so dark, changed. After five or six months in the blind school, the child was discharged; it was unnecessary for her to stay any longer, her sight was so improved. About a year afterwards she was going about with spectacles, but able to lead a normal life with other children.

[Related, out of a wide experience, by the
Rev. E. H. Cobb, of Crowhurst.]

3. HOLY MATRIMONY

(a) *An Indian Wife's Devotion*

An Indian Christian developed leprosy, and was taken into the Leper Hospital at Allahabad. It was arranged that his wife should live with the untainted children, for whom a special home is provided, in connection with the hospital. But after a short time she came to the Superintendent's wife, and flung herself at her feet bursting into tears.

"I cannot bear this separation. When we were married did I not promise for better or worse, for sickness or health? Let me be with him now!"

When the husband was consulted, he exclaimed that he could not bear to think of his beautiful wife running the risk of infection. It was eventually arranged that she should visit him daily, observing all possible precautions, but cooking all his food, and that she should be summoned immediately in case of sudden need. She was with him when he died.

The Superintendent's wife remarked, "I could not help contrasting this Christian Indian woman with many at home, who think so little of their marriage vows."

(b) *How the Law was Changed in Uganda*

In spite of the rapid spread of Christianity in Uganda, previously to 1931 some of the old pagan laws about marriage persisted, and it is largely the native women's influence that is changing them.

When polygamy prevailed, and a chief died, the inheritance passed by common consent to his eldest son, but when Christian marriage came to be practised, only the sons of such marriage were legitimate. This led to difficulties; for instance, in 1927, an African chief died leaving a legitimate son by a Christian wife, and a son by another marriage. Although the Native Parliament favoured the claim of the legitimate son, the King of Uganda, who has the decisive vote, appointed the bastard to be the heir.

The women were so distressed at this that they prevailed

upon the King to promise to reverse his judgement should such another case occur.

It did, in 1931, but again the King, basing his decision on the existing law, appointed the elder, but illegitimate, son heir, in place of the dead chief's son by his Christian wife.

Then the members of the Mothers' Union took counsel; they chose three of their members to speak, for the first time in its history, in the Native Parliament. This they did, clearly and logically, on the importance of the Christian law of marriage and the national influence of Christian homes.

They then approached the Bishop, Dr. Willis, who consulted with the Roman Catholic Bishop, and both called their respective chiefs together and spoke to them on the subject.

As a result, five days later a special meeting of the Parliament was held, attended by the King and all the country chiefs. The question was reconsidered, and the following resolution passed unanimously: "That in future, when a man dies intestate, the eldest son of his legitimate wife shall be the heir."

[From an account by Mrs. Willis, wife of the Bishop.]

V

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

I. SOME NOTEWORTHY INCIDENTS

(a) *The Work of the Monasteries*

IT was the Benedictines who drained the marshes, felled the forests, and made a garden of many a dreary waste, and their example gradually taught its lesson to rude races who loved the excitement of the chase and war, but scorned the drudgery of common labour. And in their libraries they preserved the literary treasures of the world, while they wrote out the history that was being made around them. Certainly it would be true to say that at the time Tewkesbury Abbey was being founded there were no more useful members of society than the Benedictine Monks.

[The Archbishop of Canterbury, when commemorating the eight-hundredth anniversary of Tewkesbury Abbey, 1923.]

(b) *The Travellers' Monks*

Some of the followers of S. Bernard, who had caught his spirit of helping people, decided to leave the comforts, and beautiful churches of Italy, where they loved to worship, to settle upon the top of a great mountain pass which is now known by the Saint's name. They went there because they had heard how travellers often lost themselves on these snow-covered mountains; and were sometimes buried in the snow and died of cold. They determined therefore to live near at hand in order to rescue these poor wanderers. They trained dogs to help them in their work. These dogs were sent out in pairs: one had a flask of brandy round his neck, the other a warm cloak strapped to him.

These wonderful dogs knew what their work was. If they found a stranger, they led him to the monastery: if, by their sense of smell, they traced one buried in the snow, they would scratch away the snow and uncover him, and then

bark till the sound reached the listening monks, who would then follow the sound, and come to the rescue of the traveller.

One S. Bernard dog saved twenty-two lives, and it would be impossible to say how many storm-pressed travellers have thanked God for putting it into the hearts of the monks of S. Bernard to build their mountain hospice and to train their faithful dogs.

(c) The Best Method

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII, when he was executed for his religious convictions, was canonised a "saint" by the Roman Church four hundred years later. He was a man of prayer, and the following incident illustrates his character.

His favourite daughter, Margaret, had married a man named Roper, who became "bitter with Lutheran doctrines." This greatly distressed his father-in-law, who did his best to persuade Roper to return to the faith of the Catholic Church. He used all his eloquence and learning with great diligence and patience, but all More's reasoning did not "call him home again."

"Therefore, Meg," said he to his daughter, "I will no longer dispute with him, nor yet will I give him over, but I will go another way to work, and get me to God and pray for him."

(d) In Journeyings Often

The story of a missionary pioneer, Bishop Bompas (who spent sixty-five years in the frozen north of Canada), is a good example of the hardships that devoted priests gladly undergo. During the long winter months, when the nights lasts for weeks, deep snow covers the ground, and a temperature of 40 degrees below zero is not uncommon, and the rivers are frozen from September to May, travel in his time could only be accomplished with much risk and discomfort, by means of sleighs.

Once wishing to reach a new tribe of Indians 300 miles away, Bompas set off with his dog team and attendant Indians. Going was bad from the start, fresh snow had hidden the trail, the dogs' feet were cut and bleeding from the

sharp ice, but on they went, Bompas first with snow-shoes : each night they camped, lit a fire, cooked a meagre supper and fed the dogs ; then the white padre led a few simple devotions and, serene and confident, rolled up in a blanket, all slept till midnight, when another long day's march began. But food supplies ran short owing to the trail being lost, and the tired, starving men looked to their leader : what were they to do ? Drawing the girdle tighter round his waist, with a smile of trust he pointed forward, and on they went, arriving at length exhausted but triumphant. Again and again this kind of journey was repeated, and recorded thus : "By God's help, we arrived safely."

On another occasion a little Indian girl strayed from her camp in the depth of winter. When she did not return, Bompas—everybody's friend—was told. "We must go after the child at once," said he, and led the way. Through the piercing north-east wind which cut their faces : on through the tangled brushwood and icy streams for ten miles they tramped. At last a faint column of smoke was seen, and there by a deserted wigwam Jennie was found, famished and half-frozen. Then we have a picture of the tall Bishop carrying her tenderly back to her people ; but for days he suffered from the cramp of that forced exposure.

At another time he was led by an Indian boy for three days, twenty-five miles a day, quite snow blind, but perfectly happy.

During his long ministry among these primitive people Bompas only came home to England once. That was in 1874, when he was recalled to be made Bishop of the vast region of a million miles of ice and snow called Athabasca.

It is interesting to note that the present Bishop of the Arctic, Dr. Fleming, is able to cover the enormous distances of the regions where Bishop Bompas laboured in comparative comfort and shortness of time by means of an aeroplane.

(e) *A Missionary Bishop—"Jack of all Trades"*

Bishop Bompas is also an example of how a missionary priest turns his hand to all kinds of different work for his spiritual children.

Although no doctor, Bompas visited and tended the sick

ones among his flock, and even dared, with his pocket-knife, to perform necessary operations, once cutting off a man's diseased leg (sucessfully) with a saw! At another time he set a little boy's broken leg, and as there was difficulty in keeping the little fellow quiet, slept in his room every night.

Sometimes Bompas lived with the Eskimo in their snow huts, following with them on the trail, and camping in summer in their primitive tents. Living thus with the Eskimo and Indians he learnt their language and dialects, into seven of which he translated the Gospel of S. Mark and other portions of Scripture.

Bompas also formed little mission schools, where he taught the children himself with infinite patience, for, said he, they were "slow learners."

When he died—a very old man—among his beloved Indians, the many sides of his work for them had won their love, and Indians dug his grave and helped to build a church to his memory.

(f) *Christianity Changes Things*

A white trader was being entertained to breakfast by a native of one of the South Sea Islands. The white man was a freethinker, and when the talk presently turned to Christian missionary work, he remarked, that he would like to know what good Christianity had done the islanders. The reply was surprising: the native would not record the good Christianity had brought to his own people, "but," said he, pointing to the pot where the meal was boiling, "it has done some good to you: if it were not for Christianity you would be in there!"

(g) *A Kind Act is the Best Argument for Christianity*

1. When Robert and Mary Moffat were starting their missionary work in Africa (about 1830), a desperate-looking Bechuana stole the calves on which the supply of milk for the babies depended. The man and his companion were caught, but not shot, and one of them escaped. The other, brutalised by hunger, was brought to Robert, who, to the native's surprise, gave him food, before having him whipped, as a punishment. But this extraordinary conduct so attracted

the man that he later returned to the Moffats' home ; he was given work, and eventually became a Christian, whose life was an inspiration to others.

2. An Indian carrier of very low caste was going along with a heavy load, when one of his shoes stuck in the mud of the road and came off. A group of high-caste Indians watched with amusement the poor man's efforts to recover his shoe without dropping his burden.

A missionary happened to come along the street, and stooped down, picked the shoe out of the mud, and replaced it on its owner's foot. The incident made a great impression upon one of the Indian gentlemen.

He would not have touched that man with the tip of his finger ! He began to inquire about the Christ Whose servant had so humbled himself and the end of his inquiries was that he too became a follower of the Master Who "humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

(h) British Orderlies win a Brahmin

The Bishop of Lahore reported the following incident after the great Quetta earthquake of 1935. Among the victims of that terrible event was a certain Brahmin clerk, who had been rescued by the soldiers and brought into hospital. There the way the orderlies looked after and cared for him so impressed the Brahmin that after a while he sent for the chaplain, and insisted on being baptised, because, he said, he knew now that the Christian faith was true : since he was rescued by the soldiers and looked after by British orderlies he had received such tenderness and kindness as before he did not know could exist.

(i) Risking Sleeping Sickness

Some years ago, at the beginning of this century, when missionary work in Uganda was in its infancy, sleeping sickness was spreading rapidly, and especially on the islands on the Victoria Nyanza, where the people were dying in great numbers.

A Muganda woman, Lakeri, who had become a Christian, knowing very little herself, but loving her Lord, offered,

with another woman, to go to the islands which this scourge was devastating, and teach the people. She went and remained there some time, working amongst them, but was called back to her mission station for a native women's conference. When this was over Lakeri was asked whether she was willing to return to the islands. "*I must,*" was her reply, and she went back and remained for some years faithfully doing what she could for those smitten islanders, until she contracted the disease herself.

Lakeri was then brought in to Mengo Hospital (there being no fear for the other patients, as the disease is carried by a special kind of fly), where, as long as she was well enough, Lakeri helped and taught her fellow-patients. As the disease increased, and when she was near her end, she gave this beautiful answer to one who asked about her faith: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and although my body is down here, my heart is *up there*."

This is the true story of a very simple African woman deliberately giving her life for others, as Fr. Damien had done in his day.

(j) *Risking Leprosy*

A missionary in her visiting in Uganda (about the year 1900) came across a case of a woman eaten up with leprosy, a very terrible sight. After a talk the poor leper consented to be taught about Christianity, but as she was too far from the mission station to come in for instruction, two native Christian women offered to go out and teach her twice a week. The poor woman was a repulsive sight, but these two teachers persevered in going to see her, and when they could no longer do so, two others offered to take their place, until the woman had the joy of being baptised. For such as her, and the brave Baganda who taught her, the Church give thanks.

(k) *Kagawa, the Christian Leader of Japan*

One of the greatest reformers of modern times is a half-blind consumptive Japanese, Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, who was born in Tokyo in 1888. Although his father held a high position in the Diplomatic Service, he was a spendthrift, and the delicate boy's childhood was poor and miserable, till a

rich uncle took a fancy to him, and sent him to a good boarding-school, and was prepared to make him his heir.

But at this school the whole direction of Kagawa's life was changed. Through an American, whose English classes Kagawa attended, he became convinced of the truth of Christianity and soon made his choice. Determined to devote his life to the study and spreading of the good news of Christ's Gospel, he gave up the rich uncle's offered career at the Imperial University, which decision led to Kagawa being disinherited, and turned out into the world, penniless.

The American friend, however, helped him to enter a Christian college at Kobe, where Kagawa at once began to put his Christianity into practice. To love one's neighbour as oneself meant for him sharing his daily rice, clothes, and even his mat-bed in college with the lowest of the down and outs. But Kagawa never finished his course there. Consumption attacked the delicate youth, and before he was twenty he lay apparently dying in a miserable hut by the sea-shore where he had been sent as his last chance of combating the dread disease.

But Kagawa did not die. His sense of the need of his Japan for Christ's gospel of love helped him to fight and win the battle for life, and he returned to the horrible slums of Kobe, determined to put his theories into practice.

With a small money grant from the college he rented a tiny hut 6 feet by 6 feet in the slum district called Shinkawa, and this he shared with those in deepest need: a sick beggar; an old criminal, and a down-and-out unemployed man were his first guests. And many others followed, sometimes as many as ten sharing the tiny hut. By chimney-sweeping Kagawa managed to earn enough money to buy rice for himself and his strange companions. Gradually his plans grew: he taught the hooligan boys, tended the sick, encouraged the hopeless, and preached the Christian gospel of love by the wayside; but it was his life more than his words that won people.

And at night, in the little hut, when his companions had fallen asleep around him, Kagawa got out his books and continued his studies, for his dream was to transform those terrible Kobe slums, and he must find out how others were

tackling such problems. Here is a picture of the kind of thing he was up against:—

The Japanese workers in those days were herded together in airless, sunless blocks; nine people perhaps in one room 6 feet square. The women earned a pittance of sixpence a day; more than half of the babies died before they were a year old; typhus, cholera and other epidemics ravaged the unhealthy place; and ex-criminals, beggars and unemployed all helped to make the problems of the slum more difficult.

For sixteen years Kagawa lived and worked there. He caught a terrible eye disease from a beggar who once shared his mat-bed, and ever after he was half blind. But on and on he worked. The authorities began to hear of him, and looked on him with suspicion, as he tried to win justice and decent conditions of life and work for the slum-dwellers. After a clash between the workers and police he was thrown into prison, in 1921, for holding forbidden meetings, though Kagawa never allowed violence in his followers. After thirteen days he was released amidst rejoicing crowds, and gradually his influence and advice began to be felt and followed, and the police even sent youths to his meetings and encouraged them to join his Christian societies. Then municipal authorities took vigorous steps in slum-clearance, settlements for the workers were founded, new industries were started, and play-rooms opened for the babies while their mothers were at work. And when, in 1923, the great earthquake shook Japan, and Tokyo lay in ruins, it was to Kagawa that the Government turned to superintend the relief work.

The question will be asked: How does Kagawa get the money for all his undertakings? Much of it comes from the sale of his own books. When only twenty, and dying of consumption, he wrote his first novel on scraps of wrapping papers, edges of newspapers, labels and wrappers—for he was too poor to buy writing paper—and a travelling journalist discovered it and got it printed. This book had an enormous sale, and so have his other writings, which include children's books, novels, translations and essays, as well as religious books. Altogether Kagawa has published forty; one novel, called *A Grain of Wheat*,

published in 1931, sold at the rate of five to six hundred copies a day. The profits from these writings have been entirely devoted to the settlement work in the slums, and co-operative schemes for helping workers both in the towns and on the land to be self-supporting, and to lead fuller lives.

Much of Kagawa's writing has to be dictated, perhaps from his sick bed where with bandaged eyes he is fighting one of his bouts of illness. At other times he wears a working-man's blue cotton shirt, costing only seven and sixpence, and leads the simplest of lives, continuing to share with the less fortunate, all he possesses.

The title of one of Kagawa's books sums up his message: *Love the Law of Life*. He has learnt this lesson from the Gospel of Christ, and his work is both teaching and proving its truth.

Once, when a journalist came to the Shinkawa slum seeking information, he was told he must talk to Kagawa.

"Who is he?" he questioned.

A cripple boy whom Kagawa had befriended spoke up, "He is the one who serves."

Of himself Dr. Kagawa says, "I belong to God first, and then I belong to Japan."

Note.—In order to study social conditions, Kagawa travelled widely. He was three years at Princetown University in America, where he received the degree of Doctor of Theology.

[From *Kagawa*, by Margaret Baumann, and other sources.]

(1) *Intelligent Giving*

The story is told of a boy who gave five cents towards a great fund which Bishop McCabe was raising at one time. As the Bishop was to speak in their city on a given day, the boy said to his mother, "I must go and hear Bishop McCabe, I gave him 5 cents, and I want to know what he did with it."

2. IN TROUBLE

(a) *The Refiner*

A devoted Christian woman (Lucy Wilson) was lying ill in a nursing home in April 1915. She had just had an operation, and was about, on the morrow, to have another which would make her right arm useless for a while. Lying thus, she wrote in pencil to encourage a friend who was going through one anxious time after another :

"Some years ago I was visiting a sick man who had been a refiner in some works in Birmingham. He told me that when the precious metal is in the fire a refiner sits where, shielded from the heat, he can see the metal. As soon as it is perfectly still, and he can see his face in it, he raises his hand as a signal to workmen watching him, and instantly the metal is withdrawn, not left a moment too long.

"This has often come back to me as a comfort, when connected with Malachi iii. 3—'God the Refiner.'"

(b) *A Bishop's Insight*

A wish of the saintly Bishop Westcott of Durham has been passed down to us by his son, the Metropolitan of India. On a certain occasion the Bishop gave this greeting to one of his sons : "The best thing I can wish you is a life full of troubles."

(c) *How to Drown Trouble*

(*A Russian Story*)

Martin was an old Russian cobbler who had seen better days. His wife had died, and all his children also, save one little three-year-old son, who was everything to his father. Together they lived in a poor lodging, and Martin cobbled shoes for a living, looking forward to the day when little Kapitón should grow up and help him. But just as he was old enough to be a companion, the boy fell ill with a burning fever and died. Martin buried his son and gave way to despair, murmuring against God, and praying that he, too,

might die. So bitter was he that he gave up going to church, reproaching God for having taken away the son he loved.

One day a saintly old pilgrim called, to whom Martin confided his sorrow.

"I am now quite without hope in this world," said Martin ; "all I ask is that I, too, may soon die."

The old man replied, "You have no right to say such things. What God decides must be best. As to your despair, that comes because you wish to live for your own happiness."

"What else should one live for ?" asked Martin.

"For God, Martin," said the old man. "He gives you life, and you must live for Him, then you will grieve no more, and all will seem easy to you."

Thoughtfully Martin asked, "But how is one to live for God ?"

The old man asked if Martin could read. "Then buy the Gospels," said he, "and read them. There you will see how Christ has shown us God would have us live."

These words sank deep into Martin's heart. He bought a Testament and read it every night when his work was done. The more he read the more clearly he understood what God wanted of him, and his heart grew lighter. When he went to bed in the old days he used to moan when he thought of his little Kapitón, but now he repeated again and again, "Glory to Thee, O Lord ; Thy will be done."

His whole life became changed. Clearly he saw, as he read, that to live like Christ was to forget himself, and, forgetting himself, he forgot his troubles. The people who passed his window became people whom he could help. An old man would be given a hot drink. A poor woman would be rested and warmed by his stove. A quarrel going on in the street could be stopped. In ways like these old Martin brought joy to many another, and in their happiness found his own.

[Adapted from Tolstoi's *Where Love is, God is.*]

(d) *Overcoming Handicaps.* Helen Keller

To be blind and deaf and dumb from babyhood seems an almost overwhelming handicap, and Helen Keller's parents

must have feared for the future of their little girl, when, after an attack of scarlet fever when barely two years of age (about 1882), she lost the use of all three senses.

When still only a child, a marvellous teacher was, however, found for little Helen. Miss Sullivan (trained at the Perkyn's Institution at Boston) came to open windows into little Helen's dark, lonely existence, and became her life-long, devoted companion. Little by little the teacher won Helen's love and trust, and slowly the child was brought into touch with the world around. Miss Sullivan gave her a doll, and wrote its name in the palm of Helen's hand, and encouraged her to touch other things, and then always wrote their names on her hand: water, flowers, animals, baby sister, and so on.

Later, Helen discovered that people exchanged their thoughts by other means than hands, and she too longed to speak. By laying her fingers on Miss Sullivan's throat and lips and nose, and feeling the vibrations of the muscles, Helen not only learnt to know what she said, but became able to imitate the sounds which she could not hear. She also learnt to read and write, and at the age of twenty went to College, and successfully passed examinations in mathematics, etc., taking her degree in 1904, with honours.

Her education and culture appear even to have exceeded the average. She mastered several languages, lectured, and wrote books. The title of one, *Optimism*, published when she was but twenty-three, shows her outlook on life.

It seemed as if her mind, flowing deep and strong in its dark, noiseless cavern, could do more than that of ordinary people, whose thoughts are divided into a number of useless little streams leading nowhere.

In the summer of 1932 Dr. Helen Keller visited England. She was described as having an expressive face and radiant smile. Her mission was to bring consolation and encouragement to the blind and deaf. On one occasion she spent two hours at a meeting in the Queen's Hall in aid of the deaf and dumb, pleading that they might be given the means and opportunity to help themselves. Her friend, now Mrs. Sullivan Macy, was by her side, and Dr. Keller not only made a speech, but demonstrated how she could follow what

Mrs. Macy said, by laying her sensitive fingers on her friend's throat and lips, and repeating clearly the words she uttered.

Mrs. Macy recalled Mark Twain's remark: "The two most interesting persons in the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller. Napoleon tried to conquer the world by force, and failed. Helen Keller tried to win the world by the power of mind, and she has succeeded."

And here is the comment of Helen Keller herself.

"It is frequently assumed," she said, "by those in full possession of their faculties, that achievements of a high order depend on physical fitness and a favourable environment. But the annals of progress reveal that many of humanity's best achievements have been done by persons suffering from cruel physical handicaps."

The chief factors, Dr. Keller was convinced, are will-power and personality, and physical disabilities are often favourable to mental concentration and patient effort.

Her own life has proved her point, but it should be added that one cannot measure how far her own personality has been enriched by her touch with God.

(e) How a Blind Man Turned a Handicap into an Opportunity

William Henry Jackson was only a little chap of three when he became blind. Evidently he soon decided that this blindness should not spoil his life, for he studied and became a priest, and even then he wasn't content to stay in a quiet English parish, where he would soon get to know his way about among the people, in spite of his handicap. His adventurous spirit decided otherwise.

Away in Burma, as in many Eastern countries, there are numbers of blind people, and it was to help these that Fr. Jackson felt called.

So over the sea he went to a Burmese town called Kemendine, and set to work to learn the language. Then he started a school for blind Burmese boys, travelling about the villages to find and fetch them. He would set off alone, by train, a bullock-cart, or on foot. And, like God's Saints of old, he walked safe in the midst of danger, crossing mountain

torrents by a native bridge made of a single bamboo, or treading unbitten on a poisonous snake.

The boys called him "Big Father"; he was the first friend they had ever known. The Buddhist religion of Burma teaches that blindness is the result of someone's sin, and so blind people are labelled "wicked." They sit near the Buddhist temples, and whine and beg for alms: it was quite a new idea when "Big Father" said they could learn to work, and need not be beggars unless they liked. Was not Big Father himself blind? And did not he work? The boys watched him type and weave, and make furniture; he would teach them too. So Fr. Jackson took off his cassock and put on a little jacket and a long draped skirt, such as Burmese men wear, and took off his boots and walked barefoot. He gave up his bed and tables and chairs and English food, and slept and sat on the floor, eating rice and fish with his fingers in the Burmese way. He slept and worked and played with his boys, and nursed them when they were sick.

He taught them also of the Heavenly Father. "He has sent me to teach you about Him and to make you His children," said he.

One great thing Fr. Jackson did was to invent a Braille script in the Burmese language, so that his boys might learn to read and write. Then he invented a machine to print their Burmese Braille books—he hammered the Braille signs in flattened-out kerosene tins, and rolled off paper copies by putting the tin sheets and the paper through a second-hand mangle! So at last his boys could read, and they read Christ's Gospel.

Soon the school had plenty of pupils, for whom "Big Father" had hardly enough money or room, but he never turned a boy away. Some of the money needed was earned by the boys' own work, and orders poured in for the furniture and mats and rope they learnt to make.

So the years passed; from time to time Fr. Jackson came back to his old home in England and interested people in his blind family in Burma. The last time he came he was ill, but back he would go, and there in Kemmendine, in 1931, among his boys, the good blind priest laid down his work.

What the world would have called a handicap had been his opportunity for bringing self-respect, and joy, and the Christian faith, to many a life that without him would have been hopeless, and it will be long before the "Big Father" is forgotten in Burma.

(f) Cheerfulness Surmounts Difficulties

One day two adventurous frogs managed to get into a dairy and, leaping about, plunged into a bowl of cream. Then, finding they could not get out, they began to talk. One was of a desponding mind, and he said, "Here we are, we cannot get out and are quite sure to be drowned." The other, who was of a cheerful mind, said, "If we are to be drowned, at all events this cream is very nice to be drowned in, and we shall have a good meal before the end of our life, and that is something to be thankful for." So he set to work and made a good meal for himself, with the result that when the dairymaid came into the dairy in the morning, she found the gloomy frog drowned at the bottom of the bowl, whereas the cheerful frog by continual efforts had churned for himself a little island of butter, on which he was contentedly sitting.

(g) God's Ways Higher than our Ways

A great artist was painting a picture on the roof of a lofty cathedral; to do his work he stood upon a long, unrailed, hanging platform.

When his fresco was nearly finished he took a friend up with him to see his picture, which was of Our Lady nursing the Holy Child. He had just completed the face of the Holy Mother, which was wonderfully beautiful.

While pointing out certain details in the picture the artist—forgetting where he was in the interest of the conversation—moved rapidly backwards and stood an instant with his foot raised over the edge of the platform: another movement would have hurled him to the depths below. His friend saw the danger, but dared not breathe a word. Instead, he seized a brush, dipped it in paint and dashed it across the exquisite face of the Holy Mother in the picture.

It took one second, and in that second the artist moved forward to save his work.

"What have you done?" he cried in startled horror, seizing his friend's destroying hand. "Why have you spoilt my picture?"

The friend replied with sorrow yet in thankfulness: "Yes, I have spoilt your picture, but I have saved your life."

Hidden in this story lies the answer to many of life's mysteries. As the years pass we realise how often our spoilt pictures have meant the saving of the spirit's life!

3. ALWAY REJOICING

(a) *Sing while you March*

At Whitsuntide very many places, in the Midlands and the north especially, hold Sunday School Festivals. The church of S. John's, Horbury Bridge, where one such festival was to take place, was a mile up hill from the village. The priest-in-charge, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, thought it would be a fine thing for the children to march that mile enlivened by a stirring song and tune, so on the Whitsunday of 1865 he sat down and in about fifteen minutes "Onward, Christian Soldiers" was written. It was learnt the following day by the children, and on the Tuesday sung as they marched up the hill.

It would be difficult to say to how many other marches this fine song has given spirit and life since that Whittuesday of 1865.

(b) *Cheerful Sufferers*

1. *Robert Louis Stevenson*, the author of *Treasure Island*, was hardly ever well, but every day, when he gathered his household together for prayers away in their South Sea island home, he prayed for himself and them, that they might do their duty "with laughter and kind faces," and asking that "cheerfulness might abound with industry," and that all might go "blithely on their business all the day."

It was the custom in Vailima, after all work and meals were finished, to sound the "pu" or war conch from the

verandah as an invitation to prayer, and in response the Samoans—men, women and children—trooped into the large hall by all the open doors. Through the bush they came, many of them from considerable distances; carrying lanterns, if the evening were dark. A great lamp hung from the ceiling: the Samoans in reverent attitudes made a wide semi-circle on the floor, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and his family were at one end of the hall. Then “family prayers” began, partly in English, and partly in Samoan, with the singing of hymns in the native tongue set to ancient, often warlike, tunes.

Here are parts of the Vailima evening prayers which show Stevenson’s spirit:

“We come before Thee, O Lord, in the end of Thy day with thanksgiving . . . give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour smiling . . . as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.”

And again, “Give us health, food, bright weather, and light hearts . . . cause injuries to be forgotten, and benefits to be remembered.”

“Like the voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness.”

[From *Prayers Written at Vailima*, and other sources.]

2. *John Selwyn*, son of the first Bishop of New Zealand, and himself Bishop of Melanesia, spent seventeen years among its perils of waters, and perils of the heathen cannibals, and that is where his heart was. But while still in the prime of life he was crippled so badly that he could hardly crawl up the steep paths of the islands, and at length had to be carried to the boat that was to take him home.

Sorely as he felt leaving his loved work, he determined not to grumble: when in pain, as he so constantly was, he said, “Let us talk of something else.” He told his wife to stop him if he began to grumble. He wanted to make the lameness and the other difficult things an offering to God, and he knew that an offering isn’t worth much if it isn’t made readily.

On Bishop Selwyn’s return to England, he was made

Master of the College that had been founded in memory of his father, and, a great rower in his young days, he would go up and down the towing-path on his tricycle, coaching the freshmen of the College.

Or he would find another man on crutches, and get him to race: if he won, the Bishop (who had stroked the Cambridge boat) would be as pleased as possible.

In spite of his pain, he would climb steep stairs with his crutches, or the help of a boy's arm, to visit poor people; or go to talk to Mothers' Meetings, and make them all laugh with stories of his South Sea experiences and adventures. Those must have been hard times, but these were probably harder: Bishop Selwyn's courageous faith faced them both:—

The courage that dares, and the courage that bears,
Are really one and the same.

[From *In Difficult Places*, by Mary Debenham.]

(c) *S. Francis' Song of Joy*

One of the most beautiful and joyous songs in the world is the "Canticle of the Sun," in which S. Francis of Assisi praised God for all His good gifts. The circumstances under which he composed it are interesting.

Although only forty-four years of age, S. Francis' health had broken down. He had serious trouble with his eyes, and was in danger of going blind. He had worn himself out with his work and manner of life, and now was so weak that he could hardly walk, and had to ride his last journey as he came back to Assisi to die.

Arrived at S. Damian, his friend S. Claire made for him a shelter of reeds in the monastery gardens where he could lie quiet and alone. It was here, as he lay suffering, that he composed his beautiful song.

"A single sunbeam," he used to say, "is enough to drive away many shadows"; and although he could not use his eyes, he passed many an hour singing. He invented a kind of violin to which he sang the old French songs of his boyhood and the great hymns of the Church, and finally this song of his own.

It was through this song of the sun that Francis' last great joy came to him. He had been taken back to Assisi very ill, "and his flesh was consumed and there remained nothing more than skin attached to the bones," we are told. He was lodged in the palace of the Bishop, and this Bishop had a quarrel with the Governor of Assisi. Both of them, however, loved Francis, and in spite of his sickness he was determined to make them friends.

So one day Francis called the Governor and all the city authorities into the square in front of the Bishop's palace. The Bishop also came out, and two of the Franciscans came forward, saying, "Brother Francis has made to the praise of God a hymn, to which he begs you to listen." Then they sang the "Canticle of the Sun," to which Francis had added this verse :

We pray Thee, Lord, for gentle souls, who live
In love and peace, who bear with no complaint
All wounds and wrong ; who pity and forgive ;
Each one of these, Most High, shall be Thy saint.

This verse deeply touched the Bishop and the Governor. The old story says that the Governor "stood listening humbly, and weeping hot tears, for he dearly loved the blessed Francis." When the singing was ended, he stepped before the people and said, "Know in truth that I desire to forgive the Lord Bishop ; that I wish, and ought, to look upon him as my Lord." He then threw himself at the Bishop's feet, saying, "I am ready to do whatsoever you would for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his servant Francis." Then the Bishop, taking him by the hand, lifted him up and said, "In my position it would become me to be humble ; but I am by nature too quick to anger. You must pardon me."

The Governor and the Bishop then shook hands, and all was well with Assisi. Francis slept happily that night.

Soon after, Francis went down to Portiuncula, where his life work had started, to die. But his last days were full of joy. He did not want people to feel sad at his going, so everyone about him was to sing his canticle, or the 142nd Psalm.

So Francis died, lying on the bare earth, in his hair shirt. But his song expressed his life; full of joy, because from beginning to end it was full of love for God, and for all His creatures.

[From *The Story of S. Francis of Assisi*,
by Elizabeth Luekens, and other sources.]

PART III
THE CHURCH SEASONS

ADVENT I. PREPARATION

(a) *Preparation the Key to Success*

1. At a musical festival at Petersfield in 1933 Sir Walford Davies, the celebrated musician, told the choirs he was judging that for ten years he had held ten practices of his choir weekly for two services on Sunday.

2. Giardini, the famous violinist, told a youth who wanted to know how long it would take to learn to play the violin—"Twelve hours a day for twenty years together!"

3. A man was promised ten minutes in which he might press his appeal for funds on a millionaire. He spent two or three hours carefully preparing what he should say.

ADVENT II. THE BIBLE

(a) *The Book goes Marching On*

"The Church to teach, the Bible to prove, and the Holy Spirit to convince"

Writing in the second half of the eighteenth century, Voltaire (one of the world's greatest thinkers) said that in 100 years the Christian religion would be extinct, and the Bible studied only as a curiosity. At the beginning of the twentieth century the old printing press in Paris which issued his works was printing the Bible, and to-day (1949) one Society alone—the British and Foreign Bible Society—publishes annually over 11 million Scriptures in more than 800 languages!

(b) *Great Minds and the Bible*

1. When Charles Dickens' youngest son was leaving home for Australia, his father gave the boy a New Testament, and explained why he had done so: "Because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world; and be-

cause it teaches you the best lesson by which any human creature can possibly be guided."

2. When Sir Walter Scott was dying he requested Lockhart to read to him, and when Lockhart asked what book he should read from, Scott replied, "Need you ask?—there is but one."

3. Some Indian princes had undertaken the long journey to England to visit the White Empress. The fame of her wonderful empire was high in their native land, and they had come to see for themselves. Granted an audience with the Queen Empress, they asked her on what foundation so magnificent an empire was founded. Queen Victoria handed them a Bible: "This," said she, "is the secret of England's greatness."

(a) *"Read . . . and Inwardly Digest"*

A Chinese convert, who had joined a Church mission, was in conversation with one of its missionaries: "Sir," said he, "I am now reading the Bible, and behaving it!"

(d) *The Bible as a "Lamp unto our Feet"*

Here are some striking instances of clear guidance coming to people through reading the Bible.

1. S. Antony the Great was an Egyptian, born of noble Christian parents in the third century. They died when he was a young man and left him very rich. But soon after their death he heard the words of S. Matt. vi. 34 read in the Gospel in church, and they greatly impressed him. When, at another time, S. Luke xviii. 22 occurred in the Gospel for that day, he was convinced they applied to him, and gave away all his possessions to become a hermit. For twenty-five years he lived alone in a cave in the desert, giving himself to prayer. Later his example was followed by many others, and this saint's great decision was a landmark in the history of the Church.

2. S. Augustine of Hippo (354-430), one of the greatest of the Church's saints, was a very clever but luxurious, self-indulgent, and pleasure-loving young man. He was thirty-three when, one day, going out into the garden from a hot room, he heard a child's voice

saying, "Take up and read, take up and read!" Seizing a book of S. Paul's Epistles which was lying near he opened it haphazard, and struck upon Romans xiii. 13, 14. From that moment his life was changed.

3. Charles Wesley, the great revivalist preacher of the eighteenth century, when an undergraduate at Oxford, was undecided as to whether he should accept the offer to become a rich man's heir in Ireland, or to be a poor clergyman. He turned to his Bible, opened it at random and found there words that decided him on the latter course.

4. A soldier was dying in a trench: he asked the man next him how he could get to heaven. "Can't tell you nothing about it," he replied. But a man a little farther on heard, and threw across a little Gospel which evidently was his constant companion. "Read S. John iii," he cried, "that'll tell him." As the dying man listened to verse 16, he said with his last breath, "Thank God, that's done it!"

[Told by Prebendary Webb-Peploe.]

(e) *How William Tyndale Translated and Printed the Bible*

Long ago, most of the people who could read understood Latin, and the Bible (which was actually written in Hebrew and Greek) was translated very carefully by scholars into the Latin language, and this book, called the "Vulgate," was the Bible that everyone used. However by no means everyone understood it, and as far back as King Alfred's time bits of it were translated again into English. But people and many priests, were ignorant, and Bibles (which had to be copied by hand) were very few before the invention of printing in 1440.

Then a clever and brave and good man, named William Tyndale (who was born in 1483), had a vision. He knew seven languages—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin besides Italian, Spanish, French, and English,—and would make a new and better translation of the Bible; then it should be printed, so that, as he declared, "If God spare me, I will one day make the boy that drives the plough in England to know more of Scripture than the Pope does!"

So he set to work, but the Pope (to whom everyone looked up in those days) and the King (Henry VIII) and the

Bishop of London (Cuthbert Tonstal) did not approve. They were afraid if everyone read the Bible without it being explained, they would fall into all kinds of error: also, perhaps they were afraid of losing their own power. Anyhow, Tyndale had to take his work abroad, and when at length his English New Testament was printed in 1526, it was in Germany. Next he had to contrive to get the books into England, and hid them in barrels, bales of cloth, and sacks of flour. The ports were watched, and whenever possible the books seized and burnt publicly at old St. Paul's Cross, but many of them arrived and were scattered far and wide through the country. Then the Bishop tried another plan, commanding a merchant to buy up all the copies for him. This was done, but with the money Tyndale printed a new and better edition, saying that his enemy was his greatest helper.

It thus proved impossible to stop his work, and his enemies seized Tyndale himself—a worn, poverty-stricken exile, in a remote German town. He was thrown into prison, but though frozen and ill, he was not afraid. “If they burn me also,” he had said when his books were thrown on the fire, “they shall do no other thing than I look for.” And they did: he was strangled at the stake, and then burnt to ashes on 6th October, 1536, praying with his last words: “Lord, open the King of England’s eyes.”

And his prayer was answered. Three years later, in 1539, Henry VIII ordered an English Bible to be placed in every parish church in the land.

(f) *King George and the Bible*

In a broadcast talk to the schools, shortly after the death of King George V, his Librarian, Mr. O. F. Morshead, told the following story:

It was the custom of our late King to present a prize every year to some selected candidate from one of the local schools round Sandringham.

At one of these presentations in the King’s study at his Norfolk home, he took up a Bible, and told the fortunate scholar that was what he was going to give, but before doing so he wanted to tell a story.

"When I was your age," he said, "my grandmother—she was Queen Victoria, you know—gave me a Bible, and she advised me to read a chapter in it every night.

"I have always done it wherever I have been—except of course, during that bad illness, I couldn't do it then. Now, you can do as you like. But if you make that a rule of your life and stick to it, I don't think you will regret it when you come to my age—and you've got a long way to go yet."

(g) Buying a Bible

Now that a whole Bible can be bought for a shilling, and nearly every one possesses a copy of his own, it is often so taken for granted that it ceases to be much valued. But it was not always so, and it is a good thing to recall the long, patient studies, and struggles, and even sufferings that have brought within everyone's reach, our English Bible.

And a little Welsh girl, named Mary Jones had something to do with it.

Even after the Bible had been translated into English, and printing discovered, so that thousands of copies could be published, they were at first so scarce and so expensive that there would probably be only one in each parish, which was often chained to the lectern for safety, and people would crowd into church to hear it read. Gradually they became more common, but were still so rare that poor people could not afford them, when Mary Jones was born, about 150 years ago. When she was quite little—seven or eight years old—she used to go to a friend's house, and loved hearing the Bible stories read aloud; and as she learnt to read, longed to have a Bible of her own. But she was very poor, and a Bible then cost nearly a pound. However, she began saving up her pennies and halfpennies, earning a little money by errands, and so on, and putting it by year after year.

At last, when she was sixteen, she found she had saved enough, and determined to go to the nearest town, which was twenty miles off, to buy her Bible. There were no trains or omnibuses, so she had to walk, but that didn't matter, she was so full of joy that her wish was to come true at last. But, alas! when she arrived at the shop, her hopes were dashed to the ground.

"We are very sorry," said the assistant, "we have no Bibles left, they are very scarce."

Mary was so disappointed that she burst out crying; this attracted the attention of a clergyman who happened to be there, and when he heard her story, he was so touched that he let her have his own Bible.

But that was not all. Mary, of course, went home delighted, but the clergyman went home to think, and the result of his thinking was that he determined to form a Society, so that poor people could get Bibles at a price they could afford to pay. And this was the beginning of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was founded in 1804.

(h) The Preservation of the Manx Bible

The Bible (or parts of it) is now (1937) published in more than 700 different languages. The story of each of those translations is probably a romance in itself, for in many cases native languages have first to be committed to writing, and always it must mean long, long hours of patient study. This last had been undertaken for the people of the Isle of Man, and one of the translators was the bearer of the precious manuscript of the first Manx Old Testament to the mainland, where it was to be printed and published. But the vessel which carried him and his charge was wrecked: the whole work would presumably have had to be done again, had not the valiant translator held the valuable MSS. above the water for five hours until he was rescued.

(i) How Africans Value their Bible

In the early days of missionary work in Uganda, the Bible had to be translated and printed. When the first books of the Gospels arrived from England, the missionaries were besieged for copies, and as many as 1,500 cowries (small shells used for money) would be paid for one: this was a sum sufficient for two months food for a Muganda man.

(j) How the Bible kept Christianity alive during Persecutions in Madagascar

Only about 100 years ago (in 1820) the first missionaries arrived in Madagascar. Slavery prevailed there, and no

written language existed, but in order that converts might read about their religion for themselves, the language was committed to writing, and by 1831 5,000 New Testaments printed. But a hostile Government arose: the missionaries were exiled: a great open-air parliament forbade Christianity in the island, and its adherents were speared, burnt, tortured and enslaved. The printing-presses were stopped, and all the Bibles in the Malagasy tongue that could be found were burnt. But the people hid their treasured books, and as they grew scarce, divided the copies, each keeping a few leaves which they read in secret at night, carefully wrapping them up in native silk, and burying them in the earth during the day.

For twenty-five years these Scriptures were the only teachers the Malagasy had. When at length the persecuting Queen died, and missionaries were allowed to return, one can imagine the joy with which the holy books were brought to light, and one of the first works which followed was a careful revision of the original translation, which had served to keep Christianity alive during those twenty-five black years.

(k) The Story of a New Testament

An American Indian of the Haida tribe, called Cowhoe, was kept on the warship, H.M.S. *Virago*, as a hostage when that vessel was sent in 1835 to rescue some Americans who had been taken prisoners by his tribe. He was well treated, and when set free the captain presented him with a New Testament, which of course he could not read, but which he kept carefully. The captain, on his return to England, being evidently highly impressed by the intelligence of the Haida, urged that missionaries should be sent to them.

When at length, in 1876, one arrived, he found Cowhoe was Chief, and still cherishing the English Testament. For forty years he had been waiting for the man whom he believed was sure to come to teach him the words in "God's Paper."

In 1931 his son, Chief Henry Edenshaw, a lay delegate to the General Synod of the Canadian Church, stood up to

show this same New Testament, still guarded as a sacred thing, and told how it had been given to his father, when a pagan boy, seventy-eight years before.

[From a Canadian Church paper, 1934.]

(1) The New Testament in a Primitive Hill Country

The story of the New Testament among one of the primitive hill tribes of Assam, called the Lakhers, reads like a romance. Early in this century (1905) a scrap of paper written by the son of a Lakher chief, came into the hands of a missionary. The note begged that the Gospel, which had been preached to some neighbouring mountain clans, might be sent to his people.

Two years later an adventurous missionary and his wife penetrated the wild, hilly country of these Lakhers (about the size of Wales) and started to make their home in one of its villages, Sherkor. The people were ignorant, backward, and very indolent; in religion they were animists, offering sacrifices to appease the innumerable evil spirits which were supposed to dwell in trees, caverns, mountain tops, etc., and to be the cause of sickness and trouble of all kinds. They were also head-hunters, and their equivalent to our Paradise was only to be won by obtaining (besides animals' heads) at least one human skull.

Of course the first thing for the missionaries to do was to master the language, of which there were many dialects; the most widely used one was chosen, but as no alphabet, primer, or teacher existed, it was uphill work. "Day by day," wrote Mr. Lorrain, "notebook and pencil in hand, I would roam the villages, visit the sick, and endeavour to catch every word that was said, writing them down again and again, with the probable English equivalent, continually asking, 'What is this?' 'What is that?' in order to obtain the name."

But though a few of the people were friendly, most were indifferent, or hostile, and it was not until a baby daughter was born, in 1909, that the tide turned. This was the first white baby to be born in Lakher jungles, and she aroused the greatest interest. Bananas, cucumbers and egg-fruit were brought as gifts by the natives, who called her "Tlosai Zua Nô"—"The Lakher Princess."

As she grew up, with Lakher spoken all around her, it became like her native tongue, and she was of great help to her father in his efforts to translate the New Testament. They worked first at the Gospel of S. John, a few native school-boys helping by copying the rough drafts, which they thus got to know nearly by heart, and would repeat to those who could not read, thus testing their worth.

This Christian teaching was in great contrast to the life going on around. For instance, in 1907 a head-hunting expedition was organised by the tribesmen of a large Lakher village. Very many prisoners were taken, of whom three were offered as sacrifices, and twenty-eight men and women cruelly hacked to death.

Against this kind of background the work went on. At length the Gospel of S. John was translated, and after careful revision, sent to London to be printed. There was great joy in Sherkor when the neatly bound books arrived, and father and daughter set about translating the rest of the New Testament. At length, when Tlosai was nineteen, the whole of it was completed, and printed in Calcutta (1928).

And its teaching is changing the peoples' lives. In that head-hunting village mentioned above there is now (1934) a Church House built by the inhabitants, and between thirty and forty New Testaments are in daily use by Christians who can read. In Sherkor itself Sunday is strictly observed as a day of rest and worship, the Church House there, which holds 300 to 400 people, being crowded. When the lessons are read, New Testaments are opened, and the silence is broken only by the rustling of turned leaves, showing the intense and intelligent interest of the people who a generation before knew no letters, and no God but evil spirits.

[From pamphlet 648 of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1934.]

(m) A Gipsy Translator

Towards the end of the nineteenth century (1886) a baby gipsy boy was born, who, when he grew up, played an important part in the destiny of his people, the gipsies of

Latvia, Lithuania and parts of Poland. He was baptised "Janis," in the Russian Orthodox Church, but his religious education seems to have begun and ended for a time there, for it was not until he was about thirty-five that Christianity began really to enter his life. And then it was in this way.

In spite of a very humble upbringing, Janis managed to obtain a fair education, had a great love of languages, and was a born linguist. In order to perfect his Russian, he studied the Russian Bible. What he read there so impressed him that he longed to bring the good news of the Gospel that he had found to his own poor, ignorant people, who had no Bible at all in their own language.

Being just a working man who had to support himself and his large family, the time at his disposal was small, and he sat up a great part of the night for five years labouring at translating the Gospel of S. John into the Lettish Romany of his kinsfolk. He tells of the bitterly cold nights of the winter of 1929, when, as he could afford no stove, he wrapped himself in old coats and sacks to keep circulation alive as he worked. His one thought and prayer was, "Lord, help me to prepare this portion of Thy word for myself, and for my poor nation living in darkness."

At length the task was finished, and Janis Leimanis took his precious manuscript to some publishers.

"We agree," said they, "that this is a most valuable work, but it will cost a great deal to publish."

Having no money, the gipsy translator had to carry away his Gospel, disappointed, but undaunted. Next he tried to enlist the help of the Churches, but though greatly interested, they had no money, and could do nothing. At length Janis heard of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and after some correspondence, they agreed to publish the Gospel for him.

Then came the day, in the autumn of 1933, when the first consignment of the Lettish Gospel was expected at the Riga Dépôt. For two hours Janis awaited, with tense excitement, the arrival of the package which would bring the fruit of his long labours; and when at length the bale came, containing quantities of the little red Gospel, with tears of joy streaming from his eyes he knelt and gave thanks to

God for thus crowning his work. Afterwards, Janis called this the happiest day of his life.

But the work was not yet completed: forthwith the translator became the distributor; and Janis at once set about the circulation among his people of the little book which had cost him so many sleepless nights and brought him so much joy.

ADVENT III. THE WORLD-WIDE MINISTRY

(a) *All Sorts and Conditions*

When praying for the "ministers and stewards of God's mysteries" we must have a world-wide vision, for men of nearly every nationality have been called to the priesthood, and we can think of yellow, black, brown or red men offering the same Holy Sacraments in hundreds of different languages the world over.

Africans, Chinese, Japanese, Coreans, West Indians, Papuans, Dyaks from Borneo, Torres Strait Islanders from the north of Australia, Eskimo, and American Indians have all been ordained priests. There are also native Bishops in India, China, Japan, and Africa.

There must always be a romance about the first native priest in any country, and in most cases they have a long training. In Madagascar, for instance, the Malagasy candidate for the ministry must first work for five years as a catechist in charge of a country church, and as a teacher in a mission school, before study for the diaconate is allowed to begin, and this rarely lasts less, and often more than three years.

But in time the native churches become missionary ones themselves: this is the romance of the Rio Pongas Mission on the west coast of Africa. Long ago, in the eighteenth century, slaves were carried from this district to the sugar plantations in the West Indies. After they were given their freedom, some of them became priests, and their descendants sent a mission back across the ocean in 1885 to bring Christianity to their West African brethren, so that

West Indian priests are to be found working in the land from which their ancestors were carried captive more than 100 years before.

(b) "*Turning the Hearts*"

1. Striking instances of this work of the clergy come from the mission-field. A priest working in the Lebombo diocese (South Africa) tells of a strange ceremony performed in his church as the result of the entire change of heart of three native women who had been witch-doctors. They decided to give up their heathen profession and become Christians. So they brought all their paraphernalia to church to be destroyed—dancing axes, bones, gourds of medicine and skins—mediums by which they pretend to get into touch with the spirit-world and deceive the people who consult them in any emergency. After a period of testing and teaching, the priest hoped to baptise them later in the year.

2. But in some cases it takes time and much perseverance to make a single convert. Bishop Corfe of Corea worked eight years before the first baptism in 1898, but by the end of his fifteen years in the diocese there were about 500 Christians.

3. Here is the record of a changed heart in the words of an old Red Indian. "I have seen much wickedness; known men to eat human flesh; kill the old folks by a blow with an axe; pitch the new-born child in the snow to die; children beaten like pounding the drum. . . . I heard the Good News; I took it in my heart and kept it there. I kept from all this evil, but I am an old sinner. . . .

"But there is another heart grown out of the old one. The new one is made by faith in the blood of Jesus. I take the holy Bread and Wine; I am happy; my soul is free and clean. I cook my food, keep myself clean . . . and pray daily to my Saviour.

[From Archdeacon Cody's *Life of Bishop Bompas*.]

(c) *Enormous Dioceses and Parishes*

The size of some of the overseas dioceses is almost overwhelming. For instance, the diocese of North-Western

Australia is nine times as large as England, but there are only seven mission priests. The diocese of Carpentaria, in North and Central Australia, is still larger, about twelve times the size of England, and in 1929 it had only twelve priests and two deacons. Imagine one vicar having a district as large as England for his parish!

But perhaps the largest diocese of all is that of Argentina and Eastern South America, which is more than forty times the size of England, and where there are less than thirty clergy. This huge diocese stretches northwards from the wilds of Patagonia, through part of Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil, and includes all kinds of country, lived in by all kinds of people, producing all kinds of things. There are primitive Indians, Portuguese traders, Welsh sheep-farmers and English colonists. Coffee, sugar and nuts are grown in the plantations, and cattle and sheep are reared. It is not difficult to imagine the enormous problems that face Bishop and priests of travel, and language, and of adapting their message and teaching to each of these widely varying groups of people.

Here are instances of how the priest tries to work some of these enormous parishes.

A priest in North China wrote in 1935 of his work; "There are eight churches to serve, and Christians in more than a hundred villages so I have had to spend a good deal of time on my bicycle, either riding it on very bumpy and dusty roads, or pushing it through deep sand, and occasionally having been caught by the rain, to carry it."

In parts of Eastern Canada a parish priest will celebrate Holy Communion early in one place; after breakfast, drive many miles over rough roads or tracks to another centre, where Sunday School and Matins are held, and where outside the little church a kind of stable is supplied for the horses of outlying worshippers to be tethered during service. After lunch, the priest will drive more miles for another Sunday School and service, and return home in time for Evensong.

In Western Canada the work of a parish priest is still more difficult, for a prairie parish sometimes contains upwards of eight or ten separate places where services are held for scat-

tered groups of people. Sometimes there is a church, but often the services are held in school-houses, or any other suitable place. Of course regular weekly services are impossible in these conditions. During the summer months ladies travelling in motor caravans help to keep the church in touch with the isolated farmers and hamlets, and little Sunday Schools are started and supplied with books and pictures, so that the people themselves may teach their children the faith, and when a rare visit from the priest occurs, some will be ready for baptism.

(d) Isolation and Poverty of some Priests

In parts of Africa a priest may be 400 miles from the nearest post office.

From the West Indies has come a request for wedding rings to be bought at Woolworth's and sent out in order that marriages might be solemnised.

In the Cape Province in one place the altar consisted of an old wooden washstand, and the candlesticks were just bottles.

In Alberta a priest was working with a stipend of only £60 a year.

The priest working on the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic Ocean, is dependant for all outside provisions and letters on the occasional visits of a passing vessel. A year or more may pass without this happening, and he and his people, who number about 150, are entirely cut off from the outside world.

To many of the mission stations in the Arctic regions the postman arrives only once each year.

(e) A Bishop's Welcome

In Newfoundland, an island nearly as large as England, with a scattered population (largely of fishermen), mostly spread along the coast, there are many lonely settlements which the Bishop can visit only once in five years. When he does so he gets an old-world welcome. Ancient guns are fired when his boat comes to anchor, flags are flown from the little church (which nearly every settlement possesses), and a

triumphal arch is erected at the entrance to its grounds. The women may spread rugs of many colours on the ground, and in these ways all show the value they set on their "Father in God."

(f) *A Strange Parish*

In the diocese of Travancore and Cochin (South India) there is a very curious parish. The people live in isolated homesteads on little islets scattered about amidst a waste of water. On some other islet will be found the school, prayer-house and teacher's house, which serve this scattered congregation of 100 to 200 members. The parishioners are poor, and do not possess boats, so that the single church-boat has to be very busy, making many journeys to and fro between the islands to collect scholars and worshippers. A floating dispensary has lately been added to the missionary equipment of this water-parish, and one can better imagine than describe the boon that must be to the island homes.

(g) *Queer Places of Worship*

1. Many of the clergy working overseas hold services in strange places. In Egypt there is a railway church saloon, which is a chapel fitted up with altar, seats, etc., and tours along the railway, so that it is possible to hold services in many isolated centres where no church exists. It is called the "Church on Wheels."

2. Along the rocky west coast of North America a vessel plies, whose skipper is a parson, and in part of which a chapel is fitted up for services, and another part as a kind of dispensary; for the priest here (who is also a Master Mariner) visits the lonely settlements of lumber men all along the deeply indented coast, and ministers to their bodies as well as their souls.

3. Many overseas clergy can get round only once in the year to outlying parts of their huge "parishes," and lay readers (often quite voluntary) carry on services as best they can. For instance, in Maracaibo in Venezuela where this is the case, and there is no church the congregation has hired a large house, and furnished three rooms, one as a chapel and

the others for the use of the lay readers, and the chaplain on his annual visit.

4. In South Africa, in order that railway men working along the thousands of miles of railroad may have opportunities of worship and teaching, the Church Railway Mission has been established. Here a priest has, say, 800 to 1,000 miles of railway as his parish, his "vicarage" is sometimes a small private coach, 11 feet by 6, provided by the railway authorities, and his "church" is a railway waiting-room. There, with trains crashing by, engines letting off steam, and natives shouting all around, the padre has to create an atmosphere of worship : and does so, too ; so that those who are present seem hardly aware of the tumult outside.

CHRISTMAS. STORIES AND LEGENDS

(a) *Santa Claus and Christmas*

Long ago, when the Saints' birth or death-days were kept better than they are to-day, the story or "legenda" of their lives was read in church as their anniversaries came round. Many of these got lost or destroyed, and efforts were then made to recover the stories from memory, and so in course of time the legends as we have them to-day grew up.

Now, on December the sixth S. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, who lived in the beginning of the fourth century, was commemorated in this way, and the stories connected with him made him very popular, and more churches are dedicated to him than to any other saint in the Calendar. Here is part of his legend :—

Born of rich parents, who died when he was a boy, he immediately decided to sell his large inheritance and give it to the poor ; not, however, distributing it at random, but carefully watching where the need was greatest. After his ordination as a priest his own wants were very few, as he never tasted wine or flesh, went barefoot, and even slept on the bare earth.

One day he heard of a nobleman of the city who had fallen on evil times, and had three fair young daughters, but no money with which to dower them, so that their plight was

desperate, and evil seemed bound to befall them. Nicholas determined to rescue them, and placed enough money for a dowry into each of three purses or money bags. One night, creeping stealthily to their house, and spying an open window, he threw one of the bags in, and withdrew unobserved. The next night he did the same thing again. But on the third night the nobleman, overjoyed to know that now he could give two of his daughters honourably in marriage, kept a look out, to discover who his benefactor was, and when Nicholas brought the third bag he was overwhelmed with the penitence and gratitude of the maidens' father. Here we have the origin of the stealthy visits and mysterious gifts of Santa Claus!

As the legends of the saints were read on their days, so that their lives might be imitated, we can easily understand how the practice of giving presents in a mysterious manner, more especially to children, as S. Nicholas loved them dearly, grew up, and in some countries, such as Holland, the gifts and feastings that we specially connect with Christmas are linked with 6th December, and the 25th is kept much more simply as a purely religious festival; its glamour, to the children at least, quite eclipsed by "S. Nicholas."

Perhaps the danger of that happening was one reason why in England the two festivals seem to have been combined, for Santa Claus is not expected till Christmas Eve. This is, however, specially appropriate, for S. Nicholas was a great lover of children, and the spirit of his giving was for the love of the Christ Child.

(b) S. Francis and his Crib

It was the winter of 1224. S. Francis had just visited the Pope, who had approved his Rule, and the order of "Little Brothers" was to be recognised throughout the Church. Francis had also obtained permission to keep Christmas in an unusual way, for he longed that the people might share his joy and realise afresh the wonder of the birth of the Christ Child. To do this he retired to a rocky cave near the town of Greccio in Italy, where he often lodged. This had been given him by a small landowner named Giovanni, whom Francis now called to him to help in the carrying out

of his Christmas plan. Said he, "I would fain make a memorial of the Child Who was born in Bethlehem, and in some way behold with my eyes the hardships of His infant state, how he lay in a manger on the hay, with the ox and ass standing by. If thou wilt that we celebrate the present festival of the Lord at Greccio, make haste to go before me and diligently prepare what I shall tell thee." So Giovanni made preparations, and the burghers of Greccio rose to the occasion.

Thus a manger full of hay was prepared in the little church; a real ox and ass were brought in, and tidings of what was going forward spread among the brethren and the country around.

Christmas Eve came: S. Francis arranged all as he felt it had been in Bethlehem, and then stood in rapt devotion while the people of Greccio and the surrounding country came in crowds, carrying torches, and pouring out their hearts in praises to God. Within the church the friars sang new canticles, and probably others made by S. Francis, known to the countryside, of which the people could catch up the refrain. Then a solemn Mass was celebrated, and Francis, leaving to another the high and holy post of celebrant, knelt in humble adoration till the time of the Deacon's office. Then he stood, and in his clear, simple, sonorous voice sang the wonderful Christmas Gospel.

Afterwards he preached to the great congregation of the birth of the poor King in the little town of Bethlehem.

Then the country folk went home through the chill winter night which was made as day by their torches, but Francis stood by his crib all the night long, sighing for joy, and filled with unspeakable sweetness. And the brethren never forgot that scene: wherever they wandered they told the story of the crib of Greccio, and the people vowed that their church also should have a crib on the Holy Night. And one has only to travel in Italy to see how the vow has been fulfilled.

(c) The Christmas Truce in the Great War

One of the most wonderful things that has ever happened at Christmas time took place in 1914. Germany was at war with the Allies, and the long trenches faced one another across

the continent. There on either side were loyal men ready to fight to the death for their respective leaders, while between the lines was No Man's Land, the scene of deadly contests. Slain men lay there, efforts to give them decent burial under cover of the night having had to be abandoned on account of gunfire.

But it was Christmas Eve, a time sacred to Germans and Allies alike, the festival of the Prince of Peace. Presently singing was heard from the far trenches, and looking over the parapet, a soldier saw along the opposite German lines paper lanterns and illuminations apparently hung upon Christmas trees. The singing continued, and the English Tommies answered with a cheer; then voices were distinguished—shouts of "Hallo, you English; we wish to speak!" Then all began talking at once, and presently over the top, climbed figures, and then on the battlefield of No Man's Land Germans and Englishmen stood chatting together, and smoking each other's cigarettes. Then came "Good night; A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!" and the parties returned to their respective trenches.

But through the night the singing continued: At one point the invitation was shouted across, "Englishmen, sing to us!" and our men got out hymn-books, stuck candles on the tops of the trenches, and sang, "Abide with me"; "While Shepherds watched their flocks by night"; and other carols. The enemy gave three cheers, and were asked to sing in their turn, which they did.

On Christmas day itself the truce of the Christ Child continued, "Come out," cried the Germans, "we are friends to-day!" And before long there were little groups in the open, exchanging souvenirs and cigarettes. But before all could feel on easy terms there were gruesome tasks to fulfil. English and Germans returned for spades, and between them gave decent burial to the bodies of those poor fellows who, perhaps weeks previously, had had to be abandoned on the field. An Englishman and a German stood shoulder to shoulder and dug the grave of his late comrade. Crosses were set up to mark the spots, and then the fraternising continued.

In one place at least a plate of mincepies with seasonable

greetings was carried right over to the enemy's trenches and there with German wine, a good meal was enjoyed, and the envoys came back with packets of Christmas cards.

And so, to everyone's amazement, the day went on. A German bombardier's parting words to an English rifleman were, "To-day we have peace. To-morrow you fight for your country; I fight for mine—good luck!"

This truce was not, alas! repeated on the following three Christmastides of the war. The spirit of national enmity proved stronger than the spirit of Christmas fellowship.

But, surely, it was a foretaste of the time when loyalty to the Christ Child will be stronger than every other loyalty, and when all those who sing "Glory to God in the highest" will work together for His peace on earth.

[From soldiers' letters.]

(d) *The Legend of the Glow-worm*

It was Christmas night—the first Christmas night of all. Above Bethlehem the stars shone brightly like altar lights, as if they knew that beneath, in the manger, the Christ Child lay, and their soft radiance would please the Baby King. Above, in the rough rafters, two doves cooed a lullaby: it was the first carol, welcoming the great Little One. Near by the ox and ass warmed the chill night air with their fragrant breath; and in memory of that night, it is said that their descendants ever bow the knee at midnight on Christmas Eve in stall and manger. Around and beneath the Holy Child was spread the soft hay, making a cosy bed for His tiny body.

But in a corner a little insect sighed: "What can I do for the Christ Child?—The stars, the doves, the ox and the ass, even the straw—all are doing something for His comfort, but I—I can do nothing!" Then came a lovely thought: a leaflet lay in a corner, shiny and green. "I will carry that to the Christ Child," whispered the wee worm; and picking it up, with great difficulty, brought it to the Baby, Who stretched out His tiny hand, and touched both leaf and insect. His lips parted and smiled with delight at the soft little live thing and the smooth leaf; then, presently, He fell asleep. And the insect crept back to its corner, content, it had done what it could.

But it did not know that it carried away with it some of the soft radiance of the Christ Child. It shone with a light all other insects of its kind have carried ever since, and you may see them, like fairy candles, on a summer's night in many an English lane.

Thou cam'st to earth from heaven, that we
Might rise from earth to heaven with Thee.

HOLY INNOCENTS DAY: SOME CHILD MARTYRS

(a) *Tarsicius*

Long ago, when the Roman Emperor forbade Christianity, and those who were discovered practising it were liable to be imprisoned or put to death, there lived, about the year 250, a boy named Tarsicius. He was a Christian, and used to go, often under cover of the night, to those underground passages and vaults called the Catacombs, where, in secret, the Christians met for worship, and at early dawn the Holy Communion was celebrated. In the Roman prisons, however, lay many who had been arrested, in spite of all precautions, and to these brethren the holy Bread must be sent. This was a risky errand, for to be found on such a mission would label the messenger as a Christian.

One morning, the service over, a volunteer was needed for this purpose, and Tarsicius, who had been acting as acolyte, stepped forward, his face full of joy at the idea, and offered. Being just a boy, he would the more readily escape notice, and the precious Bread, wrapped in a napkin, was trusted to him.

Along the Appian Way he started, but soon attracted the attention of some soldiers: perhaps they noticed the careful, reverent way he carried his parcel, or the radiance in his face, and so guessed he bore something worth having. They stopped, and teased him, roughly telling him to show what he was carrying so carefully. Tarsicius refused, and began to run swiftly in the direction of the prison. But the rough soldiers interfered, trying to tear his parcel from him.

Bravely he held it tight, and shouting, "A Christian, a Christian, stone him!" the men rushed upon the boy, throwing big stones, which struck him down.

The only thought of Tarsicius was for his precious burden, that he should not fail in his trust: he fell, clasping it to his bosom; then a stone struck his head, his hold loosened, and he sank, lifeless, to the ground.

But his guardian angel, who carried the brave young spirit to Paradise, was not unmindful of his charge. The story tells how when the rough soldiers at last seized the treasure which had cost the boy his life, and tore open the napkin, they found nothing at all,—the Holy Bread had vanished.

(b) The Three Boy Martyrs of Uganda

It was evening in Uganda: some brown boys were stealthily wending their way through the thick undergrowth which surrounded their village, and across the valley, to the hut where the white teacher lived. On arrival, they were welcomed, and settled down to a lesson about Christianity, for this white teacher had much to tell of a wonderful new life which the followers of his King, Jesus, might lead. But why did they come so secretly, by night?

Years before, when Stanley had discovered Uganda, he had told its King, Mtesa, something about Christianity, so that he had asked that missionaries might be sent for his people to learn more, and Stanley had written a letter begging England to send men. Among those who responded to this letter was Alexander Mackay, the white teacher who now held his school by night. At first he had held it openly by day, and set up a printing-press in the hut that was given him by King Mtesa, and all had gone well.

But, presently, in 1884, Mtesa died, and his son, Mwanga, ruled in the land. And he was a cruel man, and hated the white missionaries, forbidding his people to learn of them. He feared the white people were trying to take away his power and his land, and smuggle away the boys, over whom Mwanga could see Mackay had a great influence.

This is why those brown boys were really attending the classes at the risk of their lives. But some of them had been

baptised, and would not give up their Christianity for anything. At last Mwanga took six of them, declaring they should be put to death, and the eldest was only fifteen. Mackay did all he could to save them. One was set free, and two ransomed, through the help of friendly chiefs. But the other three remained prisoners, and however much they were threatened, declared they believed in Jesus. A chief sneered at them: "You know Jesus Christ! You believe you will rise again! Well, I will burn you, and see if it is true!" But the boys were not frightened: they answered with the snatch of a Christian hymn Mackay had taught them.

Then the threat was carried out. The three boys were taken to a quiet spot in the swamps, where, in a clearing surrounded by banana trees and reeds, firewood was piled up. The boys were then seized, that their arms might be cut off so that they should not struggle. The eldest suffered without a cry: the second (who had only been baptised two years before) begged for mercy, but when it was not granted, said no more. The youngest, a boy of eleven, promised he would not try to free himself if they would but spare his arms. The cruel men, however, would not, and these three young African boys joined the noble army of martyrs. From the midst of the fire a boy's voice was heard singing joyfully—

Daily, daily, sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due.

But that was not the end of the story. King Mwanga and his cruel persecutions passed, but Christianity came to stay in Uganda; and on the spot where those three boys died, there now stands a great cross—the symbol of Him for Whom they laid down their young lives.

(c) *Manche, the African Girl Martyr* (Revision, 1949)

The scene is in South Africa, and the time February 1928. The Leader of the "Wayfarers" (akin to our "Guides") is making her roll call. Forty-three brown-faced girls with khaki uniforms, bare legs and white doeks (or headveils) are drawn up with a dozen "Little Stars" (Brownies).

These are all native Christians, but in front of them stand three tall girls in native dress, with bracelets of lead, and grass on legs and arms, and, though doeks are on their heads, they are strange to them, as the veils keep falling back, revealing the hair, done flat, like a pancake, the way the heathen do it.

These three girls are catechumens, waiting to be enrolled till after their Baptism, at Easter. But there should be a fourth, Manche Masemula.

"Why is Manche absent?" asks the Leader.

"Sick," comes the answer.

And that is not surprising, for heavy rains coming after two years' drought account for much sickness.

"If Manche is very sick, she must see the doctor," says the Leader, and so for the moment the matter rests.

But two days later comes the news that Manche is dead! And this is her story:—

Manche's parents were heathen, and didn't want her to become a Christian. They had done all they could to stop her going to the church to learn. She worked for them on the lands, saying, "I am going to obey my parents and work for them as hard as I can with my hands: what I will *not* do is to turn away from the Church." Time and again they thrashed her, with a stick, or rheim (leather thong). Once, when she had hidden herself in a small grain hut, her mother finding out, tried to stab her through the wall with a spear, but Manche caught hold of it, and escaped. And so it went on, but Manche stood firm, declaring, "Even if you thrash me I won't go back from Church," and telling her young heathen companions, "I shall never stop being a Christian, and I shall laugh the more they hurt me."

Then one day she fell ill, and the Mission doctor gave her medicine, but the parents scoffed at it, saying, "If that medicine is from the white doctor, and he is a Christian, then, now you are well: if you are not well, then the Christians' God is no use." Sick and bruised Manche tried to get up and work, but again the unnatural parents thrashed her and threw her down. Then her mother took all her clothes, and declaring that the Christians had bewitched Manche, fetched a witch doctor. Manche refused to drink

the stuff he gave her, but her parents flogged her again, until at last she drank it—and died!

This was the news that reached the Christian village of S. Peter, and at once (the native priest, Moeka, was away) the old brown churchwarden set out for the heathen burial ground. He found a group of natives, huddled together, and dismayed because the ground would not receive Manche!

"Wherever we try to dig," said they, "we find a great stone; we cannot bury Manche; she is not our child—she is the child of Moeka, the man of God."

Then the old churchwarden made the sign of the cross over the blanketed body, and led the people to a plot of ground apart, where a deep grave was dug, and the little martyr, aged 15, was buried, on February 4, 1928.

But what did the other Wayfarers think of it all? The next day, Sunday, when the service was over, Moeka (now home again) asked them: "Is it not bad that one of your number has been done to death for her faith? Would it not be better for you to give up being Christians?"

The girls raised high their right hands (the sign of allegiance to a king). "No," said they, "it is good. If only we could die like Manche! We are proud, and we are happy. Manche laughed, and we laugh too!"

Years afterwards, at Rogationtide, 1935, Canon Moeka took the Bishops of Pretoria and Johannesburg and some others to the grave, where a Requiem for Manche was celebrated; and when a revised list of persons eminent in the South African Church is made it is suggested that Manche Masemola should be included.

[From an account by the wife of the Priest-in-charge of the Sekukuniland Mission; the Bishop of Pretoria; and other sources.]

(d) *Boy Martyrs of To-day*

In 1922, when the Turks captured Smyrna, and drove out the Greek Christians, they entered a boys' school, where there were about forty Christian boys between the ages of nine and fourteen. The Turkish leader then assembled the boys and addressed them:

"Boys, if you put up your hands you will be allowed to remain in this town, be clothed, cared for, and fed,—but,

you must become Mohammedans; if you do not put up your hands, you will be shot."

Not a boy put up his hand. They were at once shot. And so the brave spirits of these young boys were carried up to join the noble army of martyrs.

EPIPHANY I. SEEKING AND FINDING THE KING

The season of Epiphany brings before us, in a series of vivid pictures, the idea of God manifesting Himself to His world through the facts of the Incarnation, and the life-story of the Christ. One after another, glimpses of the spiritual world break through the earth-clouds, and we see something of the glory of God. But it was not only in those early years that God manifested His glory, and it will be helpful to our younger people if we can tell true stories of parallel Epiphanies going on to-day. We shall group them as far as possible in relation to the gospels.

The wise men came from the East, seeking the King, and it is still chiefly in the East, and perhaps especially in India, that earnest men and women are searching for a truer and more satisfying light than their own ancient religions give them. Here are parts of the stories of two such.

(a) *Pundita Ramabai*

Ramabai was brought up by Hindu parents, and when quite a girl her mother taught her to read the "holy" books about their religion, and the gold and silver and wooden idols whom they both feared and worshipped. This was, of course, unusual, for girls were not considered worth teaching, but Ramabai shared with her brother, and life in the forest home was happy enough till famine came.

Desperate indeed were famine-stricken parts of India even fifty years ago. Jewels, clothing, even cooking-pots were sold for food, or given to the idols to buy their help; and at last Ramabai and her family had to wander from place to place, hungry and homeless.

From her holy books Ramabai had learnt that the temple idols ordered life's conditions for humans, and to them now she looked for help, visiting one temple after another, begging. But the priests turned the starving little party away, and the idols gave no answer.

Time passed; the father and mother died of famine fever; Ramabai and her brother wandered on, sometimes getting a little work and food, more often hungry.

They saw many sad sights; other sufferers like themselves, but saddest of all were the little girls, especially the child-widows, whom no one cared for, and Ramabai trusted her religion and the idols less and less, seeking ever for light on all this suffering.

At length better times came to Ramabai, but she could not forget the neglected girls, many of them widows when quite small children, with none of childhood's joys. And the Hindu religion had nothing to offer them!

At last, still seeking some way to help them, she came to England. Here she saw Christian homes for miserable and lonely girls, and asked "Why?" and "How?"

Church sisters answered her questionings, and then the true Light shone for her. She found Christ's way for His world, and was baptised. Earnestly she threw all her remarkable powers into the work of bringing that light of love to her poor Indian sisters, and after studying methods in America (where her enthusiasm raised funds for the work she contemplated) she returned to India.

There she founded a school for the sad little child-widows. Having herself found God, she spent the rest of her life, like the Epiphany star, leading those poor neglected girls to find their happiness in His Kingdom of love.

Note.—The title "Pundita" is given only to great men teachers in India, but so famous did Ramabai's work become, that this honour was commonly accorded her. She died in 1922.

(b) *Subrahmanyam*

Caste has its origin in the earliest Hindu holy books, the Vedas. That is to say, that the barriers between class and class, forbidding intercourse between them, are based upon religion. The Brahman, belonging to the highest caste of

all, does not associate with the others, and none associate with the "out-castes" or "intouchables."

Now, Subrahmanyam was a strict Brahman, living in Madras presidency (note the word in the middle of his name). His father intended him to be a *Guru*, or holy man, and he studied the holy books and went on long pilgrimages to worship in famous idol temples. But at fourteen his father died, and an ambitious uncle sent him to learn English at a Mission school. Here, a Christian master's life so attracted him that the Hindu gods and goddesses no longer satisfied him, and his quest for truth began. "Who is God? What is He like?" he asked, and after studying some time at Madras, he determined to seek in solitude the answer to his questionings. So he became a *Sanyasi*, or hermit, and for over a year journeyed among the Vindya hills and then up to the snowy Himalayas. There he endured great privations, living in caves, eating herbs, seeking in the great silences of Nature to find God; his constant prayer "O God, reveal Thyself to me!"

But no clear light came till at length, near Bombay, he met an old mission-school friend who had become a Christian. He took Subrahmanyam to live with him, and together they studied the gospel story and prayed. One night Subrahmanyam had a vision: on one side was a group of proud Brahmans, he among them; on the other, a group of dark, ill-clad outcasts. A glorious, fiery hand picked him up from the Brahmans and set him among the outcasts; then the hand descended on his head, and a voice said, "Follow Thou Me."

The light had shone for Subrahmanyam: he was baptised (1892). Back in his native village he declared himself a Christian. Fierce persecution followed, for a Brahman may not change his religion; his uncle and relations branded and beat him, denying him the house, and at length determining to kill him.

But he escaped to Madras, where he set to work studying the Bible, and living out its message for over thirty years among the outcasts. He forced himself to touch their hands as he taught them to write; nursed in their hovels when cholera raged; washed their clothes, cooked their

food, and buried their dead with his own hands, thus trying to share the Light he had himself found.

Subrahmanyam is an outstanding example in our own days of a seeker finding in Christianity the Truth that transformed his whole life.

(c) *How a Moslem tried to find Peace*

On 29th April, 1866, a very remarkable Indian Moslem was baptised. His name was Imad-ud-din. For years he had been seeking peace and salvation apart from Christ, and had consulted every kind of Mohammedan teacher. Here are some paragraphs written by himself in which he describes his fruitless struggles :

"I began to practise speaking little, eating little, living apart from men, afflicting my body, and keeping awake at nights. I used to spend whole nights reading the Koran. I constantly sat on the graves of holy men, in hopes that by contemplation I might receive some revelation from the tombs.

"I retired into my private chamber, and with many tears I prayed for the pardon of my sins. I sought for union with God from travellers and *fakirs* and even from the insane people of the city. The thought of utterly renouncing the world came into my mind with so much power that I left everybody, and went out into the jungles, and became a *fakir*, putting on clothes covered with red ochre, and wandered here and there, from city to city, and from village to village, step by step, alone for about 2,500 miles without plan or baggage.

"In this state I entered the city of Karuli, where a stream called Cholida flows beneath a mountain. I had a book with me on the doctrines of mysticism and the practice of devotion. I took up the book and sat down on the bank of the stream, to perform the ceremonies as they were enjoined. The celebrant must first perform his absolutions on the banks of the flowing stream, and, weaving an unsewn dress, must sit in a particular manner on one knee for twelve days, and repeat the prayer called *Jugopar* thirty times every day with a loud voice. He must not eat any food with salt, or anything at all, except some barley bread, or flour, lawfully

earned, which he had made with his hands, and baked with wood, that he has brought himself from the jungles.

"In addition to the above, I wrote the name of God on paper during this time 125,000 times, performing a certain portion each day; and I cut out each word separately with scissors, and wrapped them up each in a little ball of flour, and fed the fishes of the river with them, in the way the book prescribed.

"When all this toil was over and I went thence, I had no strength left in my body; my face was wan and pale, and I could not even hold myself up against the wind. Still my soul found no rest, and during the next eight to ten years I was convinced that there was no true religion in the world.

"Since my entrance into the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, I have had great peace of soul."

(d) Gifts for a King

The ancient custom of offering gifts to a king still persists. When, for instance, in 1928 the King of Afghanistan visited King George V, he brought mysterious bales and boxes: souvenirs of Afghan origin for the courts of Europe he would visit—valuable rugs and carpets, and fine specimens of native craftsmanship.

EPIPHANY II AND IV. GOD MANIFESTED THROUGH NATURE

(a) The Wonders of the Heavens

When Kepler, the great astronomer, was discovering the laws of motion, he said, "O my God, my thoughts are following after Thy thoughts."

Increasingly is this true, as more and more powerful telescopes reveal the wonders and vastness of the heavens.

Here are some facts. The sun is a million times as great as the earth: it controls planets three thousand million miles distant; yet, the whole of the solar system compared with the universe is but as a penny compared with the whole of Europe.

Again, our sun is but a comparatively small one amid the myriads that form the Milky Way, the white belt that stretches across the heavens.

The Milky Way itself is but one of hundreds of thousands of such vast groups of suns, of which, the universe contains thirty thousand millions!

The distribution of these stars in space has been compared with that of twenty tennis balls roaming the whole interior of the earth!

Another way of trying to grasp the vastness of space is to think of light. This travels 186,000 miles a second, and would take a hundred thousand million years to flash from end to end of the universe.

[Quoted from *The Heavens and the Universe*, Dr. Oswald Thomas.]

(b) *The Wonder World of Nature*

The more deeply we search into Nature, the more wonders do we find. Put, for example, a fleck of dust that your fingers may brush off a butterfly's wing, under a very powerful microscope, and you will find it to be composed of the most exquisite minute feathers, which assume marvellous proportions when magnified sufficiently for the human eye to see their perfection. Or magnify the hoar-frost on a blade of grass, and you will find myriads of crystals, each perfectly formed in marvellous geometrical designs.

Think of one of the tiniest seeds, such as mignonette. Within that brown speck is the germ of life different from all other plants: life that will burst the brown wrapping, send down tiny roots capable of drawing out of the soil just what the plant needs: life that will develop and shoot out a tender green stem and leaves, crowning it presently with a score of the tiniest perfect flowerlets possessing a fragrance that is unlike anything else in the world.

In another direction, think of how each of even the smallest living creatures is fitted for the conditions of its life. The tiny hollow bones of the bird filled with air: the protective colouring of the chameleon, changing to adapt itself to whatever it rests upon: the needles of the curled-up hedgehog: even the sting of the wasp or bee.

And, again, the instinct, or wisdom, the Creator has given each according to its need is another wonder that the life-story of any creature will illustrate.

Take the ant, as a striking example; disturb an ants' nest, and you will see the little insects carrying the baby grubs away to a place of safety. Watch them as they take long journeys to find the colonies of green-fly from which they coax the honey, almost as we milk a cow, which the industrious ants then carry back to feed the tiny grubs. It is marvellous to note an ant's sense of direction: unerringly he will travel over all obstacles in a straight line to his nest. You may watch him, fat and comfortable as he carries the honey home, while a long line of others will be going in the opposite direction, thin and hungry, to the green fly colony to get their supplies.

No matter where you turn in Nature, or how deeply you probe, or how greatly you magnify, you will find ever increasing perfection, infinite variety, and exquisite beauty, compared with which man's finest work is coarse.

EPIPHANY III AND IV. GOD'S HEALING POWER MANIFESTED

(a) Spiritual Healing in the Church To-day

That the manifestation of God's love in the healing of men's minds and bodies by spiritual means was not meant to stop in the early centuries of the Church's history, is a truth that is being recovered to-day. Most certainly God's will for health has been revealed in modern times by scientific discoveries of anæsthetics, X-rays, inoculations, and the growing skill of the medical profession, as well as through psycho-therapy, but supplementing all those methods, and sometimes succeeding where they fail, there are the more direct spiritual means, of which we give instances here.

1. Mr. James Moore Hickson, who died in 1933, spent his life teaching and practising the gospel of spiritual healing. He travelled in Australia, Africa and other countries, holding

healing missions, and countless sufferers on whom, in our Lord's name, he laid his hands received help or healing.

(a) There was a poor little child of three, who had never walked, who was brought, strapped on to a board. The strappings were released, and Mr. Hickson laid his hands on the little one's spine. In two days the child walked three steps, and was completely cured.

(b) Bishop Milne was given up by the doctors with a bad cancer. Going to Mr. Hickson, he and a priest engaged in prayer, and the Bishop was cured and restored to active work.

His son had been desperately ill, in the last stages of lock-jaw (tetanus), and had also been cured through prayer and Mr. Hickson's ministry.

(c) At one of Mr. Hickson's Healing Missions in South Africa in 1922, at Heidelberg, we have the record of a man who was totally blind being able to see immediately after the service. Another man who was unable to walk for ten years became able to do so. A woman who had lost the use of her legs, and been bed-ridden for twenty-six years, also received healing. More than twelve years afterwards she was found to be still walking, and conducting all her household duties; and other people also were healed the same day.

[T. W. Burns, Rector of Heidelberg, 1935.]

2. At the little village of Brede, in Sussex, for many years a week of teaching about spiritual healing was held each summer, having its climax in a great service to which sufferers of all kinds were invited to receive the laying on of hands, with the prayers of the Church, for their recovery. Of many instances of help received, here is one: A stranger, visiting the church, got into conversation with its vergeress. After a while, the latter remarked:

"Would you say I was deaf?"

"Indeed, no," replied the visitor, "I had no idea of it!"

"Well, I was, so completely that the vicar used to have to write down his instructions for me; and, last summer, I was cured at the big healing service here."

This conversation took place in 1925, and when the same

stranger re-visited Brede in 1934 the vergeress was still at her post, with normal hearing.

(b) Healing through Prayer in Africa

The African saint, Apolo, lived on the borders of the Pygmy Forest, where there were no doctors or hospitals. One of the African teachers whom he had trained, with his wife, lay very ill with fever, and there seemed no hope of their recovery. Hearing of this, Apolo had them brought into his own hut and laid upon his bed. He prayed over them, and immediately they began to get better, and ultimately recovered.

Some time after this the couple were in the capital of Uganda, and again were stricken with fever. Remembering how they had been helped before, they sent to Apolo, begging him to come and heal them. He, however, refused; saying that they should go to the Mission hospital, for there they would find doctors to whom God had given wisdom. This they did, and again recovered.

But Apolo himself continued to minister to the primitive pygmies of the Forest where there were no doctors, and through his prayers many were healed.

(c) Medical Missions

1. There is a fine picture of a doctor missionary in an African forest-clearing, skilfully tending a sick negro, while others wait around, watching with wonder and interest, till their turn shall come to be helped. Behind the white doctor is the spirit-form of Christ showing, with the subtle skill of the artist, in Whose name and by Whose power the healing work is being carried on.

2. Father Jackson, the blind priest who spent his life among the blind people of Burma, is one of many examples of Christian love manifested in service to those for whom their own people do little or nothing. He taught the blind boys to read and showed them ways of being useful workers, finding their happiness in victory over blindness.

3. A wealthy and influential man in the city of Swatow

(South China) became interested in the medical missionaries' labours, and got into the habit of giving them rice-tickets for the poor patients. Then his wife became very sick, and the missionaries treated her. The man said, "I should like other women to be treated as my wife has been," and he gave 2,000 dollars to start a women's hospital.

Next, he came to see the advantages of a Western education, and offered the missionaries 10,000 dollars to start a Chinese school where Western learning could be taught.

His last step was to destroy his idols and apply for Christian baptism. He was one of very many to whom the light of Christianity is first manifested through its works of healing.

(d) *A Hospital in China*

In China (and many other countries) it is often the Christian missionary who first brings scientific skill and love to the suffering people. Look at a typical mission hospital at Ping Yin, in the province of Shantung. The desperate need of the people in this dirty and populous city drew an English lady doctor there in 1906, and a little mud hospital was started. In three years time the doctor's enthusiasm had replaced this by a fine hospital of which the native-designed gate symbolised its principles. Over the archway is a dragon (China), above that an eagle (love) and surmounting all, a cross. On the two stone pillars supporting the archway is a Chinese couplet meaning "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill to men."

Under this archway pass the patients, a motley crowd on stretchers, wheelbarrows, beds; an old man crawling on hands and knees; some on the backs of fathers or brothers; others in ox-carts or riding donkeys or mules. Look at some of the "cases": malaria or typhoid; accidents from the near-by stone quarry; gunshot wounds from robbers who hide in the neighbouring woods; and innumerable eye troubles and other ailments.

All are received in the waiting-room, where a Chinese catechist talks simply of the Christian faith, and pictures and pamphlets are given to those few who can use them.

Dispensary, operating theatre, and three wards are waiting

to do their part in the healing of these poor folk, and there too is the chapel where twice daily Chinese services are held, for those well enough to attend.

Many are the cures effected in this hospital of S. Agatha—"the Hospital of Wide Benevolence" as the Chinese title goes—but of far greater value is the new vision of God that this manifestation of His healing love brings to the "heathen Chinese."

(e) How the Light came to a Chinese Boy

Pi was only a little chap of eight when the white lady doctor came to Ping Yin, and everyone in the dirty little village by the great Yellow River where he lived was talking about her. "Don't go near her, she is a foreign devil, and is come to eat us up!" said the people. But presently news came from the old city of healing and help received by sick folk who had dared to go to her, and Pi began to wonder if she could help his back not to ache so, for he never felt well enough to join the other boys in their games and kite-flying.

One day the doctor, who became known as the "Jesus Lady," visited Pi's village, but he was much too shy to speak to her. Only he learnt that she had come all the way from England to help the sick folk of China because her King, the Lord Jesus Christ, had told her to.

Three long years passed, and Pi's poor aching back grew worse: he was eleven now, but could hardly walk at all. His father promised to carry him to see the white doctor when next she was anywhere near. At length she came; examined Pi, and shook her head.

"It will take a long time to make him well," said she: "you must bring him to the hospital; it can't be done here."

So Father promised, but put it off from week to week till at last Pi could only hobble along by resting his hands on his knees.

Then at length the steep journey up to the old city was undertaken, and Pi was carried under the cross-crowned gateway of the new Christian hospital. What a relief for him to lie month after month in a soft native bed in a bright ward, seeing the white doctor every day, and listening

morning and evening to the music that came from the chapel. Here, he was told, people were singing to Jesus, King of Love, and praying that His great Holy Spirit might make the sick people in the hospital well.

Month after month, as his poor twisted spine was straightening, and the colour coming back into his wan cheeks, he learnt more about this "Jesus Religion," and when at length he was allowed to get up, and could walk upright, his first wish was to join the singers in the chapel. He, too, would become a Christian.

"And," said he to his great friend, the white doctor, "you are to choose my Christian name. I will not be 'Pi' any more—I am a different boy, so I will have a different name."

[The main facts of this story are true: the boy we call "Pi" was born in 1898.]

THE LENTEN SEASON

1. SELF-SACRIFICE AND DISCIPLINE

Part of the teaching of Lent centres in the thought of giving-up for a noble purpose: self-denial for self-realisation; death, in order that fuller life may be won. Of course, this teaching reaches its climax in the Good Friday story of the Cross, but other stories of "lesser Calvaries" may help to show the fineness of a self-less life, and its possibilities for ordinary people doing ordinary things.

(a) *Acts of Self-Sacrifice during the Great War*

1. The Drummer Boy, Bugler Reed of the Marines, was on H.M.S. *Formidable* when she was sunk by the Germans, but he managed to keep himself afloat by using his drum as a life-buoy. There was, however, another boy in the water near him with no support, and Reed gave up his drum to him, with the result that Reed himself was drowned, giving his life for the other boy, who was saved.

2. Here is a story of a Russian priest who left his

monastery to become a chaplain on the ship on which he perished. Father Anthony was an old man of seventy-one when his ship was blown up to prevent it falling into the enemy's hands. As the ship sank slowly into the abyss of waters, Father Anthony stood on deck, praying and blessing the men. He was offered a seat in the life-boat, but refused it.

"Save yourselves," he said, "You are young; I am old; I have lived my time."

At the first whisper of danger he had dressed in his robes, wanting to meet death worthily; and those who saw it all, say they will never forget the white head and steadfast upward gaze of the monk, holding high above the water, as the ship went down, his Bible and his cross.

3. In October 1917, after the capture of a position, the enemy massed in force and counter-attacked. The situation was very critical, all wires being cut, and it was of the utmost importance to get word back to Headquarters. A certain Private Harry Brown, with another soldier, were given the message, with orders to deliver it at all costs. The other messenger was killed; Private Brown had his arm shattered, but continued on through an intense barrage until he arrived at the close support lines, and found an officer. He was so spent that he fell down the dug-out steps, but retained consciousness long enough to hand over his message, saying "Important message."

He died in the dressing-station a few hours later, but his devotion to duty and successful delivery of the message saved the loss of the position for the time, and prevented many casualties.

4. Sergeant John Carmichael, of the North Staffordshire Regiment, when excavating a trench, saw that a grenade had been unearthed and started to burn. He immediately rushed to the spot, shouting to his men to get clear, and placing his steel helmet over the grenade, stood upon it.

The grenade exploded, and blew him out of the trench, seriously injured, but by this splendid act of resource and self-sacrifice the brave sergeant undoubtedly saved many men from injury.

(b) An Indian's Courage

An Indian regiment serving in the Great War in 1918 became cut off from the main body of the army and proceeded to "dig themselves in" and make as good a defence as possible.

But it was essential to get into communication with the staff. Volunteers were asked for to cross "No man's land" in enemy fire to carry the despatch. Three went, one after the other and were shot down.

At last a certain Lieut. Singh volunteered, and rode out on his charger. The horse was shot down, but Lieut. Singh ran through the gunfire and delivered the message. An answer was required. He carried it again through the hell-fire. And yet a third journey back to headquarters was needed, and undertaken by him. Again his horse was killed under him, but through a barrage he completed the errand on foot.

His three selfless dashes won him the V.C., an honour usually reserved for British heroes.

(c) Captain Oates of the Antarctic Expedition

Captain Scott, who led the expedition which reached the South Pole on 17th January, 1913, left in his diary a record of the terrible hardships of the return march. Gloom and foreboding seem to have settled on the spirits of the little party; Evans was badly run down, and his weakness was accelerated by nasty falls. His companions stuck to him faithfully, but he died on 17th February. . . .

Travelling was very difficult, owing to the lateness of the season. The temperature at night was down to 40° below zero, and surface conditions were so bad that with the greatest exertions the sledges could only be dragged at the rate of a mile an hour. Supplies of oil were short, and Captain Oates, whose feet had been troubling him badly, was getting steadily worse.

On 3rd March, Captain Scott wrote, "God help us, we can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart, I can only guess."

What Captain Oates was feeling, we gather by what he did. Knowing he was a drag and a burden on his companions, who would not forsake him, one night in the middle of March he quietly walked out into the frozen darkness to meet his death: the others would have a better chance of gaining their base without him.

Long after, when the relief party found the explorers' tent, but not the body of the man who had left it, they built a cairn of ice, and inscribed upon a wooden cross these words: "Near to this place died a very gallant gentleman." This cross, surmounting the cairn witnessed to the inspiration of all "lesser calvaries."

(d) *Victory through Sacrifice*

1. *A fine Epitaph.* Outside Quebec on Abraham Heights is a monument, with this inscription, "Here fell Wolfe victorious."

2. *An Honoured Veteran.* There was a great gathering in Hyde Park after the Crimean War, when the heroes assembled to receive their medals from the Queen. They filed before her slowly, and she, with a gracious word and smile, gave the medals to each. By and by there was a break in the procession. Then came Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who commanded the artillery, and had both legs shot off in the Crimea. When this occurred his men picked him up and were about to carry him from the field, but his spirit was not quenched though his legs were gone, and he said: "No, men, prop up the stumps, and hurrah for the Queen and dear old England!" He did not die, but lived to be carried in a sedan chair to receive his reward. The Queen was moved, and came down from the place prepared for her to put the medal on his breast herself.

3. *How Fighting was Stopped.* During one of the many intestine feuds which Switzerland saw in the sixteenth century, the first shot had actually been fired, when a certain Roman Catholic, Nicholas von Wengi, threw himself before the mouth of a cannon, and exclaimed "If the blood of the burghers is to be spent, let mine be the first!" Wengi's party at once desisted from the attack, and matters were settled amicably.

(e) *The "Titanic" Engineers*

In April 1912 the magnificent steamer *Titanic*, on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York with hundreds of passengers, struck an iceberg and rapidly began to fill with water. It was impossible to save her, and all depended upon the skill and discipline with which everybody took to the boats. Down below in the engine- and boiler-rooms engineers and stokers must have realised before anybody else how hopeless was the vessel's plight. When the ship struck, the first watch was on duty in the engine-room, the second was off duty and the third was asleep. The instant the alarm sounded they all rushed to their posts down below, excepting those whose danger duty lay with the boats. The engines could drive the ship no farther, but it was of paramount importance that the wireless message should be sent to the farthest possible distance, while the maintenance of the current for keeping the lights burning was vital if a panic was to be averted. This was the task of the twenty-five engineers, who remained at their posts until the vessel sank. The death roll was terrible, but the numbers who were saved owed their lives largely to the engineers, who went down with the ship, and to the band of musicians whose playing helped to keep the people calm. As the survivors pushed off in their boats the strains reached them from the sinking vessel: "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

(f) *Father Damien and the Lepers*

Father Damien was a religious in minor orders when, at the age of twenty-three, he left his native Belgium to go as a missionary to Honolulu, taking the place of his brother, who had been prevented by illness. Here he was ordained priest: but his sympathies were drawn to the sad lot of the lepers, whom it was the practice of the Hawaiian Government to deport to the island of Molokai. He conceived an earnest desire to help them, and in 1873 volunteered to take spiritual charge of the leper settlement on the island. Here he lived and worked alone for five years, after which from time to time other priests assisted him. But for Damien it was his life work.

By means of the labours of his own hands, and appeals to the Hawaian Government, he managed to improve materially the water-supply, dwellings and victualling of the settlement, but probably the greatest blessing the priest brought was his fellowship and spiritual outlook. This man could show a life of communion with God, so careless of self as to risk the dread disease of leprosy, so ready to help the bodies and souls of the sufferers, sharing with them the means of grace by which he himself lived.

In 1885 Father Damien was stricken with leprosy, to which he succumbed four years later, in 1889. He thus died a comparatively young man (forty-nine), but the sixteen years of his devoted work among the lepers have made his name glorious in the annals of the Church.

(g) What a Moslem gave up to become a Christian

For a Moslem to become a Christian means bitter persecution, and often the loss of worldly goods. A member of a Moslem royal family became convinced of the truth of Christianity and was baptised, knowing full well what it would cost him. He was deprived of his estates and position, which yielded him an annual income of £2,300. In order to earn a living he became a teacher of Urdu, for which he was content to receive a pittance of £16 a year.

This is just one instance of the kind of thing missionaries in India report from time to time. The "costingness" of Christianity is both understood and undertaken by convinced Moslems.

(h) Self-Control

1. *Thirst*.—The famous story of Sir Philip Sidney, who when mortally wounded in Flanders insisted that the precious water brought him should be given to a dying soldier, has been matched by many a humbler man since his time. When the hospital ship *Rohilla* was wrecked off Whitby by a German mine, the captain and the last fifty men of the crew remained on the wreck huddled together without fire or food; and, what was worse, without water. Some, however, was found, and carefully divided between the fifty-one men—just enough for each one to have a thimble-full!

They were all rescued in the end, and the Captain spoke afterwards of the "splendid behaviour of those men who found and distributed the water." Only those who have faced the possibility of death by thirst can realise the self-control of those men, who might have first satisfied themselves, but they said "No," and shared the water with the others, getting only a thimble-full each.

2. *Smoking : The Finest Work needs Disciplined Lives.*—A certain noted Californian horticulturist, Luther Burbank, wrote the following about the delicate work of pruning :

"To assist me in my work of budding-work (that is as accurate and exacting as watchmaking) I have a force of twenty men. I have to discharge men from this force if incompetent. Some time ago my foreman asked me if I took pains to inquire into the personal habits of my men. On being answered in the negative, he surprised me by saying that the men I found unable to do the delicate work of budding invariably turned out to be smokers or drinkers. These men, while able to do the rough work of farming, call budding and other delicate work 'puttering,' and have to give it up, owing to an inability to concentrate their nerve force.

"Even men who smoke one cigar a day cannot be trusted with some of my most delicate work.

"Cigarettes are even more damaging than cigars, and their use by young boys" (Burbank concluded), "is little short of criminal."

3. *Nelson's Unselfishness.* At Aboukir Bay, Nelson was severely wounded in the head, and carried below in a fearful state. The surgeon left the sailor he was attending and turned to relieve him. But Nelson refused his help, insisting that he would only be attended when all those wounded prior to him were dressed, saying, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows !"

4. *The Butter Tower.* Self-denial has a double objective : first, it drills and disciplines our desires, so that we are masters of ourselves ; and secondly, what we deny to ourselves will be time, or money, free to give away. At Rouen there is a gloriously carved tower at the south angle of the Cathedral, called the "Butter Tower." It is said to be built

by the offerings of the faithful who went without butter during Lent.

5. *The Soldier's Blanket.* In illustration of this ruling spirit of considerateness in a noble character, we may cite the anecdote of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby, of whom it is related that when mortally wounded in the Battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the *Foudroyant*; and, to ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief.

He asked what it was :

"It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply.

"Whose blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up.

"Only one of the men's."

"I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is."

"It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42nd, Sir Ralph."

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

Even to ease his dying agony the General would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

(i) *Why Pruning is Necessary*

If we think of our hearts as being like gardens, then we may think of Lent as being the pruning time: and the good gardener does not spare the knife!

There was once a garden where many roses grew, but, although they were choice varieties, their blooms were not particularly beautiful or numerous. One spring a new gardener was asked to do the pruning, and he cut away vigorously. Presently the ground was strewn with the leafy shoots, and every bush looked naked and small, only a couple of buds remaining on each stem. The owner came along, and stood aghast: "You have ruined my roses!" she exclaimed, angrily, as she blamed the gardener for his, in her eyes, cruel work.

But when summer came, the rose-garden was lovelier than ever before. The blossoms were large, and fragrant, and beautifully shaped, growing at the end of long leafy stems, a joy for all who walked there. And the lady called her gardener: "I am sorry I was angry," said she: "you

knew best; I have let my roses grow pretty much as they pleased, but your hard cutting has made them so lovely that one would scarcely believe they were the same bushes; in future you may be sure I shall trust you with all the most precious things in my garden."

2. SIN AND FORGIVENESS

As we draw near Good Friday, the fact of sin and its awful consequences becomes central in our teaching; how, unforgiven, it must always blot out God. But we set over against it the teaching of the Cross: Love winning through the cloud, breaking down the barrier, and by death making the new life of love possible for all Christians—who, drinking the poured-out Blood, share the life of the Crucified.

Our stories illustrate these two aspects of sin and forgiveness.

(a) *The Persistence of Sin*

1. Unaided man cannot conquer sin. Think of a bad habit, and let the word itself illustrate its persistence. Cut away the h, and a bit is left; take away the a, and the bit remains; remove the b, and you have it still; and even when i is gone, "t" the initial of totality—still remains.

2. The old Prophet Isaiah taught the same truth by talking of "Scarlet" sins (Isaiah i. 18). It is so impossible to get scarlet dye out of material, that scarlet rags can only be made into red blotting paper.

(b) *Unforgiven Sin Makes a Barrier*

1. A child had been told by her mother not to have certain children in to play with, as she did not want them to be together. The child, however, went into their yard and played with them there. All day she felt uncomfortable, but said nothing till evening, when saying her prayers by her mother's side. When she came to the words, "Forgive us our sins" she stopped short; there was a long pause; then mother asked, "Why don't you go on, darling?" and the story had to come out.

2. A little girl one night refused to say her prayers as usual. On her nurse asking why, she replied; "I'se shy wiv God to-night;" and on further pressing, added, "I'se shy wiv God; I'se not been good."

3. A certain man, though a Christian, was subject to fits of ungoverned temper and rage and cruelty. In his room hung a painting of his patron Saint to be an inspiration for nobler living. But we are told that when his lower nature got the better of him, and he was about to commit some unrestrained, passionate act, he was in the habit of pulling a curtain before the picture. He knew he was not fit for the eye of a saint.

(c) *Pardon before Promotion*

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse told this story about Herschel, the great astronomer. In 1750 there was a young musician playing in the royal band of King George at Hanover. He was a remarkable lad for his age, and enjoyed the flattery his playing won him, and liked the glory of marching in the parks with his regiment. That was all very well but a war came, and, after lying all night in a ditch, he became discouraged about it all and deserted. He went to England.

There he became a great organist, but his heart was in the stars. With infinite pains he constructed a telescope, and night after night, studying the heavens, he finally one night discovered a planet. He was awed, verified the discovery, and then came the applause of the country. He was sent for to go to Windsor, and the king received him—King George of Hanover, then George III of England. But before the king would hold any conversation with him, he was handed an envelope and told to open it. He opened it wondering if the King intended making him Astronomer Royal, or a peer.

But there, inside the envelope, was his pardon, as a deserter!

"Now," said the King, "we can talk: you shall come up and live at Windsor, and be Sir William Herschel."

(d) *Forgiveness Learnt from the Cross*

Our Lord's first word from the cross has been the inspiration of many another pardoned enemy. Here is a story from

Kerry, of a poor widow, whose husband, Dan, was shot by "moonlighters" during the grave civil disturbances in Southern Ireland before the Great War.

She told how they two were sitting by the fireside, with the children round them, one night at a time when news was about that the moonlighters were going round the farms asking for arms. A big knock at the door was followed by the entrance of six or eight drunken fellows who demanded the revolver that lay on the shelf. Seeing no way out, the father gave it them, but just as they reached the door, one turned, and, firing at Dan, all went out into the night.

When the smoke cleared, it was seen that the man was wounded to death. The wife sent the boy, Tim, on the old mare for priest and doctor, and thus told the end of the story:

"I put my arms round him where he sat on his chair, and said to him, 'Dan, you'll forgive them,' for I was that afeared that he might die before he had forgiven them. He said naught, and I said again, 'You'll forgive them for Christ's sake'; and he said, 'May Christ forgive us all.'

"Then I sent one of the children for the picture of the crucifixion that does be agin the wall, and I held it up in front of his eyes, and said, 'Dan, Dan, you must forgive them before you die, for Christ's sake, Who died for us and forgave us all our daily sins'; and then he said, 'God forgive them,' and I knew he had forgiven them, for he was able to pray for them that had murdered him. Then I put my lips to his, and his were growing cold as clay."

[From the *Church Times*, 4th April, 1912.]

(e) *Ingratitude Bearable in the Light of the Cross*

One who visited an aged woman in a hospital ward towards the end of her life has passed on to us the following story of a brave, forgiving spirit.

One by one, in the old days, the widow's children had left her and gone to the "new country" (as she called it), each in turn promising to save money and to send for her, "very soon." Time passed; the children married and had children, but no mention came of sending for the old mother. She

longed to see them, but, thinking they lacked the means, planned for them "one big surprise." By economising for years, she saved her passage money and "a bit for decent clothes," and set off on her adventure.

But, alas! her reception was the reverse of what she had fondly anticipated. Her children, who had prospered, seemed annoyed at their mother's coming, her grandchildren laughed at her strange dress and speech, and as she went from one to the other, no one had room for her.

This is how she told the end of the story:

"It seems to me that I knew then what our Lord suffered when He came to His own dear people and they gave Him the cold shoulder, for my own flesh and blood as much as told me that they were ashamed of the mother who bore them."

The disappointed woman came back, and obtained entrance to a "Home for the Friendless," where she proved a benediction to all about her, shedding on those around the love that her own children had rejected, but no bitterness remained in the heart of the aged saint. Only, from time to time she would murmur, "Just think! He came unto His own and His own received Him not! I can understand how that wounded His loving heart, because—well, no matter why, for I've most forgot that part of it; but I can, anyhow, praise God!"

(f) *Before the Crucifix*

Child's voice:

There's just one thing, dear Jesus,
I simply cannot do,
Although I know I ought to—
I can't love—You know who!

The voice of Jesus:

Child of my love, remember when
The cruel nails went through,
I prayed for you, who hurt Me then,
And loved you, dearly, too.

Child's voice:

Dear Jesus, by the cruel nail
With which I hurt You too,
O help me, that I may not fail,
In loving—You know who!

"There is one case of death-bed repentance recorded [in the Bible—that of the dying thief], in order that no one should despair; but only one, in order that no one should presume."

[S. Augustine.]

PALM SUNDAY

"THE EXAMPLE OF HIS GREAT HUMILITY"

(a) *Humility of Great Men*

1. *Wellington*. Someone having expressed wonder that the great Duke of Wellington had accepted a certain post which seemed beneath his claims, called forth this exclamation:

"Why," cried he, "I have eaten the King's salt, and must serve him anywhere!"

[Fitchett's *How England saved Europe*.]

2. *S. Augustine of Hippo*. When on his death-bed this great saint had the penitential psalms written up on the wall in front of his bed.

3. *Comenius*, the great Moravian educationist, after publishing many learned treatises, gave as his last work to the public one entitled, *The Art of Wisely Withdrawing One's own Assertions*.

4. *Professor S. Morse*, the inventor of the electric telegraph, before his victory was won, said, "Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

Later, when honours came, he said, "I never felt that I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, Who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to someone, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

His first message telegraphed was, "What hath God wrought."

5. *Michael Angelo*. It is narrated of this great sculptor that when at work he wore over his forehead, fastened on his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work. It was a beautiful custom,

and spoke a more eloquent lesson than he knew, for the shadows that fall on our work, how often they fall from ourselves !

(b) *The Humble Master*

S. Thomas Aquinas, who lived in the twelve hundreds, was the son of a great Italian nobleman. He had a wonderful memory, and became a great teacher, joining the Dominican monks. He was honoured by both the Pope, and the King of France, and his great teaching books are still read to-day.

But Thomas was a very humble man, wearing the white woollen robe and black cloak and sandals of his Order, and caring little what he ate, or what he did, so long as he could serve God and his fellows.

One day, when he was walking in the cloisters of a monastery in Bologna, where he was lecturing, a monk came hurrying up to Thomas and told him to come with him on an errand into the city. The monk had been ordered by his Prior to bring with him the first brother monk he saw, and not knowing Thomas by sight, told him to come. The great teacher never said a word, and followed the monk immediately. But he walked too fast for Thomas, who was a little lame, and couldn't keep up with his companion.

"Hurry up, can't you !" said the monk, impatiently, and Thomas did his best.

But presently the monk noticed all the people in the street were looking at his companion, and many of them saluting him with the greatest respect. Presently one of them asked, "Is not that the great teacher, Thomas Aquinas, who is with you ?"

The monk was horror-stricken ! He had disturbed one of the most important men in the city, and then treated him with scant courtesy ; with tears in his eyes he begged the master's pardon. But Thomas stopped his apologies and told him not to trouble at all about it, adding : "Only, I am sorry I could not walk as fast as you wanted !"

(c) *Why the General Walked*

When, during the Great War, General Allenby, victorious, was to enter Jerusalem, he dismounted from his horse, and

walked through the ancient gateway. This sign of humility and reverence in setting foot in the Holy City was said to impress the inhabitants more than any ceremonial pageantry of a victorious general could possibly have done.

(d) *A Legend about Humility*

There is a beautiful legend which tells of a saintly man who was greatly beloved of the angels, who had seen much of his godly life on earth.

The angels often asked God to give this man some new power, some mark of the Divine favour, some new gift which would make him still more useful. They were told to see the man and ask him what special power he would like to have. The angels came and asked him what gift he would choose that God might bestow upon him. He said that he was content, and wanted nothing more. They continued to urge him to choose something which God might do for him or give to him. Would he not like to have power to perform miracles? He said no, that was Christ's work. Would he not like power to lead a great many souls to Christ? He answered no, for it was the work of the Holy Spirit to convert souls. The angels still begged him to have something which they might ask God to grant to him.

He answered at last, that if he must make a choice, he would like power to do a great deal of good among men without even knowing it.

So it was that from that day his shadow, when it fell behind him, where he could not see it, had wondrous healing power, but when it fell before him, where he could see it, it had no such power. This is the spirit of true holiness, nothing for self, everything for God. One who has learned this lesson is ready for noble service. God loves to use the life that will keep itself out of sight and only honour Him.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

The Perfect Pattern

(a) *If Christians were Christ-like*

1. Here is a story about Bishop Selwyn of Melanesia. A heathen boy who had been brought from one of the islands

to Norfolk Island was very tiresome, and struck John Selwyn on the face. The Bishop turned, and walked away, silent. Later on the boy proved so troublesome and difficult that he was returned to his own island, and relapsed into heathenism.

Many years after, a missionary there was asked to go and baptise a dying man. When asked what his name should be, he said, "Call me John Selwyn, because he taught me what Christ was like, that day when I struck him."

2. The late Father Stanton, of London, did a great work among the rough boys of his parish. One of them was once found in some trouble, and asked by a well-meaning stranger if he knew the Lord Jesus? The reply was, "No, but I know a friend of His what lives very near to Him."

3. A Chinese Criticism. The late Bishop Hoare asked an officer who had served in China if he had ever found traces of the influence of Christianity among the higher classes, or among the highest officials. The officer said he had once asked a high Chinese official if he had ever read the Bible. The man brought out a note-book full of extracts from the New Testament, saying he had read the New Testament through and through, and had copied all that he admired most. Then he laid his hands on the book and said: "If the people who profess this religion lived in accordance with its precepts, it would spread all over the world."

4. An Indian Catechist was dismissed for inaccuracy in accounts. Several years later an English missionary lady visited a distant village in the jungle. She tried to make the people understand what manner of person Jesus of Nazareth was; her description met with unusual response. "Miss Sahib, we know him well, he has been living here for years."

Amazed, the lady found it was the old catechist, who, living there, had tended the sick and old, and when plague and cholera visited the place was the intrepid and devoted nurse. By the character of this humble disciple Christ was recognised by the simple villagers.

(b) African Boys' Vigil

It was an African custom to keep a twenty-four hours' vigil when anyone died, and the boys of a Christian mission

school on the Gold Coast (S. Nicholas grammar school) transferred this custom to their religion. On Maundy Thursday, 1936, they kept a twenty-four hours' watch in their school chapel in honour of Our Lord's Passion.

(c) *How to Copy a Pattern*

In the city of Rome there is a picture-gallery where hangs one picture that may not be copied—a wonderful portrait. There was once a student who was absolutely determined to copy that picture, so he went and stood before it day by day, and gazed and gazed upon it, noting every line of the features, every detail of the setting. Then he went away and put down on his canvas what he had seen, and reproduced the picture with wonderful faithfulness. If we would copy Christ, we must allow time to gaze upon Him.

[From *Steps towards Good Prayer*,
Bishop Carpenter Garnier.]

GOOD FRIDAY

"*The Wondrous Cross*"

(a) *How the Cross saved a Jew*

The following story is related as true: it dramatises the central thought of Good Friday in a vivid manner.

About 100 years ago a rich Jew lived by the Rhine; there were heavy rains, the river over-flowed, the floods rose. One night the Jew went to bed as usual; there was a violent storm, and he awoke to find the waters had entered his house and were still rising. He tried to call help, but failed, and at length had to jump out of a window and swim.

He was, however, soon exhausted; and seeing, near by, a Calvary with three crosses upon it, made for this bit of high ground. But, being a bigoted Jew, he hated the Christ, and would not hold on to the central and largest cross: things were, however, pretty desperate, and the storm still raging, so he clung to one of the others, where the dying thief was represented. This was soon broken by the gale, and the Jew struggled to grasp the other cross, where the

representation of the penitent robber hung, but with the same result: this, too, snapped before the storm.

Reluctant, even in his extremity, to cling to Christ's cross, the Jew might have perished, had not a great wave caught him, and literally flung him on to that central cross, and into the very arms of the Figure upon it.

There he clung for life, till a boat rescued him. This storm changed his whole life: he thought how he had been shown that only the Christ—whom he had hated and despised—could save. He was baptised, and became one of the greatest Jewish Christians.

(b) The Calvaries of the Battle Zone

That the gates of hell shall never prevail against the Cross was illustrated in a striking way by the wonderful preservation of many Calvaries during the great European war of 1914-1918.

A war correspondent of *The Times* drew attention to many instances of the preservation of crucifixes at the Front, notably one on the Mont des Cats, where on ground where it was difficult to find a square foot unpitted with shell-marks, there stood, absolutely untouched, a tall crucifix.

A letter from an officer at the Front told the same story:

"It is a most wonderful thing," he wrote, "that in no ruined village that I have yet seen, no matter how completely it is ruined, is the crucifix destroyed, and it is rarely damaged at all. As you know, every French village has a crucifix, often life-size, at the side of one or more of the principal roads leading into it. This crucifix is often surrounded by a few trees, and I have seen several cases where every single one of those trees has been shot away, and the crucifix left untouched."

(c) The Use of the Crucifix

It was Good Friday, in one of those awful years of the great European war, and a group of men with their padre were sitting not 200 yards from a wayside Calvary that stood erect and unharmed amid a scene of desolation. Farm-

houses and cottages around were battered and roofless, and a tumbled heap of masonry was all that remained of what had been the village church. But there, untouched by the cruel hand of war, stood the crucifix with its inscription on the base, telling how it was erected as a thankoffering by the village folk for spiritual benefits received during a mission in those far back days of peace.

The men's talk turned to this Calvary, and its preservation amidst the surrounding destruction, and one of the little company expressed his opinion that all images were contrary to the second commandment. Thereupon a sergeant, who so far had taken small part in the discussion, turned to the argumentative one and said, "I used to think so, but I don't now, and it was something that happened not a hundred miles from here that made me change my mind."

Then he told the following story.

"It was in the early days of this hellish business, when Fritz was on the run, after the knock we gave him on the Marne. He put up a stiff fight about this village, and it took us a good forty-eight hours to clear him out and capture it. By the time the job was over most of us were pretty well 'done in,' and we were not sorry when we found we were to rest here for the night. I was looking forward to the sleep of my life when I was told that I was wanted for guard. I wasn't best pleased, of course, but orders are orders, so I got at it.

"Things were quiet enough at the moment, and as it was a beautifully dry night into the bargain, I thought it was not by any means the worst job I had struck during the few weeks I had been in France. It didn't last long, however, for Fritz got going on the village with some fairly big guns, and things were pretty unhealthy. I don't know how it was—I suppose it was because I was 'done up'—but anyhow I fairly got the wind up and wanted to cut and run. I knew that if I put a field or two between me and the transport I was guarding I should be out of the way of the shells for the moment and I believe I'd have done it *but for that crucifix*. When I first saw it through the smoke of the shells I thought it was a vision. Then I realised what it was, and somehow the sight of it—or what it stands for—stiffened me up.

Anyhow, I said to myself, 'If He could stand that for me I'll stick this for the women and kids both here and at home—and, well I'm not ashamed to say it, *for Him.*' "

[From the *Church Times*.]

(d) *The Crucifix as Peacemaker*

There was once a noble Florentine, Don Giovanni Guilberti, who had an enemy; so great was the quarrel that Guilberti determined to kill him when an opportunity should occur. One day, as he was riding along on a lonely road, he saw his enemy approaching: "Now," thought he, "is my chance." But his attention was caught by a way-side crucifix—a common sight in Italy.

Looking at the figure hanging there, dying for those who had wronged Him, Guilberti paused and pondered: should not he, also, forgive his enemy? Then, filled with shame for his own anger, he knelt at the foot of the cross (and some stories say the figure of the Christ bent forward and kissed him, as we see in Burne-Jones' famous picture, "The Merciful Knight")—then, going to meet his old enemy, instead of attacking, he embraced him.

The story goes on to say how the two became friends, and together founded a new brotherhood, building the monastery of Alhambrosia.

(e) *Communication Restored*

On one occasion during the War, a certain telegraph line was cut, and it was essential that the possibilities of communication should be restored. Under cover of the night, a soldier went out into "No Man's Land" to recover, and join, the two ends of the wire. Presently it was found possible once again to send messages through, and all seemed well, except that the soldier did not return. A search-party went to look for him, and the man was found lying shot beside the line, grasping the two ends together in his hands. His work had been done, but at the cost of his life.

Is not this, in some small measure, a picture of how Christ upon the Cross brought man again into touch with God?

(f) *Legends of the Cross, Conqueror of Evil*

It is told that the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, after she became a Christian, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, about the year 326. Greatly desiring to discover the sites of our Lord's Passion, she was guided (some say, supernaturally, or by a vision) to the place of the Crucifixion, where three crosses were found. In order to decide which had borne our Lord, a piece of wood from each was taken to a sick woman, who was believed to be incurable and on the point of death. The first two pieces had no effect, but when the third was brought the woman recovered at once, and the cross from which it was taken was thus known to be the true cross.

(g) *The Cross, the Call to Service*

1. *The Crusades.* The Sussex village "Cross-in-Hand" commemorates a spot where Peter the Hermit gathered his followers to lead them to recover the holy places from the hands of the Turks.

2. *The "Fiery Cross" of the Highlands.* In the Scottish Highlands it used to be the custom for the chieftain of a clan to summon his men to arms by sending round a small cross of light wood, set on fire, and dipped in the blood of a goat. They then knew that there were enemies near, and that they had to go out and fight.

3. *The cross in Zanzibar Cathedral.* David Livingstone, the great African explorer and missionary, was found dead, apparently at his prayers, by his native porters in his tent in some Central African wild. Loyally, they decided to carry his body back to the coast to his own people, and we know how it was brought to England and buried in Westminster Abbey. But the porters longed to keep some relic of their beloved leader, and so, before starting on the long trek coastward, took his heart and buried it under a tree near where he died. Out of some of the wood of that tree is made the cross that hangs in Zanzibar Cathedral: surely a challenge to all who worship there to be faithful unto death.

(h) *Nature Legends Linked with the Cross*

That Nature, as well as the Church, should constantly turn men's thoughts to the cross of Christ, is illustrated by many pretty legends: here are some.

1. *The Crossbill*. This little bird is said to have pecked at the nails in our Lord's hands and feet, striving to remove them, and thus twisting its bill, and receiving for ever the blood-red-marks on its plumage. [See Longfellow's poem.]

2. *The Aspen*. The cross of Calvary was said to have been made from the wood of this tree. Remembering that one of their number took part in so awful a crime, all aspen trees, since then, have quivered and trembled for fear.

3. *The Weeping Willow*. It is said that the soldiers who scourged our Lord had made their scourges from branches of the willow, and that is why the weeping willows bow their heads to-day, in shame and sorrow, because of the wounding of the Body of Christ by one of them.

4. *The Dwarf Birch*. In certain parts of Scotland a stunted birch tree grows, attaining no greater height than three feet. A native of those parts would tell you that the soldiers' scourges were made (not of willow, as just described) but of this particular kind of birch, which in those days grew as tall as its relations, but for its share in that shameful day's work it was doomed to become, and remain, a dwarf.

5. *The Wood-sorrel*. It is said that some of the drops of the blood of our Lord fell upon this small white flower, as it grew at the foot of the Cross, giving its present stain.

6. *The Wild-rose*. Once, legend tells us, its flowers were meagre and insignificant; but the soldiers seeking a crown for our Lord, found this, and ever since it has borne its beautiful blossoms in memory of the day on which it was so honoured.

EASTER : THE NEW LIFE

(a) The Holy Sepulchre at Easter

On Easter Saturday a great ceremony is held in Jerusalem, and commemorates the tradition of the Celestial Fire that was said to rise from the tomb of Christ.

The Greek Patriarch enters the sanctuary of the Sepulchre, the door closes behind him, and the surging, tossing, tumultuous multitude awaits the coming of the fire. Suddenly, out of the right-hand window in the wall of the Sepulchre shoot flames of fire, and in an instant every one of the thousands has produced a candle and dashes madly forward to light it at the Mystic Fire.

The light thus taken from the Holy Sepulchre is instantly carried to all the Christian villages round about Jerusalem, and fleet-footed young men vie with one another in being first to light their local shrines with "the Divine Flame."

[From *The Travel Magazine*.]

(b) Easter Day in Central East Africa

A native priest wrote about his services in 1935. He was alone at his station, and owing to the large number of expected communicants, held his first service at 3 a.m. It lasted until 6. Then followed another at 7, which lasted till 9.30. In all he had 900 communicants; and this was by no means exceptional.

(c) The Catacombs

On a pagan tomb these words are to be found, "Farewell, farewell, for ever." But in the catacombs—those long, underground passages and chambers beneath Rome where the early Christians worshipped and were buried—we read another story of death, for "Now is Christ risen." Here are some of the inscriptions :

"Tertianus lives."

"In Peace."

"In Christ. Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars and his body rests in this tomb."

"Here lies Gordianus, who was executed for the Faith. With all his family. They rest in peace."

"On the 31st May, Pretiosa fell asleep, a little maid just twelve years old—God's maid, and Christ's."

"Precatus rests in peace; he lived nine years . . . a foster-child of God, of Christ, and of the martyrs."

(d) *The Dragon-Fly : A Nature Parable of the Resurrection Body.*

Down at the bottom of many a pond or stream live countless strange grubs and worms; waiting (although they probably have no idea of it) for a very different life in the open air when they are perfect insects.

One of them is a queer-looking creature, with large eyes, a body made up of many rings with sharp points all along the sides and a hump on its back: it has six legs, and a strong kind of jaw that it can shoot out to capture its food.

There, in the pond, the grub leads a pretty limited life, but one day it is ready for a change, and climbs up a rush or flag out of the water, where it waits, a queer, dried-up-looking creature, about an inch and a half long. It has crawled away from its companions whose home was at the bottom of the lake. It could no longer exist in the water, for its life as a water-grub has come to an end. Its friends and relations have probably grieved to see it leave them, for it was going to an unknown place, and what would happen there they did not know, and had no way of finding out.

For several minutes the poor creature looks dead as it lies there, the sun drying its faded brown body. Soon, however, there is a slight movement, and then begins one of the most wonderful miracles. A tiny split shows up on the grub's shoulder, and out of this, very, very gradually, there comes a head, then front legs, then tiny humps, and part of the long body of a large insect. This seems such hard work, that the little thing now has to take a long rest. Then with new strength it tries again, until the whole of its long body has been carefully withdrawn from the faded brown covering, all its legs are visible, and the humps have slowly unfolded themselves into the most brilliant blue-and-

green gauzy wings. Instead of a dead-looking thing, a most perfect dragon-fly now rests on the rush, spreading its glorious wings to dry in the sun. There it raises itself up, and flies away into a world of wonder, where a new life will begin.

And did they but know it, this joyous life is in store for all those other pond-bound dragon-fly grubs, when their upward call shall come.

ROGATIONTIDE

PRAYER AND THE FORCES OF NATURE

"Ask, and ye shall receive"

(a) S. Aidan's Prayer for King Oswald's Castle

During the troublous times when Christianity was gradually taking hold of Britain, Penda, the heathen king of Middle England, was warring against the Christian King Oswald, and his immediate objective was the latter's castle, set on the wild Northumbrian coast. This he sought in vain to capture. At length he conceived the plan of setting fire to it: he gathered all possible combustibles—trees, bushes, thatch from cottages, etc.—and piling them to the west of the castle, set fire to them while a strong westerly wind was blowing.

Miles away, in his cell in the monastery on Holy Island, Aidan, the holy man, was on his knees praying for his friend the King. We can picture him watching the fiery flames and smoke licking up towards the castle across the water. Then, as he prayed, the wind changed, veered round from west to east, and the castle was saved.

(b) Prayer Routs the Spaniards at Leyden

During the prolonged but unsuccessful attempts of the Spaniards to conquer the Netherlands, the important Dutch town of Leyden was attacked, and it seemed impossible that it could hold out. Its people, who felt they were being persecuted on religious grounds, and confident that they were fighting for the true faith, determined on the

desperate plan of cutting the dykes, and so flooding the marshy ground where the enemy was encamped. This they did, but the wind blew so softly, and in the wrong direction, that the desired result did not follow, and the water remained fairly stationary. In the town, however, the people were gathered, praying for its safety, and the success of their leader's scheme. Presently the wind veered round, and blowing strongly from the west, the sea rushed through the gaps, and the enemy was forced to flee. The University of Leyden commemorates this event.

(d) Praying for Rain in Africa

In a village in Central Africa a very few Christians were living among many, many heathen people. They had no priest living there only two African teachers, whom we will call Petro and Stefano, who looked after them, and tried to keep the newly baptised Christians true to their promises.

The time of the year when rain should fall for the crops came, but there was no rain. The sun still shone in a cloudless sky day by day, and the earth was baked hard and dry. Day after day the people looked for rain, but none came. Then one day the chief called together the people, and said that a great sacrifice must be made to the spirits. Probably they were angry, and that was why they did not send the rain. The sacrifice might make the spirits pleased, so that they would send rain before the people starved.

At these sacrifices many evil things are done, and, in any case, Christians cannot offer sacrifices to evil spirits. But these newly baptised Christians were afraid of the chief and the other heathen people. They knew that if they refused to share in the sacrifice they might be poisoned, and they would certainly be hated by their heathen neighbours. So they all—except the teachers, Petro and Stefano, who told them how wrong it was—decided to join in the heathen sacrifice just this once. Preparations were made. Corn was pounded for flour, because this sacrifice is made by the chief sprinkling flour on the ground in little cones while the people pray to the evil spirits for rain.

The sacrifice was to be made in three days' time. Petro

and Stefano decided something must be done to prevent the Christians from falling into temptation, and doing these evil things. They begged the Christians to pray to the true God, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," but they would not.

Then Petro and Stefano did a brave thing. They went and took all the flour made ready for the sacrifice and put it in the little church which the Christians had built. They said they were going to pray to God that He would send rain. They beat on a piece of iron, which was their church bell, but no one came to the church. So the two young men prayed alone and guarded the flour till night came. Next day they rang the bell again, but still the Christians were afraid to come, but Petro and Stefano prayed on. How they must have wondered what would happen if no rain came, for to-morrow was the day of the sacrifice.

But that evening just as it was dark, the first drop of rain began to fall. Soon there was a downpour such as can only take place in the tropics. It rained all night, and in the morning the river was full to the brim. Petro and Stefano sent many thanksgivings to God, and so did all the other Christians of the village. They gave thanks for the rain, but the two teachers gave thanks also because the Christians had been preserved from taking part in heathen sacrifices.

[An Incident in the Masasi Diocese, Central Africa.]

ASCENSIONTIDE

I. THE ABIDING PRESENCE

"Lo, I am with you always"

(a) *The Unseen Presence*

Sir Ernest Shackleton (who died in 1922), the leader of the famous Antarctic expedition, writes in *The Presence*, "When I look back upon those days, with all their anxiety and peril, I cannot doubt that our party was divinely guided both over the snowfields and across the storm-swept sea.

"I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, it seemed to me often that we were not three, but four. I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me: 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another Person with us.'"

[*The Presence*, Sir Ernest Shackleton.]

(b) *The Sadhu Sundar Singh*

On the third of September, 1889, a baby boy was born to wealthy and influential parents at Rampur, in Patiala, North India, who was destined to become one of the most remarkable men of modern times. His people were Sikhs, and he was brought up by his mother to reverence their religion, which seems to have been mixed with Hinduism. Although living a life of ease and luxury, when quite young Sundar Singh had a soul hunger for spiritual things and studied and learnt by heart many of the Hindu holy books, seeking a philosophy of life which would bring him satisfaction and peace. His mother, whom he loved dearly, encouraged the idea that he should be a *Sadhu*, or holy man, but when she died, when he was only fourteen, his search for truth was by no means satisfied.

He had heard something of Christianity, but considering it a false religion, was on the side of those who threw stones at its preachers and burnt the Bible. One day, in the presence of his father, he cut up a Bible, poured paraffin upon it, and burnt it. Yet, with all his religious zeal, Sundar was seeking peace and truth, and could not find it.

On 18th December, 1904, a crisis came. He determined to put an end to his life, if no light shone. He tells us he rose early that day, had a bath, and prayed earnestly thus, "O God—if there is a God—wilt Thou show me the right way, or I will kill myself!" and this he intended to do, by putting his head on the railway line just before the 5 a.m. train was due.

So he prayed, and waited; and about 4.30 he had a vision. In his room was a glory of light, and in the midst

of the light was Jesus Christ. As he waited, spellbound, Christ spoke these words: "How long will you persecute Me? I have come to save you: you were praying to know the right way: why do you not take it?"

And there and then Sundar Singh knew he had found his God. He tells us that a wonderful peace and joy came into his heart, and never again in all his travels and troubles and difficulties, did that peace leave him.

But at home there was immediate opposition. His father first tried persuasion—how could his son, who only three days before had burnt the Christians' holy book, become a Christian himself? Sundar's honour and pride of race were appealed to: wealth and social position would be his if he continued in the Sikh and Hindu religions; shame and dishonour would fall on the family if he became a Christian.

But Sundar remained firm, and for nine months suffered persecutions and humiliations. At length, when neither persuasions nor threats moved him, his father disowned him, turned him out of the home, and ordered him to depart for ever: "Better die," said the father, "than become a Christian and continue to disgrace the family"; and Sundar went forth, one bitter night, with poisoned sandwiches as a last gift.

He tells how he spent that first night in the cold under a tree: "I was not used to living in such a place without a shelter. Yesterday and before I used to live in the midst of luxury at my home, but now I am shivering here, and hungry and thirsty, and without shelter, with no warm clothes, and no food. I had to spend the whole night under the tree. But I remember the wonderful joy and peace in my heart, the presence of my Saviour. I held my New Testament in my hand. I remember that night as my first night in heaven."

Sundar Singh was baptised shortly afterwards in the Church of England at Simla, on his sixteenth birthday (1905), and became the first Christian *Sadhu*. He devoted his life to living and preaching the Gospel, owning nothing on earth but the saffron robe which is the mark of his profession. He is believed to have met his death in the mountains of Thibet; but his story remains as a marvellous

example of one who, giving up everything for his religion, found that peace which comes from the realised constant presence of our Lord, and which passes all understanding.
[*The Sadhu*, Streeter and Appasamy.]

(c) *Christ's Presence Brings Back Peter's Courage*

Not far from the city walls of Rome stands a little church called "Domine quo vadis." Its story runs like this :—

St. Peter was about to be put to death at Rome for the cause of Christ, in the year A.D. 65. As the last and fatal hour approached, he was somewhat fearful, and, managing to escape the vigilance of the guards, he tried to run away from Rome. On the spot outside the city where the little church now stands, the fugitive Apostle met Christ Himself. He recognised the sacred face which he had seen so often during the forty days Christ was on earth after His resurrection. Amazed and awe-stricken at the vision, Peter asked, "Domine, quo vadis?" ("Lord, whither goest thou?"). The sad voice of the Saviour answered, "Peter, I go to Rome to die instead of you." The martyr's courage flamed up at once in the Apostle's penitent heart. He returned to Rome. The hands of others girded him to the cruel cross, and the ardent, loving soul passed, amid the agony and the torture, into the eternal presence of his Lord.

(d) *The Unseen Hand*

The broad Rideau River, near Ottawa, was crossed at one point by a long railless plank bridge. A stranger, with her companion, a resident of the place, wanted to go over: "Can you face it?" asked he. The girl replied, "Oh yes! I've a good head," and they started to cross in single file, she in front. When more than half-way over, the girl lost her confidence and became giddy. The man behind put out his arm and touched her shoulder and kept his hand there all the way, saying, "I'm here, it's all right." The opposite bank was reached in safety.

The promised, though unseen, presence of our Lord, should give us just that same confidence as we travel difficult ways on life's journey.

(e) *A Great Statesman's Confidence*

There is a notable saying of Abraham Lincoln's: "One man and God make a majority." Perhaps here we find the secret of the fearless policy of the great American Christian leader.

2. THE MISSIONARY COMMAND

"Go ye into all the world"

(a) *Progress in the Mission Field*

1. *China.* The province of Shensi, in North China, contains one of the most ancient and interesting monuments in the world. It is the Nestorian Stone, a tablet that stands outside the walls of Sian-fu, the present capital of the province. It was set up in A.D. 781, and records the Christian mission to China under the Nestorian priest, Olopun, in 635. About 200 years later, on account of persecution, this tablet appears to have been buried, and the Christian community seems to have disappeared.

When, after 1,000 years interval, in 1625, Jesuit missionaries came to this historic part of China, they discovered the famous tablet, and it was re-erected; and there, at Sian-fu, it still stands to-day.

As Christianity in China has often been confused with foreign political influences, the Church has constantly had to face persecution. There was the edict to "kill foreign devils"; and the Boxer rebellion, when a native, suspected of being a Christian, was asked but one question, and upon his answer to that question depended his life. One of the persecutors drew a rough cross on the ground with a sword, and said "Will you trample on that?"

In spite of all this persecution, Christianity has persisted, and grown, till the Chinese themselves began to be missionaries. In 1915 the Chinese Board of Missions was founded, and the following year undertook the missionary work in the ancient province of Shensi (the sphere of the Nestorians and Jesuits above referred to), without any foreign help of either men or money. Although having to cope with extreme poverty caused by famine, and persecution, and

turmoil caused by communism and war, the mission grew till in 1934 its first Bishop, the Rev. Shen Tzu-Kao, was consecrated, and a small cathedral church was built at Sian-Fu, where the Nestorian Tablet had been erected. Over its gateway is a Nestorian cross, thus linking the Chinese missionaries of to-day, with those Assyrian missionaries of 1,300 years ago.

[From *Shensi*, S.P.G. and S.P.C.K.]

2. *Africa*. When the Church of England first entered Uganda in 1876, to preach the Gospel, the "going" was not easy. There were unhealthy swamps to be passed, dense, pathless forests to be penetrated, war-like tribes to be avoided, a strange language to be learned, and the natives' fear of the white man to be overcome. At first the missionaries were welcomed, but soon the heathen king, Mwanga, grew suspicious, and the young Church suffered cruel persecution. Baganda Christians were tortured and martyred, and the first Bishop, James Hannington, was put to death as he entered the country.

But the missionaries did not give up. White men went out to fill the places of those who had fallen. The King's son, Daüdi, was baptised, and on his father's death became the first Christian king of Uganda.

The account of his coronation in 1914 shows how the old pagan practices were Christianised. The heathen kings of Uganda went through certain ceremonies on the hill of Budo; during them the king spent the night in a hut sacred to the spirit of his ancestors; he then proceeded to a mound covering some charms, and upon this mound it was proclaimed that he had "eaten Uganda."

But for Daüdi's coronation the chapel of a Christian school which now stands on Budo Hill was used. Here, with the Bishop of Uganda and other clergy, after private prayer to God (in place of the old communion with the spirits), he came out in procession and was proclaimed King. After this there was a service in the chapel, and then, in view of all the people, a Cap of State was placed on his head by the Bishop, and he took his seat upon *Namulondo*, the ancient throne of the Kings of Uganda, a rude stool dating from

some centuries back, over which was thrown the ancient covering of lion and leopard and hyena skins.

At the same time his newly married wife was crowned with a Cap of State, a quite new idea, only possible with Christianity, betokening the raising of women to due honour in the kingdom. A Bible was also presented to the King, and after his coronation he again entered the chapel to receive the Holy Communion—to do his homage to the King of kings.

A new era had dawned for Uganda. Ten years later, in 1924, Bishop Willis told how 12,000 baptisms had taken place in his diocese in the preceding year.

The way into Uganda is now by railway and road; all over the country are Christian schools, books and churches; and the Baganda themselves have proved splendid missionaries to the tribes around.

(b) A Builder Bishop

In 1828 William Broughton was sent out to Australia as Archdeacon of that island continent, which was then part of the diocese of Calcutta! Eight years later he was made Australia's first Bishop, and his work and energy and spiritual leadership in carrying out his vast task were marvellous. Here is an example:—

When the great gold rush came, although he was an already ageing man, Bishop Broughton joined himself to the amazing exodus, arrived at the diggings, and collected a great crowd of miners for service on Sunday, when he told them that on the following Wednesday, at 6 a.m. the building of their church was to begin.

At six o'clock precisely, the Bishop, attended by a large concourse, was on the ground. He first addressed them in a truly great sermon, which concluded by saying that he would set them an example of what it meant that they should dig together for the honour and glory of God. Then, being supplied with a pick, he began to open the ground where the north-east support of the building was to stand. The example was contagious; in a few minutes all who could obtain tools were digging, so that before 8.30, more than half the holes were dug to the required depth.

By midday the carpenters were at work; by evening the church was apparent in outline; and in four days' time was furnished and ready for consecration.

* * * * *

Bishop Broughton laid his foundations well. His original diocese included Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania (then Van Dieman's Land) and the Islands. Now, about 110 years later (1937), in Australia alone there are twenty-four dioceses, and the separate province of New Zealand embraces the two vast Pacific dioceses of Melanesia and Polynesia. The Australian Church has also its own Board of Missions, whose work has spread to India, China and Central Africa. Great things indeed have developed since the days when William Broughton began to build.

[From the *Church Times*.]

(c) *Native Missionaries*

One of the live things about the young churches overseas is the missionary zeal of the native priests.

1. *The Bishop of Accra*, on the Gold Coast, in his report for 1934 and 1935, gave instances of this. One of his African priests, after seven years' ministry, made converts in twenty-nine stations, with a church building in each, and some 1,300 converts. Another was sent after his ordination to a certain district, where he found eleven churches. During the first three years of his ministry the number was doubled, and there were twenty-two centres of worship.

2. *When, in the diocese of Mombasa*, it was first proposed, in 1916, to pay the native evangelists, they were indignant that it should be thought they wanted payment for preaching the Gospel. "We ordinands," said one of them, "will not expect a monthly payment. We have our homes and our fields, and can get our food as we used to do. We will accept what the freewill offerings of our people can give us."

3. *Indian Christians at work*. In 1934, Bishop Azariah, of Dornakal (a diocese north of Madras), initiated a week's special campaign among the Sudras (middle-caste Hindus). The sight of the changed lives of their "outcaste" Christian

neighbours had already led to an unprecedented mass movement into the Church from amongst these *Sudras*, and now the Bishop's aim was to enlist all baptised Christians in the campaign. Of the total communicants "only 12,000 took part" (as the Bishop regretfully remarked); this was only one-third of the number for which he had hoped, but the week's effort meant for each one of these poverty-stricken village Christians a week without wages.

During the campaign they visited nearly 3,000 villages to tell what Christ had done for them. And a year later 20,000 people—the large majority of them caste folk—were declaring that they wanted to know more about the Saviour of the world; while groups in 300 villages were clamouring for some one to prepare them for baptism.

The following year the percentage of Christians who were willing to sacrifice a week's wage to take part in a week of witness had risen to 50 per cent.: that meant 18,000 men and women. But still the Bishop was not satisfied: he challenged the support of *every* baptised Christian!

[From *World Wide Witness*, 1935-36.]

(d) *Broadcasting the Gospel*

On the top of the highest building in Shanghai is to be found the world's first Christian broadcasting station, erected by Chinese Christians at their own cost for the sole purpose of spreading the glorious Gospel of Christ across China. There is an eight-hour daily programme, and the message of Christ goes forth in Mandarin and English to a potential audience of 200 million people.

[From *World Wide Witness*, 1935-36.]

(e) *The Vastness of the World*

1. If the people of China joined hands, they would reach ten times round the earth at the Equator.

If 2,000 walked past you each day, and each night the same number, it would take 500 years, before the procession ended.

2. The population of India is one-fifth of the population of the world. It is so vast that if the people began to pass

before us now at the rate of twenty a minute, the procession would never end, because before it had passed, the new generation would have arrived !

(f) *The Smallness of the Church*

1. In round numbers the population of China (with Manchuria) is 474 millions, and the Christians number nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions.* That is to say, in a village of 158 Chinese people, one would be a Christian (if the Christians were evenly divided, which of course they are not). It might be illustrated in another way. The game of chess came from China: take two chessboards, and put them side by side: you have 128 squares. Reckon each of these squares to represent about $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions of Chinese people. Just one of the squares would roughly correspond to the number of Christians among them.

2. The population of India (with Burma) is nearly 353 millions, and of these about $6\frac{1}{4}$ millions are Christians *—that is, roughly, about one in every 60 people. One inch marked off a 60-inch tape measure would give an idea of the proportion.

(g) *“Marching Orders”*

The Duke of Wellington spoke of our Lord's commands as “Marching Orders.” Referring to missionary work overseas, he gave this famous reply. “We have nothing to do with results, our duty is to obey the Commanding Officer. You have your marching orders, stick to them.”

* These figures are taken from the *World Quest*, 1936.

WHITSUNTIDE

I. ILLUSTRATIONS OF PENTECOSTAL NEW LIFE

(a) Wind

A beautiful yacht lay becalmed in the estuary with her sails set ready for her voyage, but unable, in spite of every preparation, to proceed. The captain was experienced, and the crew dependable, but all was at a standstill, for there was no wind. The hours passed, nothing could be done, they could only drift with the tide. The yacht waited for a power beyond and above her.

Presently, however, a gentle air was felt; the ship gained steerage way, and was safely carried to her port of destination by a freshening breeze. Without the wind the yacht was helpless, but if the crew and sails had not been ready, the expectant breeze would not have been caught.

So, at Pentecost, the ship of the Church waited, prepared and ready, but powerless for her great adventure till the wind from on high filled her sails.

(b) Fire

Many bonfires had been prepared on the heights of England in the summer of 1588. People piled up wood and furze and all kinds of inflammable rubbish to make great beacons, but not (as at the Jubilee of 1935) for joy-fires. Philip II of Spain was expected to attack England in revenge for the help Queen Elizabeth had given to the Protestants of France and Holland against the Spanish Roman Catholics, and news of the first appearance of his fleet must be broadcast to the nation as quickly as possible. So the beacons waited, useless in themselves, but ready to do a great work if touched with live fire.

At length the fleet was sighted, the Armada was in the Channel: a torch lit the first of the bonfires, it sprang into flame, was sighted by the guardians of the beacon on the next height, who in their turn set fire to it, and so the news spread on and on. These heaps of dry material, worthless

in themselves, had become the invaluable means of passing on the news on which the safety of England depended.

Even so, at Pentecost, the waiting Church received fire from on high to carry its good news from Jerusalem into all corners of the world.

(c) Guidance and News by Wireless

All around the coasts of England are countless fishermen and skippers and sea-faring folk, the safety and success of whose work depend largely upon knowledge of coming weather conditions. Keen observation and long experience make many of them wonderfully "weather-wise," but, even so, they are often caught by unexpected squalls. If they knew more, they could do better.

All over England are countless motorists travelling for business or pleasure. A fore-knowledge of the condition of the roads could often prevent delay or even accident especially in winter, when frost causes a dangerous surface, some roads are snow bound, and at other times possibly flooded.

Throughout the Empire there are times when the whole nation is anxious, longing to be in touch with the centre; as, when King George was ill in 1928, or dying in 1936. Or, when in a great catastrophe, such as the Quetta earthquake of 1935, news of help and guidance for the victims are sorely and immediately needed.

To supply such guidance and news is the work of Broadcasting House in London. In close touch with experts, it sends out its wireless messages of gale-warnings, etc., to the sailors and fishermen; it describes the condition of roads to motorists, so that they may choose the best way to their destinations; and broadcasts news which can almost instantaneously be known all over the Empire.

Whether anyone receives this guidance and news depends upon two things; (1) the possession of a wireless set; and (2) tuning it in to the right wave-length and listening.

In the spiritual life we need the same guidance from, and touch with, the Centre of our religion—God Himself, and wireless illustrates this. God is the truth, with Whom are no problems, only solutions. To be in touch with Him

depends also upon two things : (1) a heart capable of being in touch with Him, and this is the Son-ship given to each of us at our Baptism ; and (2) the deliberate desire to listen for His voice, quietening other voices and distractions, and at stated (as well as emergency times) waiting upon God. All Christians are potential listeners.

(d) *The New Life Conquers Caste Customs*

Christianity has made wonderful headway amongst the outcastes of Southern India. In many parts of the Telugu Country the caste people were so profoundly impressed by the change in the lives of the outcastes who had become Christians that many of them asked for instruction and came forward for baptism.

After one such baptism service held by Bishop Whitehead of Madras and Bishop Dornakal, when caste people from three large villages were baptised, a baptismal feast was prepared, cooked and served by outcastes. This was partaken of in common by the newly baptised caste men and their outcaste brethren. The new life had broken down the age-long custom by which caste calls outcaste "untouchable."

2. GOD AS GUIDE

(a) *Pam Chick's Silent Partner*

Pam Chick had been a worthless drunkard. The death of his son changed him. He came back to the town that knew his past and opened a store, with the sign, "Epaminondas Chick and Partner." When asked who was his partner he answered : "He's a silent Partner," and gave no name. In everything, however, he would do nothing unless he first asked the advice of his silent Partner. They looked to see him go back to drink. He did not. He did good, was kind, helpful. He would have no swearing or foul talk about his store, because his partner would not have it. He became a power for good. Before he died he told his partner's name, "Almighty God."

(b) *How the Franciscan Friars were started.*

In many a town and village of Europe in the thirteenth century, and afterwards, were to be seen the brown-habited friars of S. Francis: "God's Little Poor Men," as they were called. Owning nothing but their simple habit, tied round with a rope, and either barefoot or shod with sandals, they travelled from place to place, preaching the love of God, and trying to show it forth in their lives of simplicity and service.

This is the way their founder, S. Francis, was guided to make their rule. For some time he had been convinced that the luxury and riches of the Church of his day in Italy were not in accordance with God's will. He had himself given up the frivolous and pleasure-loving life of his youth to serve God more definitely, and one day, while still undecided as to what exactly he should do, he entered the little church of S. Mary of the Angels, at the Portiuncula for Mass, and heard the celebrant read in the Gospel for the day, S. Matthew x. 7-11. "Wherever you go, preach . . . provide neither silver nor gold . . . nor shoes, nor staff." The words came home to him as if from the lips of Christ Himself.

"There," he burst forth, "is what I wanted; here is what I sought!" and with literal simplicity then and there he flung away shoes and staff, and purse, and bound his tunic round him with a rope.

In this way of poverty and preaching from henceforth Francis lived, and to this same way he called his followers; and now, after 700 years, they may still be seen bareheaded, barefooted, their brown woollen habits bound by a rope, going about the Italian countryside; witnessing in a world of ease and luxury, to the simplicity and self-sacrificing service of the Christian religion.

(c) *The One Who Knows the Game*

A boy of twelve was playing croquet with a grown-up, and getting badly beaten; he lost heart, hit badly, his interest flagged, and he made up his mind to be beaten. Then his father (a champion croquet-player) came out, took stock of the situation, and advised a plan of campaign, directing the

shots ; the boy's confidence and pluck rose, the game was pulled up, and only lost after a keen struggle, by three points.

We don't play the game of life alone : Whitsuntide reminds us of One Who can be called to our side to guide and direct in every difficulty.

TRINITY SUNDAY

FAITH TRANSCENDS KNOWLEDGE

(a) *S. Augustine and the Child*

The Christian Faith has been said to be like the ocean—so simple that the smallest child can wade in it, and yet so profound that the wisest man finds his wisdom drowned in its depths. Here is an illustration : Once, when S. Augustine was much occupied in considering the doctrine of the Trinity, he was walking by the sea, and observed a child filling a shell with water, which it then carried and poured into a hollow in the sand.

"What are you doing with that water, my boy?" asked Augustine.

The child's answer was, "I am going to put all the sea into this hole."

S. Augustine smiled, and went his way ; but a voice seemed to say to him, "And thou also art doing the same thing, in thinking to comprehend the depths of God within the narrow limits of thy finite mind."

(b) *S. Theresa's Partner*

When S. Theresa, the nobly born nun of Castile, desired to build a convent with greater opportunities for living the simple life of poverty and prayer than the somewhat luxurious conventual houses of Spain (to one of which she had been sent at the early age of fourteen, her friends said she would never raise the money.

Against much opposition she persevered in her idea.

"You can never do it," they said.

"No, I cannot," she agreed, "but God and I can."

And the convent of San Jose at Avila was built in 1362.

(c) *A Scientist Answered*

A Quaker had a stinging retort for the conceited young scientist who said that he believed in nothing that he could not see. "How dost thou know thou hast any brains?" asked the Quaker.

(d) *Faith must not be Limited by Experience*

1. When the King of Siam was told by a Dutch traveller that in Holland, at certain seasons of the year, water becomes so solid that an elephant might walk over it, he replied: "I have believed many extraordinary things which you have told me because I took you for a man of truth and veracity, but now I am convinced that you lie."

2. When the steam engine was still being experimented with, and before it was perfected sufficiently to come into practical use, a well-known Englishman—well known then in scientific circles—wrote an extended pamphlet proving that it would be impossible for it to be used in ocean navigation—that is, in a trip involving the crossing of the ocean—because it would be utterly impossible for any vessel to carry with it sufficient coal for the use of its furnace. And the interesting feature of the whole matter was that the very first steam vessel that made the trip from England to America had among its cargo a part of the first edition of this carefully prepared pamphlet.

[From Trine's *In Tune with the Infinite*.]

(e) *We Can Use what We Cannot Understand*

An old physician, who for long years found recreation and rest and fresh strength in a day in the country fishing, once took an eager-hearted young medical student with him. The youth was interested in all he saw, but wanted to inquire and argue about many of Nature's secrets.

"Doctor, where does this stream come from? You say for all the years you have known it its volume of water seems

unaffected by heavy rains or long droughts. How do you account for this ? ”

“ I don’t,” answered the doctor, with twinkling eyes, “ I just fish in it ! ”

(f) *The Earth Side of the Pattern*

After a great mine disaster, which had desolated a score of homes, and it was hard to answer the people’s questionings, a preacher held up before a congregation of mourners a bookmarker, which on the “ wrong side ” showed nothing but a tangle of unintelligible confusion, but on the “ right side ” in faultless lettering, “ God is Love.”

(g) *Mysterious Workings*

Many of the most ordinary happenings of everyday life depend upon causes quite outside the understanding of the “ man-in-the-street,” yet he trusts himself to their workings.

A passenger looked down into the engine-room on the boat taking him across the Channel, and did not understand any of the machinery. One engine made sudden jerks, as if stamping something, and then at intervals stopped working. Another worked with a perpetual thud, thud. But he knew all was combining to take him to the end of his voyage.

So it may often be with our life-journey : we cannot understand why certain things happen, but we can trust our Captain.

(h) *Taking a Man at his Word*

The Emperor Napoleon I was reviewing some troops in Paris when, in giving an order, he thoughtlessly dropped the bridle upon his horse’s neck. The animal instantly set off at a gallop, and the Emperor was obliged to cling to the saddle.

At this moment a common soldier of the line sprang before the horse, seized the bridle, and respectfully handed it to the Emperor.

“ Much obliged to you, Captain,” said the chief, by this one word making the soldier an officer.

The man caught the Emperor’s meaning, believed him, and saluting, quickly responded, “ Of what regiment, sire ? ”

Napoleon, charmed with his faith, replied, "Of my Guards," and galloped off.

Then the soldier laid down his gun, and instead of returning to his comrades, approached the group of staff officers. On seeing him, one of the Generals asked what he wanted there?

"I am Captain of the Guards," said the soldier, proudly.

"You, *mon ami*—you are mad to say so!" was the retort.

"He said it," replied the soldier, pointing to the Emperor, who was still in sight.

The General respectfully begged his pardon: the Emperor's word was enough.

If we thus took God at His Word, how different our position would be!

(i) *Faith Appropriates*

Dean Bennett of Chester has defined faith as "that which grips the unseen and so brings it out into expression." Presenting a cheque at a bank is an illustration of this:

A fortune has been earned by industry and brains; the capital is invested, and left to the man's descendants. These have never seen the money, but know it is theirs, the dividends being paid regularly into their bank accounts. To write and present a cheque is the heirs' part: then the money is seen, and available for their daily needs.

TRINITY II, III, IV, AND XX

GOD'S PROTECTION

(a) *Trust begets Courage*

In 1882 a warlike tribe, the Magwangwara, made a raid upon a Christian village in Central Africa. One Christian, Charles Sulimani, behaved like a hero, giving himself up for his wife. The Magwangwara, greatly struck by the Christians' apparent disregard for their own safety, asked why they did not fear those who could kill them? Sulimani answered, "Because it is only our bodies you can kill with your spears; it is our souls we care about, and you cannot touch them!"

[*History of the Universities' Mission.*]

(b) *Bishop Selwyn and the Sharks*

A Captain of the Royal Navy told this anecdote of Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand: In entering the harbour of Port of France, the *Southern Cross*—his missionary yacht—had touched a coral reef. It therefore became necessary to examine the state of the yacht's copper, but no one on board any ship in the harbour would venture into the water, which was known to be shark-infested. So the Bishop, who held that if a man showed a bold front to a shark it would sheer off, went off himself, with a long, sharp knife in his mouth for defence, and, diving under his vessel, ascertained the damage. He then came on board our ship, and we arranged to careen the yacht sufficiently to enable him to nail on some copper sheets, which he did himself, again spending a long time in the water. For some curious reason, not a single shark hove in sight all the time. The Roman Catholic Chaplain ashore was so persuaded that the Bishop had been miraculously protected that he reported the incident to the Propaganda at Rome.

(c) *Perils of the Night in Africa*

A priest of the diocese of Central Tanganyika (Central Africa) describes how he was overtaken by nightfall in an unknown region.

It was his first Christmas Day in Africa, and night was approaching. Overhead was the wonderful African sky, but it was one of the most desolate spots imaginable: hills covered with thorn bushes, strewn with boulders, and full of caves, surrounded the plain where it was decided to camp for the night. "We unloaded the car," he wrote, "fastened down the side curtains, laid the cushions flat on the floor, said our prayers, and rolled ourselves up in our blankets. I didn't think I slept very much, but I must have done, because next morning when we turned out, I found dozens of spoor marks round the car, lion and leopard; and about twenty yards off the spoor of a rhino. On the car itself was the spoor of a lion's paw. Truly the good God protected us from the perils of the night."

TRINITY V

THE CHURCH AND PEACE

(a) The Christ of the Andes

Not many years ago a dispute arose between the people of Chili and the people of the Argentine, in South America, about the boundaries of their respective countries. The great range of the Andes separates these two lands, and there on the mountains two fortresses were raised and great guns were in readiness for warfare.

But the Bishop in Buenos Ayres (the chief town of the Argentine) was unhappy. So, while everyone else was preparing for war, he—on Easter Day—preached a sermon begging them, for Christ's sake, to give up all idea of war, and make peace with their neighbours. At the same time the same thought came to the Bishop in Chili, and both these men sent out a sort of mission among their own people to try to bring them to agree to make peace. In a wonderful way they succeeded, and the people of the two countries agreed to bring their grievances to Edward VII of England (who had been called the Peacemaker), and he made peace between them. So there was no war.

Then another idea came to these people of South America. They felt it would be a splendid thing if there were some outward sign between the two countries to show to all the world that they were brothers and sisters living at peace together, cause their Lord and Master is the Prince of Peace.

So they had the great guns taken from the fortresses and cast into a splendid figure of the Christ. When it was finished it was so vast and so heavy that the mules who were dragging it up to the top of the Andes—the range of mountains between the two countries—could get it no farther; so the men of the two nations themselves dragged it the rest of the way by ropes.

Then on a certain day it was to be unveiled. The men of Chili stood on the Argentine side of the range, and the Argentine men on the Chili side. The great figure of the

Christ was unveiled and dedicated, while all the people knelt to pray. So the Christ of the Andes, the Prince of Peace, is shown forever before the eyes of those two nations, in token that they will ever hereafter live at peace.

[From *Pioneers for Peace.*]

(b) *In Search of Peace*

It is told of Dante, the great Italian poet, that, tired out with the turmoil and intrigue and disputations of the world of his day, he once sought to escape it all by withdrawing to a monastery. Arrived at the gateway, a monk opened to his knock.

"What do you want?" asked he.

"Peace, peace," replied the poet.

"The only peace is within," returned the monk, pointing to his breast.

Change of environment cannot bring peace: it is the gift of God to the human heart.

TRINITY VI

LOVING GOD

A Sunday School teacher once asked her class how big we must be before we can love the Lord Jesus. An answer came promptly from one of the smallest, "Just as big as we are!"

(a) *Children Show Their Love*

1. Prudence (five and a half) was on a visit to a house where there was a little oratory, which the children sometimes visited. She was planning with the others, at tea, what they should do afterwards—there was the frog-game, playing at boats, etc., and a visit to the oratory. After some thought she added, "We'll go to the oratory first, because it doesn't matter what else we forget, but we mustn't forget Jesus."

2. A little Kandyan boy of eight said he wished the Lord Jesus would come to their town.

"What would you do?" said another little fellow.

"I would go, and fall at His feet and worship Him," was the reply.

Then the first boy said, "I'd run and take hold of His hand, and hold it so fast that when He went back to Heaven He'd have to take me too."

(b) How S. Francis Showed his Love

Of all the saints, perhaps S. Francis of Assisi was most notable for his devotion and love to our Lord; and because of a certain incident, he was convinced that he could show this love through his acts to the least lovable of those he met, and so he is also notable for his loving care for everyone, especially the "down and outs."

This is the incident, which Bonaventura, his biographer, tells us:

"There came in his way a certain leper: upon whose sudden appearance, he conceived in mind an especial horror and loathing. But returning to his already resolved purpose of perfection, and considering that he ought of necessity first to overcome himself if he would become a soldier of Christ, he presently alighted down from his horse and went to kiss him."

But was he merely a leper? As Francis rode on, he looked back, and a transformation had taken place. The leper was no longer there, and he saw in his stead a vision of "the poor man Christ Jesus"—a vision he saw ever afterwards in all who suffer and are outcast.

(c) Love for Christ, the Inspiration of Medical Missions

One day a loathsome leper came to an S.P.G. hospital in South India, and asked for poison to end his misery. Of course this was not given, but for eighteen months he was tended—no easy or pleasant task, for the stench of his sores was awful.

A Moslem standing away to the windward, watching them being dressed, pondered at the sight and presently spoke.

"Oh, leper," said he, "do you know that those white hands are doing for you what the mother who bore you would not?"

"I know it," replied the poor wretch.

Then, addressing the missionary, the Moslem remarked, "It passes me how you can touch a man like that."

"You would do the same for your own brother, I am sure."

"I don't know—perhaps!"

"Well, this man is my brother."

"No, he's black, and a pariah—you're white and English."

"True, but God is my Father, and his; we are brothers. Jesus said 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

"If you believe that, no work can be too difficult for you to do," observed the Moslem, and as he went his way, Christianity appeared to him in a new light.

TRINITY X

THE RIGHT KIND OF PRAYER

(a) Prayer and Results

Some of us pray, believing that we bring God close to us by prayer, and so He will work our will. Others believe that Almighty God's will and purpose are fixed, and no prayer of ours can alter them; therefore, we do not pray at all. But others of us, again, pray regularly and earnestly because we know that prayer brings us close to God, so that His will can be worked in us, and the best that is possible for us, and those we love, can be done.

A story illustrates these three points of view: A father and his two small sons were in a boat at the entrance of a harbour, attached to the jetty by a long, strong rope. A gale was blowing up, and it was necessary to get alongside shelter as quickly as possible.

"Pull at the rope," said the father; and the smallest boy started to pull for all he was worth, calling out:

"I pull the jetty closer and closer; I pull the jetty closer every minute!"

His brother stood by with folded arms. "Nonsense," cried he, "you can't pull the jetty closer; it is as firm as a rock, it's impossible to move it," and he did nothing to help the boat to safety.

But the father grasped the rope firmly with his strong hands above his little son's.

"We cannot, certainly, pull the jetty to our little boat, but we can pull our boat to the jetty," said he, "and so we shall be safe in harbour before the squall comes."

And so they were; and when the two small boys grew a little older, they knew that their father was right.

(b) Are Your Prayers Weights or Wings?

Prayer of some kind plays a part in every religion, but it may be very mechanical, like the Buddhist prayer-wheel which by being turned is considered to repeat the sacred words, and so wins merit. Or it may be very burdensome, like the Hindu's obligation to visit shrines, or make long pilgrimages to such holy places as the Ganges, and there to pray.

A Hindu fable illustrates a better kind of prayer, in which we can see a great truth.

Once the birds could not fly, but grovelled and crept and hopped about, seeing nothing above the hedges, bearing on their backs a heavy and—to them apparently—useless weight of feathers. One day they decided to bear it no longer, and stretched and wriggled to get rid of the burden: and, behold! their very efforts unfolded their wings which bore them aloft, soaring up to God's blue vault of heaven.

(c) What is Real Prayer?

Here are two true stories:

1. A parrot who belonged to a devout family heard the Lord's Prayer so frequently said, at family prayers, that he picked it up and could, and did, repeat it accurately by rote: but was he in any way praying?

2. A small boy was seen kneeling reverently as if in prayer, but the words he was heard to be saying were the letters of the alphabet! The sympathetic grown-up who had watched

this, on questioning the little chap, found out that he knew God liked His children to pray to Him, but he didn't know any prayers, so was telling Him the alphabet, which he had just learnt.

Real prayer this.

(d) Selfish Prayer

There had been high winds in a certain place in South Africa, much damage had been done, and still the winds persisted, and the people were anxious as yet another day of wind drew to its eventide. A small boy of seven was disconsolate!

"Mother," said he, "it's all my fault!"

"Nonsense," replied she, "how can it be your fault? You don't control the winds!"

"Yes," he persisted, "it *is* my fault. We prayed this morning that the high wind might last another day, it was so splendid for our kite-flying."

It turned out that the little chap and some of his companions had held a meeting to pray for plenty of wind for their favourite sport, and now he felt responsible for the wind's damage. Here was an example of prayer; good, in that it was full of faith; but bad, in that it was full of self.

(e) Keeping in Touch

The daughter of a great preacher lay very ill, and the end was near. Her father was talking to her, and she asked:

"Have you any messages that I can take to those on the other side when I pass over?"

"Yes," replied the old priest, "tell S. Paul how much I have learnt from his wonderful epistles . . . and S. John, how much he has taught me of the love of God . . . and give greetings to my friends who have gone before me."

"But," said the daughter, "haven't you forgotten Someone: haven't you a message for Jesus Himself?"

"No," replied the great man, "I have just been talking to Him, in the next room."

TRINITY XIII

FAITHFUL SERVICE

(a) Success seen from a Deathbed

The following epitaph of John Bacon, R.A., is a challenge to thought: "What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Jesus Christ is the only thing of importance to me now."

(b) Success that Satisfies

Wilson Carlile, the founder and inspiration of the Church Army, started life in business. He had great ambitions, and set his heart on making £20,000 before his twenty-fifth birthday. This he succeeded in doing, but it did not satisfy him. His ambition changed: he joined the Church of England and sought ordination in 1878, as an important step in the work he now set his heart upon—the salvation of the world's hooligans. To this end he founded the Church Army in 1882, and has been its inspiration ever since. The seven stars he wears on his uniform, representing seven times seven years of work which he has devoted to this great adventure, are probably the most satisfying symbols of success that any "happy warrior" has ever worn.

*(c) The Aim of the Orator : Action in Others,
not Praise of Himself*

1. The ancient historian points out this difference between Cicero, the polished speaker, and Demosthenes, the burning orator: After a great speech in Rome, every tongue was loud in the praise of Cicero. But the people who listened to Demosthenes forgot the orator. They went home with hurried stride, lowering brow, clenched fist, muttering in a voice like distant thunder, "Let us go and fight Philip."

2. S. Francis of Sales is another example. His father blamed him for preaching so often and so simply, comparing Francis' sermons with those of his predecessors.

"They," said he, "were full of learning, well got up, more Latin and Greek in one than you stick into a dozen."

Francis, however, was not moved. "My test of the worth of a preacher," said he, "is when his congregation go away saying, not 'What a beautiful sermon,' but, 'I will do something.'"

(d) *Antonio Stradivarius*

Antonio Stradivarius, the great violin-maker, when asked why he put so much pain and trouble into the tiniest details of his work, explained its importance by saying, "God Almighty Himself cannot do without Antonio": meaning that there was a work that he alone could do.

It is interesting to record that the violins he sold, usually for about £4, now fetch £1,000 or even £3,000: thus is his conscientious work justified.

(e) *Duty before Fame*

Ever since the world began the fascination of the stars has called men to spend their time and their brains studying the heavens, and slowly and surely through their work our knowledge of the stars has grown, and many useful purposes have been served.

The name of one young English curate, Jeremiah Horrox, will always be remembered among astronomers for something he found out about the planet Venus.

Now, Venus is a planet whose orbit is nearer to the sun than our earth, and it was calculated that very occasionally Venus should actually pass between the sun and the earth in her orbit. This transit should be visible, but as probably about 100 years would elapse between such transits it had never yet been sufficiently accurately timed to be observed.

Now, Horrox had been working at these calculations, and thought he could correct them, or render them more exact; if what he had reckoned was right a transit of Venus (as it was called) should take place on or about a certain Sunday in November 1639. So when that day arrived, with a half-crown telescope, he set himself to watch. He began on the Saturday, to make sure not to miss the wonderful sight,

but nothing happened : there was no spot on the circle of light thrown by the sun through his telescope.

Again on Sunday Horrox watched, only leaving the instrument to take a short service at 9. But when the afternoon came and nothing had happened, there was a great choice to be made. The curate had his Sunday duty—a service which would last about two hours—to take. At half-past three, the sun would begin to set : if he left his observation post he would probably miss this unique opportunity of proving his theory and establishing his fame as an astronomer, for he alone had calculated that to-day was the day of the transit.

Horrox, however, did not hesitate. Duty was duty, the service must be taken, and he left his telescope for his church.

On his return, about 3 p.m., we can imagine the haste with which he resumed his watch. And not in vain. Just on the edge of the circle of light cast by the sun he saw a dark spot, which slowly moved across the pool of light. Just as he had predicted, Venus was passing between the earth and the sun. His calculations and observations were correct ; and though this young curate died the following year, aged only twenty-three, his name is recorded among the great in Westminster Abbey, and his contribution to astronomy, which Sir Isaac Newton himself acknowledged, will never be forgotten.

The fact that Horrox risked all this by his faithfulness to his duty as a curate remains also as an inspiration down the centuries.

(f) William Carey's Zeal

William Carey, born in 1761, was a cobbler. While apprenticed he had studied Latin and Greek, and while plying his trade he continually added all the scraps of information about foreign peoples and religions he could gather on to a paper map he fastened to the wall of his room. He tried unsuccessfully to stir up his Baptist co-ministers to interest in foreign missions, then published a famous tract, containing the challenge, "Expect great things from God : attempt great things for God." The result of this

was the founding of the Baptist Missionary Society in 1792. The next year he went to India as its first missionary, taking service as an indigo-planter. He then, besides preaching, mastered Bengali, Hindustani, Sanskrit, Hindi, and Marathi, and during the next thirty-four years he and his colleagues translated or published the Scriptures in forty different dialects.

Here is an answer that, when a young man, Carey gave to someone who asked what his business was. "I cobble shoes for my living," said he, "but my business is to serve Christ." This is the key-note of the success of his faithful service and arduous life.

(g) *Persevering Africans*

Kigongoi is on a wind-swept ridge in Central Africa, but it has a band of Christians who are determined to build a worthy church there.

During the war their second wattle-and-daub church fell to pieces because there was no one to look after it, so in 1918 they built a third beautiful new church. Nine years later, however, in Holy Week in 1927, there was a great storm of wind, and the whole building suddenly heeled over and collapsed!

Instead of being crushed by the disaster, the Christians started off, singing, in the small hours of Easter morning, to make their Communion in Maramba church in the valley below, and gave God thanks that no lives had been lost.

Without delay, they began to build a huge "banda," or cattle-shed, on their windy ridge, for Sunday worship, and in time they mudded the walls to keep out the bitter cold winds, but all the time they said: "We will build our fourth church of stone, so that it will not fall down."

(h) *A Christian Slacker*

The scene is a slum in New York, where a certain Charles James Wills was working. He asked a small boy, "Is your father a Christian?"

The reply came promptly, "Yes, Mr. Wills, but he does not work at it much!"

(i) Joyful Service

A little boy looked thoughtfully at his shaggy friend, for he and Spot were vast companions. "I wish," said he to himself, "I could mind God as my little dog minds me: he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

TRINITY XV AND XVI

PRESERVATION IN PERSECUTION

(a) Unemployment Risked for Principles

Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help to unload a newly-arrived ship. One young man replied quietly:

"Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sundays."

"You know our rules?"

"Yes, I know, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man could find no work, but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person. Although Girard had dismissed the man, he recognised his sterling character. Anyone who would sacrifice his own interests for what he believed to be right would make a loyal, trustworthy cashier.

(b) The Church Survives its Persecutors

Among those who were thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre at Carthage in the third century was S. Perpetua, the nobly-born mother who, at the age of twenty-two, was separated from her baby and cruelly martyred, with another young mother, the slave Felicitas. This happened in 203. Their persecutors are long forgotten,

but these two women's names live in our calendar, on 7th March.

The ruins of the amphitheatre where they suffered may still be seen. The lions' entrance and the site of the cell where they were kept still remain. Opposite is the entrance to the Christians' waiting-place. Over its ruin a chapel has been built, and a cross rises above it.

"O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

(c) Persecution Reversed

In A.D. 303 Constantius, the father of Constantine, told the officers of his Court (who were Christians, he being a pagan) that those who sacrificed to demons should remain, but the others should be banished. Time to think was allowed, and then, at the appointed time, some agreed to sacrifice, others refused.

Then Constantius reversed his decree saying, "Those who are false to their own God, how can I trust them to be true to me? But those who are such worthy servants of their God will be faithful also to their King."

(d) How Dr. Peill won the Chinese

Dr. Arthur Peill was one of the pioneer missionary doctors in China. He went out at a time when it was dangerous for Europeans to go far from the coast, for in 1899 a secret society had been formed among the Chinese to kill every foreigner in China, and also everyone who followed the foreigner's religion.

In spite of this, Dr. Peill went to a place called Tsang Chow, where there were a few Christians, but where there was a great deal of anti-foreign feeling. Here he hired some Chinese houses just outside the city to start his hospital. At first people were frightened of him, calling him a "foreign devil," and few patients came, but gradually Dr. Peill won the people's confidence, and his first in-patient—a man crippled with rheumatism—soon saw the difference between the English doctor's methods and the Chinese (who had tried to cure him by stabbing his heel with a rusty needle!) After a few weeks he and his people decided to burn their idols, and to learn more of the "Jesus-Way."

After that more and more patients came, and presently, after a year and a half, Dr. Peill decided to begin building a proper hospital; but there were many who still hated the foreigners in spite of their good works, and the movement called the "Boxer Rising" reached Tsang Chow. This threatened all Europeans and their work, and Dr. Peill was forced to leave his patients and his hospital, although he would not do so until every Chinese Christian had left for a place of safety. Then Dr. Peill and his wife and baby, disguised with Chinese clothes, left at midnight in a Chinese cart, travelling through country swarming with the enemy.

A year and a half passed before it was safe to return, and then all that was left of the beautiful hospital were broken walls and charred heaps of rubbish. Dr. Peill stood looking at it, sadly, when a Chinese General came up to him, and putting his hand on the doctor's shoulder, said, "Don't you be troubled; you're bound to prosper; your Jesus is with you!"

And so it proved. People rallied round the doctor, the hospital was rebuilt, much of the actual work being done by Dr. Peill himself; and when, in 1902, the hospital was reopened amid great festivities, the city seemed full of professing wellwishers. There were 2,000 guests, and the great men of the city brought a big tablet on which had been engraved the name they had chosen for the hospital. Of course it was written in Chinese, but the English meaning was this: "The Place of those who delight to do Good."

(e) *A Result of Boxer Persecution in China*

In the anti-foreign outbreaks in China in 1900 a mob of infuriated Boxers destroyed an American mission station, only to discover that the missionaries proposed to rebuild on a still larger scale. As the new structures arose above the ruins of the old, there were many angry threats of destruction, but the counsel of one wise man prevailed.

"Listen to me," he said. "Let us not do this: at first the Christians built but one storey; now they are building two storeys; if we destroy again they will build to the sky."

TRINITY XVIII

TEMPTATION

(a) How Temptation Works

1. In the eleventh century a Sultan of Persia named Massoud had been constantly warned by his counsellors to beware of the Turks or "Turkmans," who were gradually making inroads.

"Your enemies," they said, "were like a swarm of ants to begin with; now they are like little snakes; soon they will be as large and poisonous as serpents."

But Massoud delayed, thinking that they were too feeble to do much harm; sometimes he would make truces with them; till at last one day he roused himself to march in person against them. Then, though he himself performed great feats of valour, his army fled at the onslaught of the now powerful enemy, and the reign of the Turkish Shepherd Kings was established in Persia. Little faults soon grow into bad habits, and bad habits build up a bad character.

2. An Arab fable tells of a miller who was startled by seeing a camel's nose thrust in at the window of a room where he was sleeping.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in."

The nose was allowed in, then the neck, finally the whole body. Soon the miller began to be inconvenienced by such an ungainly companion in a room not large enough for both.

"If you are inconvenienced," said the camel, "you may leave; as for myself I shall stay where I am."

"Give but an inch," says good Bishop Andrewes, "and the devil will take an ell; if he can get in but an arm, he will make shift to shove in his whole body. As we see, if the point of a nail have once made entry, the rest will soon be in."

(b) Testing comes before Promotion

"Why does God let us be tempted?" asked Bob; he was feeling very disconsolate, for a boy friend had persuaded him to go fishing yesterday when he should have been doing

his "prep.", with the result that he had been in the master's bad books that morning.

His uncle looked at him with interest. "What do you mean by being tempted?" asked he.

"Well, what happens when a fellow persuades you to do what you know you oughtn't to?"

"That's *giving in* to temptation," said the uncle, "temptation itself is a word meaning 'being tested, or tried': it needn't mean giving in, you know."

"Well, I don't see the use of it, anyway," said Bob, picking up his cap. "I'm off now, to see what that new brake on my bicycle will stand. I'm going to school the short cut by Steep Hill, and if the brake will hold the bike at a slow pace down there, I'll be able to risk taking it anywhere: good-bye, uncle."

So off went Bob. Later that evening he came in triumphant.

"Uncle, it's splendid, it holds the back wheel with a grip, and answers to the slightest pressure. I can trust the old bike anywhere now."

The uncle sympathised: he and Bob were great pals, and the conversation turned to the coming cricket match.

"To-morrow," said Bob, "the eleven is to be chosen to play the match of the season, Stowton College; they're terribly strong—fast bowlers and wonderful fielders; we shall have a job to put up a fight against them."

"Are you in the running for a place in the eleven?" asked his uncle.

"No such luck," replied Bob, "they will have to choose the pick of our fellows to stand up to those fast bowlers, and the last time but one I played in a match, I got a duck. But," he added regretfully, "I do wish I could have been chosen."

The next day, however, brought a great surprise. Bob came racing in, threw his cap in the air, and cried, "I'm in the eleven to play in the big match, after all! Isn't it glorious? I'll have to practise every free moment I've got."

Later in the day, "prep." and practice over, and twilight inviting a chat, Bob—still full of the forthcoming match—sat on the arm of his uncle's chair.

"Bob," remarked he, "I *am* glad about it," and, being

an old cricketer himself, he was able to give some useful hints to his nephew about how to stand up to fast bowlers; then the conversation took a more serious turn.

"You remember saying yesterday that you wished God wouldn't let us be tempted?"

"Yes, uncle, and you said being tempted was the same as being tested, or tried."

"That's it; now, why did you test that new brake on your bicycle?"

"To see how far I could trust it on a really steep hill."

"Exactly; don't you think God lets us be tested or tempted for the same kind of reason?"

"You mean to see if we are up to doing really big things for Him?"

"Yes; like the Captain tries the boys in the small matches to see if they can stand up to fast bowlers"; and Bob's uncle had a twinkle in his eye as he said this.

"If it's really like that," reflected Bob, "we should consider temptation a kind of opportunity to show what we can do."

"Or, don't you think we should say, what God can do through us?" corrected the uncle. "You know, Bob," added he, "God has promised to make us able to conquer any particular temptation which meets us, and to come out of it all the stronger. You look up 1 Cor. x. 13."

Bob did, and this is what he read:

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

As he shut the Bible, he concluded, "Well, that's that; next time a tough temptation comes I must stand up to it, in *that* strength, just as I will to those fast bowlers when the big match comes along, and remember that, even while he is testing me, the Captain is trusting me not to let Him down."

MICHAELMAS: ANGELS

(a) *The Congregation*

A priest was returning from taking a week-day service.

"Were many at church?" asked his friend.

"Yes, we had a good congregation," replied the priest, cheerfully: "there were the angels, and Miss X, and myself."

(b) *An Angel Audience*

Of legends as to the title of "Venerable" attached to Bede about 100 years after his death only one is worth preserving. Late in life Bede's eyes waxed dim that he could not see. One day some evil jesters told him that there were certain persons in the church waiting to hear the word of God, whereas there was no one; so, ever anxious for the salvation of others, Bede went into the church and preached, not knowing that it was empty, and when he ended his sermon with a prayer, the blessed angels in the air responded to his words, "Amen, very venerable Bede."

[From Hunt's *English History*.]

(c) *An Angel Guard*

S. Senan was an Irishman who lived long ago, in the sixth century, and although his father was a nobleman, Senan became a monk, and shared in the humble duties of his monastery at Manach Dioichit. Besides joining in the daily worship and study of the monks, Senan worked in the fields, and after evening prayers he would go down to the little mill-house, where the corn was stored, and turn the heavy grindstone, working far into the night, and sometimes staying on there in the quiet, to read his holy books.

Now, at that time Ireland was a lawless place, and the tribes would raid each other's lands, steal their grain and cattle, and even burn their homesteads, especially in times when food was not plentiful.

One year there was a bad famine, corn was poor and scarce, and a couple of robbers were known to be abroad in the district round Manach Dioichit: bold, cruel men,

who would think nothing of killing anyone if they could get food by such desperate means. These men saw Senan going down to the mill-house night after night, and they said one to the other : " We will kill that man when his grinding is done, and take his flour so that we may have bread."

So, one dark night they set off to carry out this evil plan : all the other monks were praying in the church, or asleep in their huts, and Senan was alone, grinding in the mill-house. At least, so they thought, but when one of the robbers put his eye to a hole in the door to see just where Senan was, he started back in dismay.

" There are *two* men in the mill, instead of one ! What shall we do now ? " cried he to his companion.

The men were very puzzled, for certainly they had watched Senan go alone into the mill. They decided to wait awhile : said they, " One of the men is sure to go out first alone ; we will kill him, and steal his clothes, and then come back for the other."

Presently, as no one came out, the robber looked again through the hole. Senan was asleep, but his companion was steadily grinding on, and never slept at all, so that the robbers had no chance.

At last the morning came, and in the pale light of the dawn Senan rose and threw open the doors of the mill-house. Outside, the robbers watched, but as they stared in, they could see clearly that there was no other person at all in the mill !

Then, in fear, they slowly questioned the monk.

" Brother, who was with you in the mill when you slept ? "

And Senan answered, " Do not be surprised if it was He of Whom it is said, ' He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.' "

The two robbers were full of awe at what they had seen and heard, and ashamed of the deed they had intended to do. They questioned Senan about his God, and went back with him to the monastery that day ; and there, later, they became monks, and served God faithfully for the rest of their lives.

It was these robbers themselves who first told this story.

(d) *The Sadhu Sundar Singh's Deliverance*

This Christian Sadhu (whose story has been told elsewhere, p. 292) suffered great persecutions in his missionary travels in Thibet, from which he had some marvellous deliverances. These he himself was inclined to believe most probably to be due to angelic intervention. Here is an account of perhaps the most striking occasion.

The Sadhu was arrested, and taken before the head Lama, on the charge of entering Thibet and preaching the Christian Gospel. He was condemned to death by being thrown into a deep dry well, where many other offenders had met a like fate. The well was covered by a lid secured by a lock, the key of which the Lama carried at his girdle. Sundar Singh was taken to the spot by a crowd of men, stripped of his clothes, and so roughly handled that his arm was badly hurt. He was then thrown down the well, where a most awful death apparently awaited him. Then came the sound of the covering being fixed above his head. He himself has given some idea of the terrible conditions he was then in : darkness and cold, an aching arm ; and the stench of the remains of others who had been thrown down the well before him made a very hell of the place, but the Sadhu tells that he remained full of peace and joy, praying to his God for deliverance.

The night passed, and another day and night : no food, no drink, no air, no light ; but on the third night, when he was about exhausted, a wonderful thing happened. From above he heard the sound of grating, as the key turned in the lock, and the covering was removed. Then a voice called to him to cling to the rope that was being lowered. There was a loop at the end, into which the Sadhu could place his foot, otherwise, his damaged arm being so bad, he could hardly have grasped the rope.

He was then gently and strongly drawn upwards to the opening, and helped out, and the covering replaced. Then, when Sundar Singh looked round to thank his rescuer, he was nowhere to be seen ! But the pain had quite left the Sadhu's arm, and the fresh air revived him ; in the morning he was able to reach a neighbouring *serai*, and there rested until he was strong enough to resume his preaching.

Then trouble began again. The Lama was furious when he heard that the man he had believed dead was about again, and preaching, declaring that someone must have stolen the key and rescued him. But when it was found on his own girdle, he was confounded, and ordered the Sadhu to leave the neighbourhood, lest his powerful god should bring evil upon those who had tried to kill him.

[From *The Sadhu*, Streeter and Appasamy.]

(e) *Bishop King's Guardian Angel*

Bishop King, a holy Bishop of Lincoln, who died in 1910, told a story about his guardian angel. One day he went to a gaol to visit a man who had been put into prison for robbery and violence.

"Do you know, Bishop," said the man, "that I nearly killed you one day?"

"Did you?" said the Bishop. "Tell me about it."

"I and my pals knew that you used to go every week to visit a sick man in a village near Lincoln. So we hid one night and waited for you. I was to knock you on the head and my pals were to take your money. But, as we lurked behind the bushes, we saw that you were not alone as usual. You had a friend who walked by your side, and we were afraid to attack the two of you."

"But," said the Bishop, "I never walked with anyone on that road from the village, I was always alone."

"I tell you," said the prisoner, "I saw your companion. He never left you till you came to your own door."

"It must have been my guardian angel," said the Bishop.

[*Church Times*, 27th September, 1935.]

(f) *Angels around a Deathbed*

A letter written about 100 years ago tells of a little boy, Herbert, who died when he was eleven years old. One night as he lay dying, and his friends thought he had not strength to raise himself in his bed, he suddenly rose up, and his face looking like an angel, he pointed with his finger, and began counting—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—then stopped. His nurse asked what he was counting.

"I am counting the angels, Nan," was the child's reply.

(g) A Cottage Guardian Angel

Two sisters had a cottage built for them in a Sussex village, and when it was finished (following a beautiful old custom) they asked their parish priest to come and bless it. He went through each room, saying a suitable prayer, and, finally in the tiny prayer-room, used a form of benediction asking that one of God's holy angels might ever dwell in the little home, and guard it from all harm.

Some time afterwards, in the October of 1935, when one of the two sisters was staying away, a terrific storm arose, shaking (as it seemed) the very foundations; blinding lightning flash and deafening thunderclap being almost simultaneous. A cottage that stood just beyond the meadow where the sisters lived was struck, and considerable damage done, but, with the exception of a few cracks (caused probably by vibration) their little house was unharmed.

The following morning the one who was at home received a letter from her sister, which had been written a couple of hours before the storm; in it were these words: "I've just asked *our Angel* to be specially on the alert to take care of you all."

ALL SAINTS' TIDE

I. SAINTHOOD

(a) The Royal Family of the Saints

Some years ago little Prince Olaf, son of Haakon VII of Norway, was showing a friend an album of royal relations. Among them were his grandfather, our King Edward VII; his cousin, the German Emperor; and other notable men and women. Last came a picture of himself: "And that is a little boy called Olaf," he concluded.

Unknown as yet, but in the family album, related to the kings and belonging to the Royal Family.

So as we look at the pictures of the saints, we may think of the possibilities for ourselves.

(b) Transformation

Near the famous Carrara marble quarries is a line of sculptors' studios filled with art treasures. The surprise is to realise that the latter have been fashioned out of the former.

Humanity is like the rough marble: out of it the Holy Spirit can make saints.

(c) What we Admire we Imitate

A boy of five can be a hero-worshipper. One such would go to bed, after hearing of the story of Scott of the Antarctic, with only half his pyjamas on. When remonstrated with, he replied, "He was cold; so, I will be."

Here is one reason for telling and re-telling the stories of the Saints.

(d) Saints are Reflectors

There is a lighthouse, far out at sea, on a rock 200 feet high. It has a very powerful lamp with five rows of wick in circles, surrounding each other. Outside the lamp is a globe of mirrors cleverly arranged to gather up and reflect the light, and throw it out into the darkness, all revolving on a great piece of brass machinery.

Here is a good symbol of Christ and His Church—"I am the Light of the world" (S. John viii. 12). "Ye are the light of the world" (S. Matt. v. 14).

(e) Why were the Saints, Saints?

Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, and patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.

That was all: it was quite simple, and always will be, yet it is these simple things, the "doing of ordinary things extraordinarily well," that turns men into saints.

(f) God's Advertisements

John and Peggie had been in London after dark for the first time, and were much impressed by the illuminated signs and advertisements round Trafalgar Square.

To-day, Sunday evening, they were crossing the heath with their mother, coming home from a tea-party. On the edge of the heath stood All Saints' Church, which was lit up for Evensong. Through the windows light streamed, showing figures of red- and blue-robed saints with haloes of gold—one held a branch of palm, another a small model of a church, a third two big keys. All were different, and yet through all the same light streamed, and upon that light all their beauty and colour depended.

As the three came near, little Peggie stopped and gazed in wonder; she had never seen this before.

"Oh, Mother," she exclaimed, "are those God's advertisements?"

John laughed. "Of course not," he said, "they are only stained-glass windows."

But Mother said, "I think they are, Peggie; they are pictures of God's saints, men and women, and some of them were children, too, who lived beautiful lives because God's light was shining through them, and so they showed the world what God is like, how good He is, and how loving, so that I think they truly were His advertisements, because they would make other people want God too."

Note.—All Saints' Church stands on Blackheath. Its windows show the rich variety of those to whom the church has accorded sainthood. S. Jude is there with a ship; S. John with a Gospel; S. Ignatius with a lion; S. Cecilia with an organ; S. Columba and S. Augustine with churches; S. Ambrose with bees; S. Agnes with a lamb; S. Martin with a sword; S. Gregory with a dove; S. Jerome and the Venerable Bede with books. In the windows can be seen a king with his crown; a bishop with his mitre; and monks with their tonsures or cowls; soldiers, priests, matrons and maidens—typical of the great multitude which no man could number which stand before the throne.

2. SOME SAINTS AND MARTYRS

(a) *S. Polycarp* (circa 70–155). *Fortitude*

In S. Polycarp we have a link with S. John, for the Apostle taught and probably ordained him. For twenty years their lives overlapped, and one of Polycarp's pupils, named Irenaeus, wrote down Polycarp's memories of what S. John had told him of the times of our Lord Himself.

Polycarp lived to be eighty-six, and the story of his martyrdom at that great age illustrates his Christian fortitude and calmness. He was Bishop of Smyrna, and was therefore by far the most prominent of the Christians in that city. From time to time, if the weather spoiled the harvests, or if floods damaged the towns, or if the Roman army suffered defeat, a cry would be raised that the disaster was sent by the gods who were angry because Christians were allowed to live. Then a furious mob would attack the Christians, and the Roman Governors, instead of forbidding the outrage, would regulate and guide it, so that hundreds of Christians would be cruelly put to death.

One of these periodical outbursts took place in Smyrna in A.D. 155. Knowing that their beloved Bishop would be marked out for attack, the Christians urged him to leave the city. He did so, much against his will, but one of his attendants was tortured by the heathen until he disclosed his master's hiding-place. When soldiers arrived to arrest him, Polycarp welcomed them, ordered refreshments to be provided for them, and only asked that he might be allowed time for prayer before they took him away.

Polycarp was then conducted to the race-course, where a vast crowd had assembled to watch the Christians die. He must have been well known, at least by sight, to many of them, for as soon as he appeared a shout like a clap of thunder burst from the mob demanding that Polycarp should die.

The Governor of the city pitied and admired the old man, and urged him to save himself; giving a condition:

"Only say that the Emperor is God, and I will set you free."

Polycarp refused.

"Then," pleaded the Governor, "say one word to show that you will give up Christ, and your life shall be spared."

The old man shook his head. "Eighty and six years," he replied, "have I served Christ, and He hath done me no wrong. How, then, can I speak evil of my King who saved me?"

Finding that no persuasions would change the Bishop's mind, the Governor gave orders that he should be burnt.

So ended one of the noblest lives in the history of the Church, and the old man's fortitude remains an inspiration down the centuries.

(b) *S. Christopher. Service*

S. Christopher is reputed to have lived in Phrygia, part of Greece; to have been baptised by S. Babylas, Bishop of Antioch, and to have been martyred under Decius in Lycia (circa 250). His legend has been popular since very early times, and we give it here:

When only a boy Offero was given his name (which means "Bearer") because he was so strong that he could carry heavier loads than anybody else. So proud was he of his size and strength that, when he was about eighteen, he determined to set forth to find the strongest king in all the world, and to put himself and his strength at his service.

He passed from one master to another, ever seeking, and at last found one whom he thought to be the strongest king in all the world, and joined his army, serving him faithfully, and with all his strength, and gaining great honour and promotion. But one day there came a musician to the Court who sang for the King. In one of his songs the singer frequently used the word "devil," and each time he did so the King, who was a Christian, shuddered and crossed himself. Offero questioned his master about this, and at first the King would not answer, but after a time he replied,

"I cross myself because I fear the devil, and I make this sign so that he shall have no power over me."

"Alas, I have been deceived!" cried Offero, "I believed you to be the strongest king in all the world: if you fear the devil, he is stronger than you: him will I seek and him will I now serve."

So Offero left his master and sought the devil. At length, when he was upon a lonely plain, he saw a company of men riding towards him, and their grim, black leader was the devil himself! Offero feared his new master, but he entered his service, and rode beside him. One day, while riding thus, they came upon a cross standing by the wayside. The devil cowered, pulled up his horse, and galloped away in the opposite direction.

"Why did you turn away?" inquired Offero.

"Because the cross is the sign of Christ, and I am afraid to draw near," the devil replied.

And so Offero knew he had not yet found what he sought, and left the service of the devil, to seek the Christ, "Because," he thought, "this Christ must surely be the strongest king in all the world."

After a long time of searching, Offero came upon an old hermit, who, learning of Offero's quest, told him the story of the Christ.

"How may I serve Him?" then asked Offero, "I cannot fast, because to fast would make me weak, and my strength is all I have: I cannot pray, because I do not know how."

"Each may serve the Christ in his own way," the old man replied; "you shall serve Him with your strength; near here there is a ford across a river, where many lose their lives; go down there and carry people across it in safety. Perchance, while thus serving the King Christ, you may one day see Him."

So Offero went down to the river, built himself a hut upon its banks, and carried travellers over the ford; rejoicing in this way of service, and ever hoping that he would one day see the King Christ Whom he served.

One night a great storm arose, and Offero went into his hut and prepared himself for sleep. All at once, however, he heard a soft knock on the door, and a voice speaking faintly in the roar of the storm, calling, "Offero, Offero." Offero arose and opened the door, and outside stood a little Child, Who begged to be carried across the river. Offero at first refused: the night was wild, it was not safe, they would cross in the morning; but again and again the Child pleaded, and at length the strong man lifted the little One to his shoulder, took his staff, and set out.

The river, swollen with the rain, was in a great turmoil. The wind howled and lashed the waves against the strong man, almost overwhelming him with their swirl; but Offero struggled on with all his might against the stormy waters, the Child becoming heavier and heavier with every step.

At last, painfully, and wearily, and all but exhausted,

Offero reached the opposite shore, and set his Charge down.

"Child, Thou hast put me in great peril," he cried; "Thou weighest almost as I had the world upon me."

And the Child answered, "Marvel not at that, for thou hast not only borne all the world upon thee, but thou hast borne Him that created and made all the world upon thy shoulders. I am Christ, the King whom thou servest. No longer shall thy name be Offero, but 'Christo-pher,' for thou hast borne *Christ* upon thy shoulders. And that thou mayest know what I say to be the truth, set thy staff in the earth by thy hut, and in the morn it shall bear buds and fruit."

Then the Child vanished, and Christopher returned to his hut and set his staff in the earth. In the morning it bore buds and fruit, and Christopher fell on his knees in worship, rejoicing greatly that he had at last seen his Master, the strongest King in all the world.

And for many years Christopher abode peaceful and content beside the great river, carrying to and fro all who sought to cross, for love of his Lord and Master, Christ the King.

(c) *S. Alban (died about 304). Self-Sacrifice*

S. Alban, the reputed first British martyr, suffered under the persecution of Diocletian. The town of S. Alban's grew up around the scene of his martyrdom, which Bede has recorded for us, and the cathedral marks the spot where one of the earliest Christian churches stood. His legend is as follows :

Among the Romans who lived in the luxurious villas, of which traces still remain in England, was Alban, heir of a noble and wealthy Roman house. He lived at Verulam, on one of the great roads that led north from London, and there seems to have kept open house and showed generous hospitality to passing travellers.

One day a strange, cloaked figure sought hasty admission. "I am fleeing," said the man, "from those who would capture and kill me."

Alban's pity was roused, and he hid the man in one of the

apartments of his spacious house, inquiring presently why he was being pursued.

"I am a Christian priest," replied the man, "and, as such, in danger of my life, for I cannot sacrifice to the Emperor, as I worship the Christians' God."

As the days passed Alban became more and more interested in his visitor. He watched him, calm and brave in face of danger, and seeming to gain strength and comfort from his solitude, where, in prayer, he spoke to his unseen God.

"Tell me of the God you worship," Alban asked, and Amphibalus, the priest, taught him about the Christian faith. "I, too, would become a Christian and share your hidden life of joy and peace," said Alban at length, but Amphibalus warned him that persecution and perhaps death would be the result, and so Alban retired to think about it.

That night, however, he had a dream which decided him. On the morrow he went to Amphibalus.

"I have dreamed of your God, Christ, of His death on the cross, and of His resurrection; and, indeed, in spite of the risks, I will be a Christian."

So Amphibalus baptised him, and would have gone on his way to preach the Gospel in secret elsewhere had Alban not persuaded him to stay awhile longer.

Shortly after this some Roman soldiers, having discovered the priest's whereabouts, came to the house, demanding him to be given up. Alban, however, insisted on changing clothes with his guest, and throwing on the man's cloak gave himself up, while Amphibalus escaped.

Soon afterwards the noble Roman was led before the magistrates, who discovered their mistake, and asked the prisoner to prove his innocence by sacrificing to the gods. This Alban refused to do, and declared himself a Christian. He was, therefore, led out across the river Ver, and up the flowery hillside to be beheaded. Crowds gathered to see the sight, for Alban was well known and respected; but the executioner threw down his axe: he would not do the deed, he too would be a Christian. So another soldier was called up to behead them both, and together Alban and the Roman soldier joined the noble army of martyrs.

Later, when Christianity was allowed to be practised openly, a church was built to mark the holy spot.

(d) *S. Martin* (316–396). *Sharing*

1. *The Beggar.* Young Martin's father was a soldier in the Roman army, and he wanted his son to be a soldier too, but Martin was much more interested in things he saw and heard in the Christian churches which were now springing up here and there in pagan Europe.

On a certain day he slipped into one of these churches and persuaded the priest to make him a catechumen, but there it ended for the time, for according to the law, and his father's wishes, he had to join the army, and share in a soldier's life.

His thoughts and interests were still, however, with the little he knew of the Christian Gospel, although he certainly was a good soldier, as we know promotion was offered him. Then something happened which altered his whole life.

One cold winter's day, Martin, with some soldier comrades, rode forth from the gates of Amiens; there, by the roadside, stood a miserable, half-naked beggar, shivering with cold. Martin's purse was empty of gold, but his heart was full of pity, and drawing his sword, he caught at the long full cloak that he wore over his uniform, and slashed it in half, giving one half to the beggar, and covering himself as well as he might with the other. Some of his companions mocked and jeered at his quaint appearance in half a cloak, but some of them secretly wished they had done the deed themselves, while Martin rode on with a deep joy in his heart. That night he dreamed a dream.

He saw, in sleep, Christ Himself clad in that half-cloak, and heard a voice addressed by his Lord to a crowd of angels standing round Him; "Know ye who hath thus arrayed Me? My servant Martin, though still unbaptised, hath done this."

Martin felt here was a direct call to throw in his lot with the Christians, and was straightway baptised; he was now just eighteen, and after two more years in the army obtained permission to leave it, when he devoted the rest of his life to sharing his religion as he had shared his cloak.

2. *The Brigands.* After Martin had left the army, his one idea was to share his new religion with everyone, and first of all with his parents, so he undertook the long and dangerous journey from Gaul to Pannonia (now part of Hungary). His way lay through the mountain fastnesses of the Alps, where some brigands captured him, and things looked very serious when an axe was brandished over his head; it was, however, arrested in its descent by one of the company, and with hands bound, Martin was brought before the chief, who asked him who he was.

"A Christian," replied Martin.

"Are you not afraid?" asked the robber chief.

Martin promptly replied, "I never felt more secure, but it is for your condition that I grieve."

Thereupon much deep and earnest talk must have followed, for we are told it all ended in the conversion of the robber chief, and, of course, the release of Martin, who continued his journey to Pannonia.

Here, to his joy, he was able to persuade his mother to share his new religion, and, his mission over, he returned to Gaul, where he carried on the good work of sharing his good news, first in the monastery of Ligugé at Poitiers, which he founded, and later as Bishop of Tours.

(e) *S. Telemachus and the Gladiators* (circa 403). *Humanity*

In Rome, when the troops of Honorius had defeated Alaric (403), great games were held in victorious celebration, including the cruel gladiatorial shows (where men fought and killed one another), which even Christians attended. Telemachus, a monk, determined to show that Christian love could not tolerate this, travelled to Rome, obtained entrance to the amphitheatre, and when the fight began leapt over the barrier to part the gladiators.

The crowd of people in the vast building shouted with rage that they should be baulked of their amusement, and throwing stones and other missiles at Telemachus, he was soon pelted to death. But the sight of him lying dead cooled their rage and convinced them of their cruelty. The Emperor said his death was a martyrdom, and the people agreed to give up the gladiatorial shows.

(f) S. Patrick (died 461). Prayer

Succat was a British boy of sixteen living in the West country and looking after the animals on his father's farm. One day something happened which changed his whole life, for pirates from Ireland landed in a boat and carried him away captive across the seas. When they reached Ireland he was sold, as a slave, to a master for whom he kept cattle on the wild Irish mountains.

Here his life was indeed miserable. He could not understand the language of his fellow-slaves and no one seemed to care for him. At home his father and his grandfather, who were Christians, had loved him and taught him about God and prayer, but nobody here in Ireland knew anything about that. At home, too, Succat had not cared about it, but now in his loneliness he remembered that he had a Heavenly Father, and began to talk to Him out on the hillside. "O God, I have been a bad boy. I have not said my prayers; I have been naughty to my father and mother; please forgive me; take care of me and bring me safe home again for Jesus' sake." But weeks, and months, and even years passed, and still Succat kept his master's cattle on the hillside.

Then one night he heard a voice saying: "You shall soon go home." And the next night the voice said, "Your ship is ready for you," and he was shown where it would be. At dawn he started off, and after many miles of walking came to the port where a ship was ready to sail. Full of joy, he asked to be taken on board, but was refused. "Be off," said the man, "we have no room for you," and very sadly Succat turned away and prayed to God to help him. Then a shout reached him. It was, "Come aboard, we've something you can do." Joyfully he went on board, and there he looked after some dogs who were part of the cargo.

When the ship reached her destination, Succat was still wanted to look after the animals. There began a long tramp, and after a time a new trouble faced Succat and his companions, for food grew scarcer and scarcer, and they still had a long way to go. Succat passed the time by telling Christian stories to these pagan people, and presently they

said, "Pray for us, Christian; we shall starve if we don't get food soon." Succat prayed, and from that day God sent them food—wild swine, honey, berries, and so on.

At last, after many more adventures, Succat reached his own home. His people were overjoyed to see him, and many thanksgivings went up from the little church. However, he could not stay at home: a voice seemed to call him to go back to the land of his captivity. He took the name of Patrick, learned to be a priest, and went across the sea to Ireland to teach the pagans there.

Wonderful indeed were the things he did in that country (of which Patrick later became the patron saint). People listened to his message and became Christians. Monasteries were founded where Irish monks and priests were trained, and from whence they travelled to many countries carrying Patrick's good news. He became the first Irish bishop, and was called "Patrick of the Prayers," because behind his wonderful life were his more wonderful prayers. One of them which has come down to us is called his "Breastplate," for prayer was to Patrick like a breastplate, something to be bound on each morning as a protection against all evil during the day. Here is the English form of a bit of it:

I bind unto myself to-day
The strong name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.

I bind unto myself to-day
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, his might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need.

[Adapted from *The Joyful Way*, A. M. Milner-Barry and other sources.]

(g) *S. Columba (521-597). Conquering Self*

Soon after S. Patrick's death Christianity had spread so far in Ireland that the grandson of the King who had captured Patrick was baptised, a little Christian baby, by the name of Cremtham, which means "Wolf." Later he was called Columba, which means "Dove." His story explains the change in his character too.

Although he was a prince, Cremtham was sent at an early age to one of the schools founded by S. Patrick. Here he learned all kinds of things—farmers' work, and dairy work, and builders' work—but what he liked most was reading and writing, a different matter then from what it is now. All books in those days were written by hand; parchment and ink and pens all had to be prepared carefully, and Cremtham took the greatest pains to do this well, and to copy the books of the Gospels and the Psalms as beautifully as possible. He joined the priest in the church when, several times a day, the Psalms were read or sung, and when his playfellows outside saw him so often running in and out of church they gave him a pet name, "Columcille"—the "Dove of the Church."

When Columcille—or Columba, as we now call him—grew up, he decided to spend his life helping others to love and understand the Holy books he had so often copied. He went about Ireland starting little schools in place after place, and also visiting the older schools and monasteries founded by S. Patrick, where he sought out their treasured books; for each monastery had its own prized collection.

One day he found a most beautiful book, and asked Finnian, to whom it belonged, if he might copy it. Permission was refused, but Columba had set his heart on copying that book—so at night he got up quietly, took pens, ink and parchment, and a light, and went softly to where the book was, and began to copy it. After he had done so much he went back to bed again. He worked hard night after night—then, just as the copy was finished, someone told Finnian.

"The copy is mine," said Finnian, "because the book is mine."

"The copy is mine," said Columba, "mine is the hand that wrote it, mine was the time spent on it, not for myself, but for my scholars."

"The High King shall decide between us," said Finnian.

Each told his story to the High King, and the King said, "A calf belongs to its cow mother, a book copy belongs to its book mother."

"It is unjust," said Columba, in a rage, and he said it so

loud and so often that the King sent soldiers to take him prisoner, but Columba slipped away at night and walked long miles until he reached his home tribe.

He made his people as angry as he was himself, and soon his tribe marched off to fight the High King. Columba's friends won, but Columba was not happy, he had seen so many men killed and hurt, and he knew there would be mothers and children crying for fathers who would never come home. Columba knew also that it was all his fault: he wept and prayed and owned up to God, and his friends, but still he was miserably unhappy. At length one of his friends said:

"Leave this land of Erin, your home country that you love so much, and live in a country over the sea, and then make as many people happy by the love of God and of Christ, as you have made homes unhappy by battle."

So Columba with twelve friends set off for what we now call Scotland. He settled on one of its western islands, called Iona, and from there travelled about preaching and teaching the wild Picts who lived among the mountains. Many of them listened to him and became Christians, and at length he made as many homes happy through his good news as he had made unhappy through his angry quarrel about the book.

When he died, an old, old man, the "Wolf" in him had been conquered, and many are the stories of the beautiful deeds and words which are connected with his "Dove" name, Columba.

[Adapted from *The Joyful Way*, A. M. Milner-Barry.]

(h) *S. Wilfrith (634-709). Helpfulness*

In the seventh century, S. Wilfrith, the Monk of Lindisfarne, was hospitably received by Æthelwald, King of the South Saxons, and set himself to preach to the heathen people. They were in great trouble, for a three years' drought had been followed by a famine so terrible that forty or fifty at a time would join hands and cast themselves into the sea to escape by death from the pangs of hunger. They could not fish in the sea; they were perhaps afraid to venture far out, and so only caught eels. Wilfrith had a

number of their eel nets joined together, and taught them how they might gather food from the inexhaustible harvest of the sea. In return they listened to his teaching, and because he was so interested in the needs of their bodies, they became interested in the needs of their souls.

(i) *S. Giles (died circa 720). Kindness to Animals*

S. Giles was a young Athenian, rich and prosperous, and of royal blood, with all the world before him, but when both his parents died he was stricken with grief, and all the world meant nothing to him. So he decided to leave his old life and companions, and to go forth into solitude, where, apart from the world, he would spend his life in prayer and communion with God.

He travelled far from Greece, ever seeking deeper and deeper solitude, and at length took up his abode in a cave in the depths of a forest in France, in a green glade by a stream, shaded by four gigantic oaks. There he lived in peace and prayer; his only companion a beautiful white hind whose milk he drank, his other food being roots and herbs.

One day the quiet was disturbed by the music of horns, and the baying of hounds, and the cries of the huntsmen. Bounding towards the hermit's cave, wounded by an arrow, fled the beautiful hind, the chase in hot pursuit. Giles sprang out to defend his four-legged friend, and an arrow, meant for the creature, struck his hand. In a moment or two the horsemen reached the cave, where to their surprise they found the saintly old man protecting the hind they were hunting. So struck were the huntsmen by the gentle dignity of the old hermit that they listened reverently to him as he spoke of God, and His love for all His creatures, and man's eternal life in Jesus Christ, which matters so much more than all the things of this world; and they readily spared the hind's life.

On the men's return they told the King of the saintly hermit, and shortly afterwards the King himself (whom one tradition says was Wamba, another names Childeric) came to visit Giles. He offered the old saint lands to found an

abbey, but Giles refused, preferring his chosen life of prayer and solitude.

Note.—This is one version of S. Giles' legend. Another states that he did consent to found an abbey, which flourished greatly until the Saracen invasion, about 720.

(j) *S. Boniface (680-755). Courage*

1. *Thor's Oak.* Winfried was a Devonshire man, but he left England to carry Christianity into the wilds of what we now call Germany. Northern Europe in the eighth century was pagan. Thor, Woden and Friga were feared and worshipped in the forests of Thuringia, and Winfried had many adventures when preaching the Christian faith to these barbarians. As the apostle of Germany the Pope gave him the name of Boniface, and the following story of the oak shows both his courage and the ignorance and superstition which he had to face.

In the forests of Hesse there stood a great oak, the Thunder-oak, sacred to Thor. Before it a fire burned, and in a semi-circle round it was a large gathering, clad in white, of the worshippers of Thor. When S. Boniface and his company of Christian pilgrims saw this, they decided that the time had come to strike a blow for Christ among these pagan people, and so they asked to be allowed to enter the circle and warm themselves by the fire. Some of the gathering made way for them silently, and the Christians soon found themselves standing before the flames near a big stone altar. The circle then closed round them, and the pagan priest continued speaking to the worshippers of Thor.

"The god of thunder and war is angry with us," said he, "we have been beaten in battle, our harvests have failed, and a plague has come upon us. It is time we made a sacrifice of blood to the sacred oak, and that sacrifice will be the eldest son of the chieftain."

A murmur of agreement went up from the people and the boy was brought forward into the midst of them.

"Are you willing to go forth bravely?" asked the priest, and the child, who did not understand what he meant, agreed gladly.

So the priest bound the boy's eyes with a white cloth and made him kneel before the altar. He then raised a mighty hammer aloft, and was about to swing it down upon the child's head, when Boniface struck the priest with his staff and sent the hammer crashing down on to a corner of the altar, where it lay broken.

A roar and clamour went up at this, but with great courage the saint climbed on to the altar, where by the light of the fire he could be seen by all the people, and when the noise had died down he spoke to them.

"The power of Thor is broken," he said. "We have come in the Name of Christ, the only Son of the forgiving, the merciful, and the only God. He does not need any sacrifices of blood, and to show you that against Him Thor is without power, we will cut down his sacred oak before you all."

Then, with a prayer in their hearts, Boniface and one of his company took up axes and started with all their might to cleave down Thor's oak, while the heathen watched them, unbelieving. Suddenly a great wind rushed upon them and, catching the towering branches of the oak, tore it from its roots, and sent it heavily to the ground, where it broke into four mighty pieces.

The pagans were then filled with great awe, and knowing Thor to be overcome, they turned to the Lord God, building out of the fallen oak a little oratory to Christ on the spot where the tree had grown. It was the first Christian church of the country. And so S. Boniface, with his great courage, overcame a wicked, heathen superstition and brought Christianity to the peoples of the forests of Hesse.

2. *Faithful to Death.* In his old age Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, longed once again to preach the Gospel to the Frisians, many of whom were still heathen. Taking with him a band of clergy, he journeyed with them through the marshes of Frisia and preached in its scattered villages. Many believed in his words and on 5th June, 755, he had arranged to confirm a large number of newly baptised persons at Dokkum, near the Lauwers Zee.

Soon after sunrise on that day he was told that a heathen force was advancing against him. He called his clergy

around him, ordered them to bear in procession the relics which he always carried with him, and went forth from his tent with them to meet his enemies. The younger men of his company, which numbered fifty in all, wished to fight for their lives, but he forbade them, saying that they were taught in Scripture not to render evil for evil. He exhorted them to be of good courage. Death would be short, and they would soon reign with Christ for ever. He and nearly all his company were slain.

[From Hunt's *English Church History*.]

(k) *S. Richard of Chichester (1197-1253). Vocation*

Behind the high altar of Chichester is another simple altar over which hangs a lamp, that marks the spot where the shrine of S. Richard stood. Until the Reformation, when it was destroyed, this shrine was a favourite place of pilgrimage, for S. Richard of Chichester was a well-loved bishop.

Perhaps he was so well-loved because his nature was so unselfish. He was always giving up for someone else. When a child his parents died, and all that was left to Richard and his elder brother and sister was a poor neglected farm at Droitwich, with untilled fields, no efficient servants, and no money to put things right. Robert, the elder brother, did not help much, and soon Richard took the lead. Although seriously minded and fond of study, he turned himself into a farm labourer, and worked early and late on the land—ploughing, weeding, draining; and at last, after years of hard toil, the estate was reclaimed.

The neighbourhood recognised Richard as a successful farmer, and his brother proposed handing over the property to him. A local heiress was willing to be his bride, and a leisurely and prosperous country life awaited Richard; but, having done his duty to his inheritance, he gave it all up to Robert. His mind was set on another kind of life, and he went to Oxford to study.

Life as a student in Oxford was as hard in its way as it had been on the farm. Richard was poor, and still poorer when an apparently honest priest, to whom he had entrusted his little stock of money, made away with it. But other students were equally poor; two of them clubbed together with

Richard to buy a hood and gown in which they attended lectures in turn, sharing each other's notes; and they fed chiefly on bread and soup and a little wine. So great, however, was Richard's thirst for knowledge that, in spite of his poverty, he went from Oxford to Paris, and then on to Italy, trudging on foot, and somehow managing to keep himself at the different famous Universities.

At length he reached Bologna, where he studied for some seven years, and where again a life of ease and influence was offered him. His Italian master, who was growing old, proposed to entrust him with his entire practice, and his daughter in marriage! But again Richard gave it all up; his vocation was not to be a great Bologna lawyer. God had other work for him elsewhere, and he seems to have known it.

Back in England, Richard was soon offered the important post of Chancellor, or legal adviser and secretary, to his old Oxford friend and master, Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he remained till the saintly Archbishop's death, seven years later, in 1242.

Then it was, when Richard was about forty-five years of age, that he entered a Dominican Convent at Orleans to prepare for the priesthood, in order that he might carry out the desire of his heart, and serve as a simple parish priest in the English countryside.

But such a life as he would have chosen was not to be; for the new Archbishop called upon Richard to resume his office of Chancellor. This was not Richard's desire; he longed to do spiritual work, and was willing to become a wandering friar, or even to go as a missionary to the Turks. The priestly service to which Richard had dedicated himself was, however, to be his in richest measure, but in a different form, for in 1245 he was elected Bishop of Chichester.

And the most unusual bishop he was. The King, Henry III, wanted someone else to be bishop, and so withheld all the revenues from Richard, who went about his diocese penniless. Often on foot, and with no pomp or ceremony, Richard visited every hamlet and farmstead of his diocese. The poor parish priests welcomed him, as he shared the simple life of the farms and cottages, eating and

drinking from a wooden platter and goblet. He rose often before the birds: if he was awakened by their songs, he would exclaim, "Shame on me! the birds, though they are not rational creatures, have been beforehand with me in singing their songs in praise of their Creator!"

When at length Henry relented, and restored the episcopal revenues, Richard gave most of his money away.

"You give away more than your income," remonstrated his brother, who had become his steward.

"Then," retorted the Bishop, "sell my silver . . . is it right, dear brother, that we should eat and drink from gold and silver vessels while Christ, in the person of His poor, is tormented by hunger? . . . The horse I ride is better than I need; sell him, and let Christ's poor be fed with the price."

So Richard won his people's love with his understanding and sympathy; it was not for nothing he had been a Droitwich farmer. He ruled his diocese with wisdom and diligence; it was not for nothing that he had been a famous lawyer and chancellor. Thus we see the saint's vocation was fulfilled through devious ways, each contributing to God's purpose.

Richard died in 1253; nine years afterwards he was canonised, and his memory lives on in his famous prayer—

O blessed Jesus, most merciful Redeemer, Friend and Brother,
May we know Thee more clearly
Love Thee more dearly
And follow Thee more nearly.

[From *The Victories of S. Richard*, by L. Dalton.]

(1) *A Modern Martyr: John Coleridge Patteson*

There have been many good and wonderful men who have died willingly for Christ's sake in modern times; here is the story of one, John Coleridge Patteson, Bishop of Melanesia, who travelled among the South Sea Islands carrying the good news of Christianity.

The people of the South Sea Islands were a naked, cruel, dark-skinned race, and they would often kill strangers, as well as enemies, who landed on their shores, afterwards cooking and eating their victims. Bishop Patteson, there-

fore, was frequently in danger of his life, but he was brave and determined to do God's will, and to help spread Christianity among these savage islanders. He became the head of a college, in Norfolk Island, for young native Christians, and made frequent journeys to many other islands, taking young converts with him. The heathen natives gradually became accustomed to him, and, because he was gentle and good, allowed him to land on their shores and talk to them, although they did not understand his purpose in coming to them.

In 1871 Bishop Patteson set out on his last journey. He spent some weeks at Mota, where, to his great joy, he found that Christianity was becoming a real and vital religion among the natives, and then sailed to the Santa Cruz group. Here some wicked white men in English trading-boats had stolen natives from their own islands and taken them away. Although the Bishop knew of this evil traffic that was going on, he did not know that the traders had been to Santa Cruz, and was therefore unaware of the great risk he was taking in coming to islands where the people were hot with anger against white men.

The sailing-boat that the Bishop was in was becalmed for a day or two off Santa Cruz, but eventually it reached the island of Nukapu, from which five men had been carried away by the traders recently. Near the shore of the island were many native canoes, but the men did not row out to the ship; thinking, therefore, that they were afraid to come nearer, Bishop Patteson had a rowing-boat lowered, and with a faithful helper called Atkin, and three native Christians, rowed to the island with some presents.

The natives recognised the Bishop, and when he asked to come ashore they assented, refusing, however, to pull his boat over the reef which lies around the coral islands. Then two islanders offered to take the Bishop ashore in their boat, and so he left his companions and went with the natives, unprotected and fearless.

The men in the ship's boat remained, drifting, among the canoes, until suddenly one of the islanders stood up, shouted, and raised his arms, and the Christians heard the hiss of an arrow speeding by them. More natives followed the leader's

example, and soon a shower of arrows caught the boat, wounding Atkin and two of the native Christians, so that they had to pull back to the ship in great haste. Immediately the two wounded islanders had been taken aboard, Joseph Atkin, in spite of his own hurt wrist, insisted on going back to find the Bishop.

When the tide was high enough to float boats over the reef, two canoes left the island and came towards the ship's boat. Then one cast the other adrift, and went back to the shore. In the drifting canoe the crew found, to their great sorrow, the body of John Patteson. The natives had killed him, wounding him in five different places: one wound for each native that the white men in trading vessels had stolen. They had wrapped him in a native cloth, and placed on his breast a palm leaf knotted in five different places, and this was their revenge for their lost comrades.

So it was that Bishop Patteson died, a martyr for Christ: sacrificing his life lovingly and fearlessly in an endeavour to spread the Kingdom of God among the heathen.

This happened over seventy years ago: now most of the islands visited by Bishop Patteson have accepted Christianity; hundreds of churches and schools have been built, and Melanesian priests and teachers minister to their own people. Once again the "blood of the martyrs" has been the "seed of the Church."

(m) The First Zulu Martyr

About 1877 a class of Zulu boys were being prepared for baptism. Among those who dropped in casually was a middle-aged man, Maqumusela, one of the King's soldiers, who, coming regularly, and staying long, at last asked for baptism with the rest.

But the King's word was that if any one of his soldiers became Christians he would have him killed. This was put before Maqumusela, who, having gone away and thought and prayed, returned, and asked still to be baptised.

The King came to hear about it, and just before the baptism sent soldiers to put Maqumusela to death. He asked first for time to pray, and after prayers for himself, the missionaries, the King, the soldiers and Zululand, said

to the soldiers who were sitting around, waiting, that he was ready. They were, however, so impressed that they could not perform their duty, but beckoned to another man near, who despatched the first Zulu martyr.

S. ANDREW'S-TIDE

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS

(a) S. Andrew's-tide Day of Intercession and some results

In 1871 the story of Bishop Patteson's martyrdom in the South Seas filled the hearts of churchmen with deep emotion. His place must be filled; and men were not offering! Indeed, everywhere in the missionfield there was a shortage of man-power, and the then Bishop of Colombo summed up the situation thus: "The missions are being ruined for lack of men."

So, inspired by one man who deeply believed in the power of prayer, the S.P.G. and C.M.S. approached the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the first Day of Intercession for the work of the Church overseas was authorised. Graphic facts were stated: for instance, C.M.S. had twelve men less on their overseas roll than six years before; their training College at Islington was only half full; there was not one offer from the Universities, and so on. 20th December, 1872, was the day fixed, and the people were called together to pray for more missionaries. Memorable services were held in S. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and every diocese; and then things began to happen.

In the few following months more offers were received by both S.P.G. and C.M.S. than had latterly come in as many years: by March the S.P.G. had entered two great new fields and founded its missions in China and Japan, and it was able that same year to open several new stations in India. It was their actual experience on the Day of Intercession that led many to volunteer; amongst them, for example, a certain Lieutenant Curling, who, having previously given a

ship to the Newfoundland Mission, then gave himself, and later on supported other missionaries there.

In this way, within two years the two missionary training colleges of S. Augustine's at Canterbury and S. Boniface, Warminster, were appealing for help towards enlarging because the results of the Day of Intercession had filled them to overflowing.

And abroad the same kind of thing was going on. To take a few examples: in U.S.A. five men offered from one theological college alone; a long-wanted doctor for Japan came forward and was accepted; and coloured priests and deacons in Haiti offered for missionary service.

With the men also came the means. Although money was not the objective of the Intercession Day, it came flowing in. £4,000 to £5,000, of new money was received, and other gifts, many anonymous, made possible the acceptance of the men who were offering.

One other result is worth recording. It was only a few months after the first Day of Intercession that Sir Bartle Frere was sent by the English Government on a mission to the Sultan of Zanzibar to demand the abolition of the slave trade. His mission was successful, and the great slave market was closed for ever. Within the year its site became the property of the Bishop, and on it rose the beautiful cathedral church of Christ in Zanzibar.

Many another apparent miracle has happened during the more than sixty years that the Day of Intercession (which was soon shifted to S. Andrew's-tide) has been kept, and God Himself alone knows how far the expansion of the church overseas has depended upon its faithful observance.

[From a paper issued by the Missionary Council, and other sources of information.]

(b) The Man and the Means

In 1911 a man was badly needed to carry on Medical Missionary work at Teu Chow Fu, in China. During a certain Summer School an appeal was made that someone suitable should offer, and constant prayer was made about it. Shortly the right man came forward, but the problem of his financial support remained. Three days later, however, a

letter came to S.P.G. from a Yorkshire layman, saying, "We want to do something for China; how much will it cost to send a man out?" Information was sent that "it would cost £220 a year to send the man who has just turned up." The answer came, "We will support him for five years."

(c) £100,000 in Three Months.

In 1913 the C.M.S. was deeply in arrears with its payments. £80,000 was needed to pay off its debts. Retrenchment had to be seriously considered. The matter was put before a large conference of people held at Swanwick. It was decided by prayer and effort to raise the money. In three months £100,000 was given, and the situation saved.

(d) What One Man's Prayer Began

In the Diocese of Dornakal, India, a movement of the outcastes towards Christianity began about seventy years ago. A man called Venkaya, who could neither read nor write, heard from a friend that a new religion was being preached which taught about a God of righteousness and love. He made up a prayer and for three years said it every day, "O God, teach me who Thou art, show me where Thou art, help me to find Thee." One day when he was watching Hindu pilgrims bathing in the River Kistna, one of their priests asked him why he was not bathing, he answered that he did not believe in the Hindu ceremonial.

"Are you then a Christian?"

"No, but I should like to be."

Strangely enough, this priest whispered that an Englishman living close by could tell him about the Christians' God. Venkaya and some friends found him. He was a Mr. Darling, a C.M.S. missionary, who was at that moment praying, and almost in despair, for he had preached for eight years without making a convert.

"Oh, teacher," they said, "we are men without wisdom, we have come to you to learn about God."

He taught them, they believed, then went to Venkaya's village, and in spite of bitter opposition, Venkaya himself and